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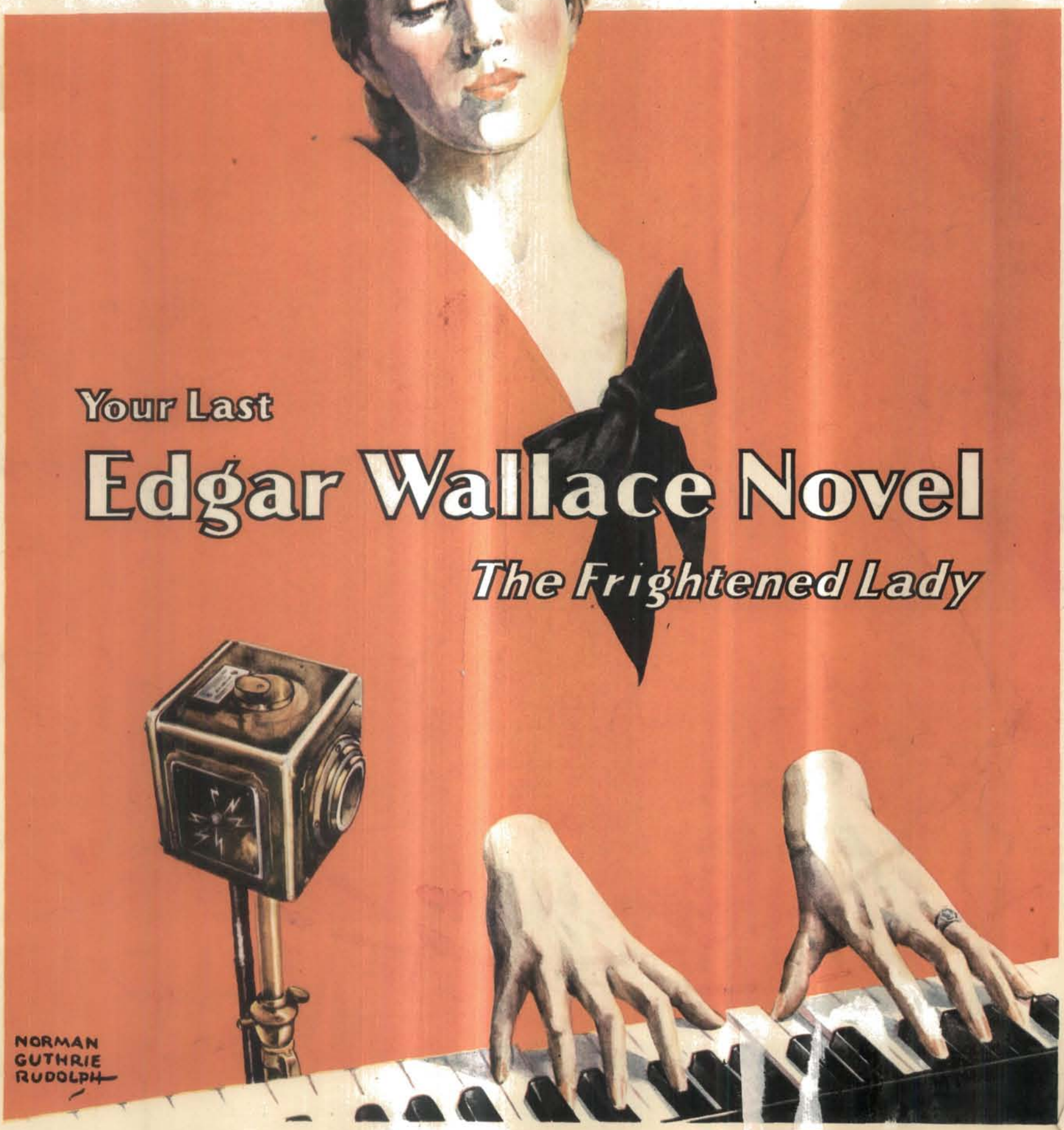
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Your Last Edgar Wallace Novel

The Frightened Lady

NORMAN GUTHRIE RUDOLPH

AUG. 13, 1932

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Say to yourself "Let's start today in high!"

"Hi there, Me . . .

"Another big day ahead. And this time we're *not* letting Old Man Weather interfere. Going to be sensible about our meals. Starting with a brisk breakfast, a bowlful of natural energy. You've guessed it—Shredded Wheat!"

When you see Niagara Falls on the package, you KNOW *you have Shredded Wheat*

Uneeda

START the day with Shredded Wheat . . . and the battle to keep comfortable, to keep fit, is half won. For Shredded Wheat is ALL the wheat, ALL of Nature's most complete energy-building food.

Millions have followed their own advice to change to this sensible summer treat. Why don't you? It's quickly served with milk and cream . . . or in many other appetizing ways. Men who keep the world moving eat Shredded Wheat regularly at home, in hotels, clubs, dining cars and restaurants.

Try two of these golden biscuits for today's lunch or tomorrow's breakfast. Keep it up for a week. You'll decide to keep that worth-while "on-the-toes" feeling *all* the time.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDED WHEAT

ALL THE WHEAT . . . ALL THE BRAN . . . THE NATURAL ENERGY FOOD

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"Boy! Is this a bargain in tooth paste!"

"I always thought you had to pay a lot for a dentifrice to have white teeth and healthy gums. I believed it so firmly that for years I had been buying one of the most expensive tooth pastes on the market.

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The Listerine people put this tooth paste on the market, only after 50 years of oral hygiene study showed them what was needed to make a tooth paste really good. Now four million critical men and women have discarded older and costlier favorites for this modern tooth paste at the modern price.

Listerine Tooth Paste owes its remarkable effectiveness to a special polishing agent. This cleans teeth faster and more thoroughly than ordinary dentifrices do. It leaves no trace of tartar, tobacco stains, decay, or any other discolorations. Yet it is so scientifically gentle in its action that it cannot possibly damage the most delicate tooth enamel.

Some of the things you can buy with that $3 you save

These are just a few suggestions for spending the $3 you save yearly by using a 25¢ tube of Listerine Tooth Paste a month instead of dentifrices costing twice that amount.

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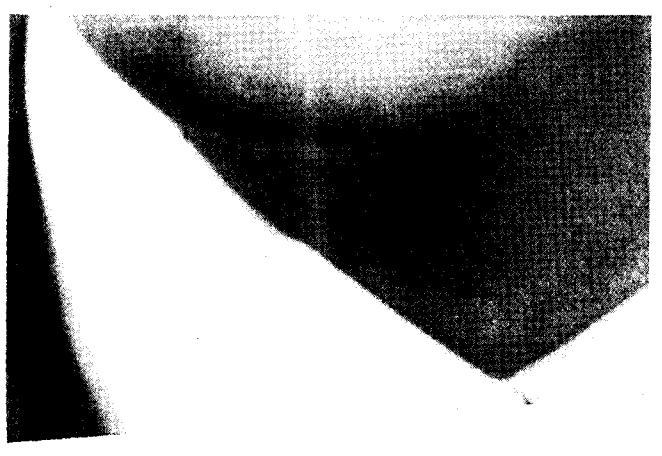

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TWO years ago the Pensions Committee of the House made a survey of World War veterans' relief. This report was so startling that it was promptly suppressed. Even members of Congress were unable to obtain copies of it and both parties united in keeping its contents secret from the taxpayer.

Congress then proceeded to grant more than a billion dollars—one-quarter of the total income of the government—to less than one-quarter of the four million surviving veterans.

That's a fair beginning—but only a beginning. At present three hundred and seventy-five thousand ex-service men are drawing compensation for disabilities admittedly *incurred in civil life. And* the number is increasing hourly.

In a vigorous and candid article Walter Davenport tells you about the men who are "Taking Allowances."

DORA MINICK worked in a luncheonette in Chicago's Loop, and if you think that's a poor place to look for romance, then you're just not up on luncheonettes. It wasn't Dora's romance, though. She was simply a witness and accomplice. She will show you "The Girl Who Blushed" and the two young men. It will make you feel better about humanity. Mary Heaton Vorse is the author.

AS THEY went coasting down the breakneck slopes of the Alpes Maritimes, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Brice closed their eyes and went peacefully to sleep. But, save for an occasional forty winks on the straight stretches, General Grampian-Bone remained alert at the wheel. This was just the time of evening to beware of Afridi snipers, and General Fitzhubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone was too old a soldier to be caught napping. From time to time as the car took bounding short-cuts over boulder-strewn meadows, he cried, "Tally-ho!" and "View-Halloo!" He did wish, though, that he had remembered to ask Mr. Brice to give him a rough idea of how one should set about stopping a car.

That was the high point of a sales campaign for "Zingo"—which is, as you can see, the drink that makes the world go round. Even reading about it does. We introduce Mr. Guy Gilpatric. Zingo!

W. B. COURTNEY tells you about "High-Flying Ladies," the experienced and dexterous girls who act as hostesses on our airways. S. B. H. Hurst contributes another exciting story about men in danger on the sea. Jerome Beatty, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Owen P. White and Donald Gibbs give of their best. You'll ask for more.

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●

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●

Any Week

WHAT makes Mr. Gates Lewis sick is all this "politico-academic" talk about the five-day week in industry. Mr. Lewis drives a taxicab when passengers flourish, and he told us at the Laramie, Wyoming, railroad depot that "first it was the six-hour day and then the five-day week and pretty soon it's going to be a three-week year and a feller'll no more'n get started before he'll be pushing up daisies."

SIMPLY impossible to get within a hundred miles of the Teton Range of the Rockies without getting a lot of bear stories thrown at you. The train we were on was just about that far away and the yarns were befogging the windows. Presently a lull and then a hitherto mute old-timer in the corner told how a 600-pound silver-tip grizzly lumbered into Ashton, Idaho, not long ago and "every winder in town was busted with the firin' aimed at the poor animal, who would been going yet if he hadn't run plumb into a fire hydrant, fracturing his skull and ending it all."

AT POCATELLO Mr. Matt Corbin gave it as his opinion that people were mighty restless and it wouldn't surprise him any if we had a revolution.

"No, sir," said Mr. Corbin, "I expect there's a lot of folks out here who are going further than that and vote straight Democratic."

UP IN the Sims Valley and Beagle farming districts of Oregon they're having a lot of experience with this "back to fundamentals" business the politicians are talking so much about. Field hands, whose normal pay should be two dollars a day, while haying are taking their wages in hay at six dollars a ton. All they have to do then is find out what to do with their hay.

SOMETHING tells us that Mr. E E. Lipsitt's idea isn't going to get far. Anyway, from Washington, D. C., he suggests that senators and representatives be paid by the states electing them, "which would be a good lesson to the states and would help the government out a lot."

"AS YOU are always looking into things," suggests Mrs. D. D. Poertner of Chattanooga, Tennessee, "you might find out what France is always so scared of. She has got so bad that she won't change from her winter underwear unless somebody guarantees her security."

MR. FRED BOLSTER of Altoona, Pennsylvania has it all worked out. The reason, he finds, that America has not followed in the footsteps of Russia is that the Soviet system was born of a revolt of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, whereas our American middle class has beaten our so-called proletariat to it by doing the revolting first.

UNLESS you don't mind getting into a political argument you'd better stay home these days. At Lava Springs, Idaho, a gentleman whose name we didn't catch wanted to know how it was that every time he picked up his paper during the Democratic convention he read that Speaker Garner was "sleeping *peacefully in his hotel in Washing*ton."

"Can't the man wait until he's elected Vice President?" demanded the indignant patriot.

AND you haven't really lived unless you've met old Charlie Allen in Boise, Idaho, and ridden with him in his roaring motor car—Sally Hallelujah—across the Seven Devils Mountains to the peak where he lives. Going up, we passed the rude grave of Mr. Sawtooth Webster, one of the last of the real bad men of Idaho.

"Got so toward the last," sighed Mr. Allen, "that the only pleasure Sawtooth got out of life was sitting in the cemetery shooting his initials into the tombstones of departed sheriffs."

BUT the best part of riding the mountain roads with Mr. Allen is the descent. He regards the serpentine trail as "right tedious" but rescues himself and his companion from boredom by deserting the road and bowling straight down the mountainside, avoiding nothing but the deeper and more precipitous gullies.

WHILE groups of scientists and farmers stood around pondering the most effective defense against the grasshopper and webworm invasion of the beet and cornfields, Mrs. W. B. Givens of Loveland, Colorado, went into a huddle all alone. She turned a flock of turkeys into her nine-acre beetfield and her vegetable garden and in no time there were no more hoppers or worms and the turkeys looked like overstuffed aldermen. Mrs. Givens explains the inspiration for her experiment tersely: "All the talk by the men just made me sick."

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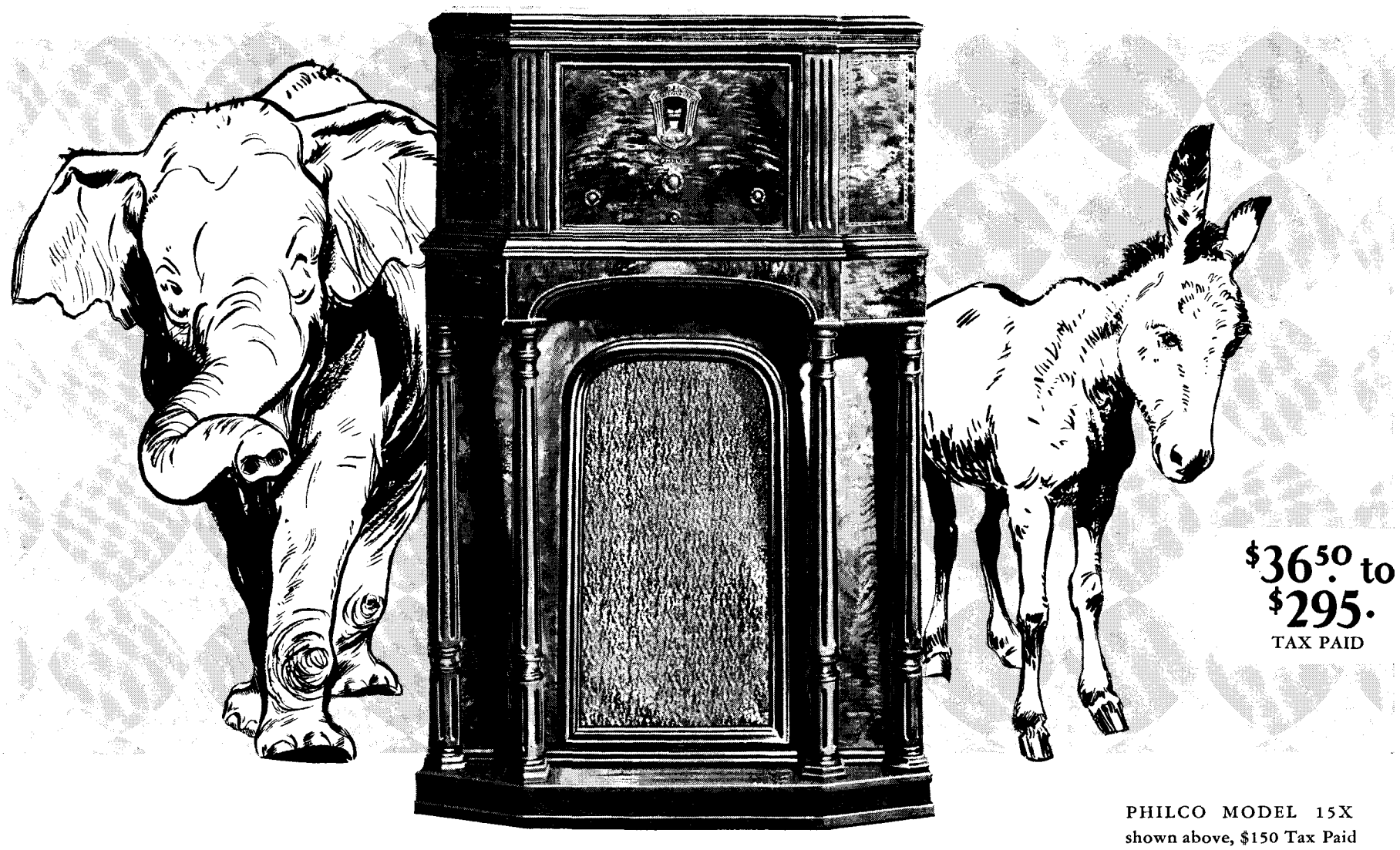

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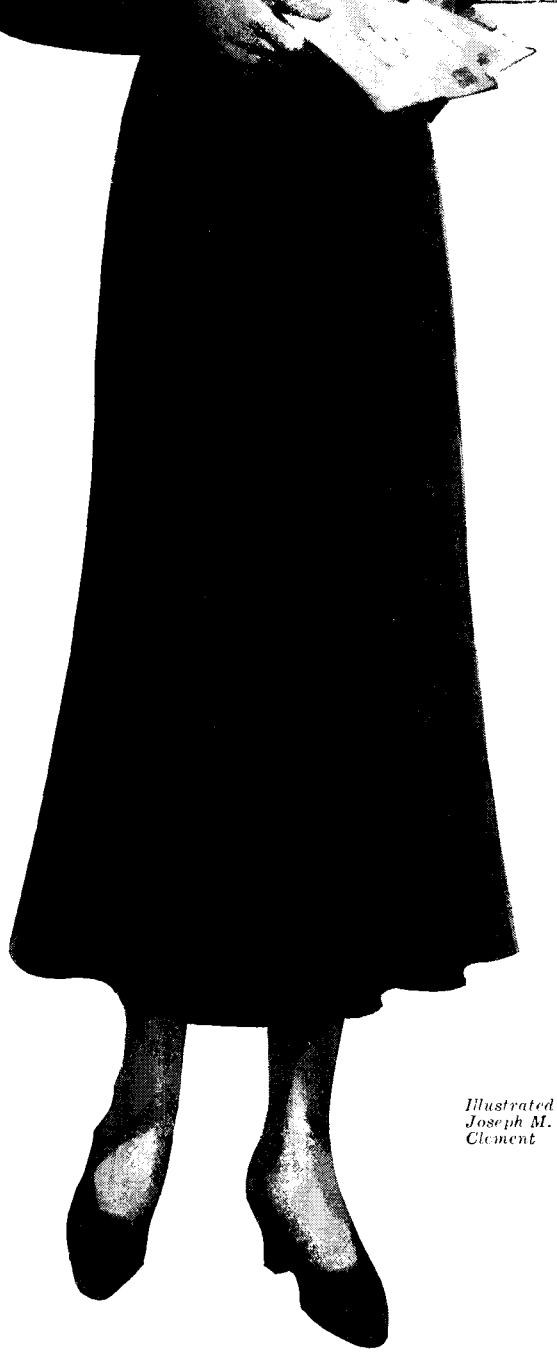

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

She saw them, hesitated, and would have made a quick retreat but Lady Lebanon called her

The Frightened Lady

Beginning a full-length Wallace novel —the last to be published—a story of mystery, peril and love, so swift and poignant that you won't have time or breath to hunt for clues

By Edgar Wallace

AMERICAN footmen aren't natural: even Brooks admitted as much to Kelver, the butler, thereby cutting the ground from under his own feet.

He was a stout man, tightly liveried, and wore spectacles. His hair was gray and thin; his voice inclined to be squeaky. Sticking out of the pocket of a red-striped waistcoat which was part of his uniform, there was visible a broken package of gum. He chewed most of the time, his jaws moving almost with the regularity of a pendulum. Gilder, of an exact and mathematical turn of mind, had clocked him as fast as fifty-six to the minute and as slow as fifty-one. In the privacy of his room Mr. Brooks smoked a large pipe charged with a peculiar sugary blend of tobacco that he imported expensively from America.

Neither Mr. Brooks, the footman, nor Mr. Gilder, the footman, fitted the household of Mark's Priory, nor did they fit the village of Mark's Thornton.

They were poor footmen and never seemed to improve by practice or to benefit from experience.

Yet they were nice men, if you can imagine such abnormalities as American footmen being nice. They interfered with none, were almost extravagantly polite to their fellow servants and never once (this stood as a monumental credit) did they report any other servants for a neglect of duty, even when neglect worked adversely against their own comfort.

They were liked, and Gilder was a little feared. He was a gaunt man with a hollow, lined face and a deep, gloomy voice that came rumbling up from some cavern inside him. His hair was sparse and black and long; there were large patches on his head which were entirely bald and he was immensely strong.

THERE was a gamekeeper who discovered this—John Tilling. He was a big man, red-haired, red-faced, obsessed by suspicion.

His wife was certainly pretty, as certainly restless and given to dreams which she never quite realized, though imagination helped her nearly the whole of the journey. For example, she found no olive-skinned Romeo in a certain groom from the village. He was ruddy, rather coarse, smelt of stables and beer, and last Sunday's clean shirt. He offered her the mechanics of love and her imagination supplied the missing glamour. But that was an old scandal. If it had reached the ears of Lady Lebanon there would have been a new tenant in Box Hedge Cottage. . . .

Later Mrs. Tilling looked higher than ostlers, but her husband did not know this.

He stopped Gilder one afternoon as he was crossing Priory Field.

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"Excuse me," said the gamekeeper.

His politeness was menacing.

"You bin down to my cottage once or twice lately—when I was over at Horsham?"

An assertion rather than an inquiry.

"Why, yes." The American spoke slowly, which was his way. "Her ladyship asked me to call about the eggs that she'd been charged for. You weren't at home. So I called next day."

"And I wasn't at home then neither," sneered Tilling, his face redder.

Gilder looked at him, amused. For himself, he knew nothing of the unfortunate affair of the groom, for small gossip did not interest him.

"That's so. You were in the woods somewhere."

"My wife was at home. . . . You stopped an' had a cup of tea, hey?"

Gilder was outraged. The smile went out of his gray eyes and they became hard.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

His jacket was suddenly gripped.

"You stay away—"

So far Tilling got and then the American footman took him gently by the wrist and slowly twisted his hand free.

If Tilling had been a child he could have offered no less effective resistance.

"Say, don't do that. Yeah! I saw your wife and I had tea. She may be a beautiful baby to you but to me she's two eyes and a nose. Get that in your mind."

He jerked his forearm very slightly, but very violently. It was a trick of training; the gamekeeper stumbled back and had difficulty in maintaining his balance.

He was a slow-witted man, incapable of sustaining two emotions at one and the same time. For the moment he was too astounded to be anything but astounded.

"You know your wife better than I do," said Gilder, flexing his back. "Maybe you're right about her, but you're all wrong about me."

WHEN he came back from the village —he had been to the druggist's—he found Tilling waiting for him almost on the spot where they had parted.

There was no hint of truculence; in a way he was apologetic. Gilder, by repute, had her ladyship's ear, and exercised a supreme intelligence which had its explanation according to the fancies, fair, fantastic or foul, of those who offered a solution to the mystery.

"I'll be glad if you overlook what I said, Mr. Gilder. Anna an' me have our little disagreements, an' I'm a high-handed chap. There's been too many visits down at Box Hedge, but you, bein' a family man—"

"I'm not married but I've got a domestic mind," said Gilder. "Let's say no more about it."

Later he told Brooks, and the stout man listened stolidly, his jaws working. When he spoke, he offered a historical parallel.

"Say, have you heard of Messalina? She was an Eyetalian woman, the wife of Julius Cæsar or somep'n."

Brooks read a great deal and had a skimming memory for facts.

Still, a footman who was an American citizen and who even knew that Messalina had lived, and could produce her in any recognizable form to illustrate a situation, was phenomenal.

Place him and his companion against the background of Mark's Priory and they become incongruous.

For Mark's Priory had its footing set by Saxon masons, and the west keep had gone up when William Rufus was hunting in the New Forest. Tudor Henry had found it a ruin and restored it for his protégé, John, Baron Lebanon. It had withstood a siege against the soldiers of Warwick.

It was Plantagenet and Tudor and Modern. No eighteenth-century builder had desecrated its form; it had survived the rise and fall of the Victorian renaissance which produced so many queerly shaped angels and cherubs and draughty back rooms.

There was an age and a mellowness to it that only time and the English climate could bring.

Willie Lebanon found it an irritation and an anodyne; to Dr. Amersham it was a prison and a disagreeable duty; to Lady Lebanon alone it was Reality.

LADY LEBANON was slight, petite by strict standards, though never giving you the impression of smallness. Yet people who spoke to her for the first time carried away a sense of the majestic.

She was firm, cold, very definite. Her black hair was parted in the middle and brought down over her ears. She had small, delicate features; the molding of her cheeks was esthetic. In her dark eyes burned the unquenchable fires of the true fanatic. Always she seemed conscious of a duty to aristocracy. The modern world had not touched her; her speech was precise, unextravagant—almost you saw the commas and colons which spaced her sentences. She abominated slang, women who smoked, the vulgarity of ostentation.

Always she was conscious of her descent from the fourth baron—she had married her cousin—and the tremendous significance of family.

Willie Lebanon confessed himself bored with the state in which he lived. Though he was small of stature, he had passed through Sandhurst with distinction, and if his two years' service in the 30th Hussars had failed to stamp him soldier, the experience had enhanced his physique. The bad attack of fever which brought him home (explained Lady Lebanon, when she condescended to explain anything) was largely responsible for Willie's restlessness. The unbiased observer might have found a better reason for his exasperation.

He came slowly down the winding tower stairs of Mark's Priory into the great hall, determined to "have it out" with his mother. He had made such resolutions before, and halfway through the argument had wearied of it.

She was sitting at her desk, reading her letters. She glanced up as he came into view and fixed him with that long and searching scrutiny which always embarrassed him.

"Good morning, Willie."

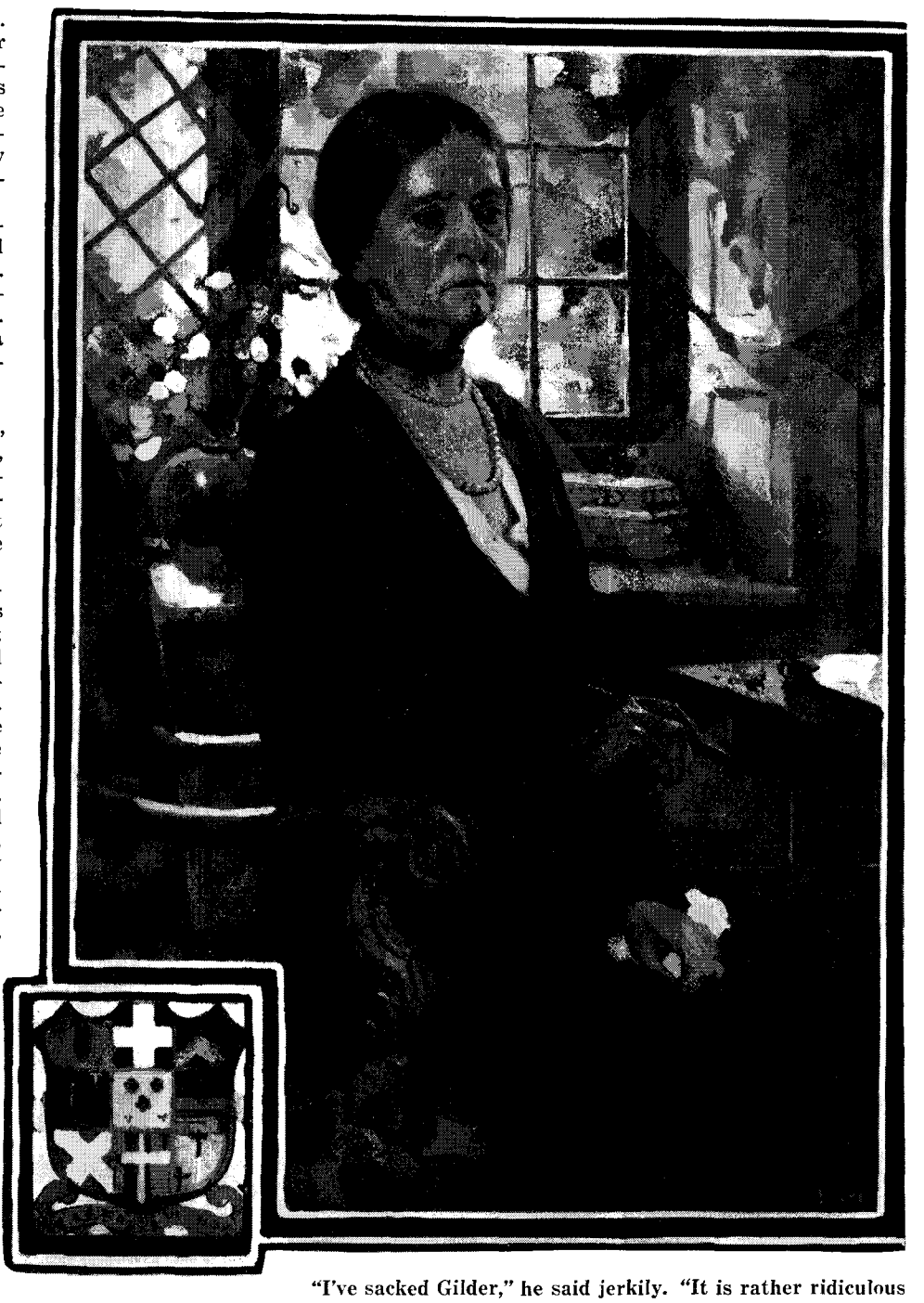
Her voice was soft, rich, and yet had in it a certain quality of hardness which made him wriggle inside. It was rather like going before the commanding officer in his least compromising mood.

"I say, can I have a talk with you?" he managed to jerk out.

HE TRIED to recall to himself the formula which was to support him. He was the head of the house, the lord of Mark's Priory in the County of Sussex, and of Temple Abbey in the County of Yorkshire . . . the master! He had only a vague and dismal satisfaction at the knowledge, and certainly was no nearer to the dominating mood which he was trying to stimulate into being.

"Yes, Willie?"

She laid down her pen and settled herself back in the padded chair, her delicate hands lightly clasped on her lap.



"I've sacked Gilder," he said jerkily. "It is rather ridiculous

"I've sacked Gilder," he said jerkily. "He's an absolute boor, Mother, he really is. And he was rather impertinent. . . . I think it is rather ridiculous, don't you, having American footmen who really don't know their jobs? There must be hundreds of footmen you could engage. Brooks is just as bad. . . ."

He came to the end of his breath here, but she waited. If she had only said something, or had grown angry! After all, he was the master of the house. It was too absurd that he could not discharge any servant he wished He had been in command of a squadron—it was true, only while the senior officers were on leave; but the commanding officer had commended him on the way he had handled the men. He cleared his throat and went on:

"It's making me rather ridiculous, isn't it? I mean, the position I am in. People are talking about me. Even these pothouse louts who go into the White Hart. I'm told it is the talk of the village—"

"Who told you?"

Willie hated that metallic quality in her voice and shuddered.

"Well, I mean, people talk about me being tied to your apron strings and all that sort of thing."

"Who told you?" she asked again. "Studd?"

He went red. It was devilish shrewd of her to guess right the first time; but he owed loyalty to his chauffeur, and lied.

"Studd? Good heavens, no! I mean, I wouldn't discuss things like that with a servant. But I've heard in a sort of roundabout way. And anyway, I've sacked Gilder."

"I'm afraid I can't do without Gilder. It is rather inconsiderate of you to discharge a servant without consulting me."

"But I'm consulting you now."

HE PULLED out the settle on the other side of the desk and sat down; made a heroic effort to meet her eyes and compromised by staring hard at the silver candlestick on the cabinet behind her.

"Everybody's noticed how these two fellows behave," he went on doggedly. "Why, only once in a blue moon do they say 'my lord' to me. Not that I mind that. I think all this my-lording and my-ladying is stupid and undemocratic. But they do nothing but loaf around the house. Really, Mother, I think I'm right."

She leaned forward over the writing table, her thin, clasped hands resting on the blotter.

"You are quite wrong, Willie. I must have these men here. It is absurd of you to be prejudiced because they are American."

"But I'm not—" he began.

"Please don't interrupt me when I am talking, Willie dear. You must not listen to what Studd says; he's a very

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having American footmen who don't really know their jobs"

nice man, but I'm not quite sure he's the kind of servant I want at Mark's Priory."

"You're not going to get rid of him, are you?" he protested. "Hang it all, Mother, I've had three good valets and each one of them you thought wasn't the right kind of servant, though they suited me." He screwed up his courage. "I suppose the truth is that they don't suit Amersham?"

She stiffened a little.

"I NEVER consider Dr. Amersham's views. I neither ask his advice nor am I guided by him," she said sharply.

With an effort he met her eyes.

"What is he doing here, anyway?" he demanded. "That fellow practically lives at Mark's Priory. He's a perfectly loathsome fellow. If I told you all I'd heard about him—"

He stopped suddenly. The two little pink spots that came to her cheeks were signals not to be ignored.

Then, to his relief, Isla Crane came into the hall, some letters in her hand. She saw them, hesitated, and would have made a quick retreat but Lady Lebanon called her.

Isla was twenty-four, dark, slim, rather lovely in an unobtrusive way. There are two varieties of beauty: one that demands instant and breathless discovery, and one that is to be found on acquaintance, and to the surprise of the finder. The first time you met her she was a figure in the background hardly remembered. By the third time she monopolized attention to the exclusion of all others. She had good eyes, very grave and a little sad.

Willie Lebanon greeted her with a smile. He liked Isla; he had dared to say as much to his mother, and, to his amazement, had not been reproved. She was a sort of cousin, definitely private secretary to Lady Lebanon. Willie was not conscious of her beauty; on the other hand, Dr. Amersham was all too conscious, but Lady Lebanon did not know this.

She put the letters down on the desk and was relieved when her ladyship made no effort to detain her. When she had gone:

"Don't you think Isla's growing very beautiful?" asked Lady Lebanon.

It was an odd sort of question. Praise from his mother was a rare thing. He thought she was trying to turn the conversation, and rather welcomed the diversion, for he had reached the bottom of his reserves of determination to "have it out."

"Yes, stunning," he said, without particular enthusiasm, and wondered what was coming next.

"I want you to marry her," she said calmly.

He stared at her.

"MARRY Isla?" He was aghast. "Good Lord, why?"

"She's a member of the family. Her grandfather was a younger brother of your grandfather, the seventeenth viscount."

"But I don't want to marry—" he began.

"Don't be absurd, Willie. You will have to marry somebody, and Isla is in every way a good match. She has no money, of course, but that really doesn't matter. She has the blood, and that is all that counts."

He was still staring at her.

"Marry? Good Lord, I've never thought of being married. I hate the idea, really. She's terribly nice, but—"

"No 'buts,' Willie. I wish you to have a home of your own."

He might have insisted, and the thought did occur to him, that he already had a home of his own, if he were allowed to manage it.

"If people are talking about your being in apron strings I should think you would welcome the idea. I have no particular desire to stay at Mark's Priory and devote my life to you."

Here was a more alluring prospect. Willie Lebanon drew a long breath, swung his legs to the other side of the settle and stood up.

"I suppose I've got to marry some time," he said. "But she's awfully difficult, you know."

He hesitated, not knowing exactly how his confession would be accepted.

"As a matter of fact, I did try to get a little friendly with her—in fact, I tried to kiss her about a month ago, but she was rather —standoffish."

"What an awful word!" She shivered slightly. "Naturally she would object. It was rather vulgar of you."

Gilder slouched into view and rescued a bewildered and rather indignant young man from explanation.

GILDER'S livery had been most carefully fitted by a good London tailor. He was, however, the type of man on whom clothes were wasted. That mulberry uniform of his might have been bought from a rag shop. The coat hung on him, the shapeless trousers sagged at the knees. He was tall, cadaverous, hard-faced, and his normal expression was one of strong disapproval.

Lord Lebanon waited for the reproof which, by his standard, was inevitable. His mother made no attempt to reprimand the man or ask him to explain the impertinences alleged against him.

"Do you want me, m'lady?" It was a mechanical question.

When she shook her head he went slowly out of the hall.

"I do wish you had asked him what the dickens he meant by—" he began.

"Remember what I say about Isla," she said, ignoring his unfinished protest. "She is charming—she has the blood. I will tell her how I feel about it."

He stared at her in amazement.

"Doesn't she know?"

"As for Studd"—her level brows met in a frown.

"I say, you're not going to rag Studd, are you? He's a devilish good fellow, and anyway he didn't tell me anything."

Later he found Studd working on the car in the garage.

"I'm afraid I've done you an awful shot in the eye, Studd," he said ruefully. "I told her ladyship that people were saying—you know—"

Studd looked up, straightened his back with a grimace and grinned.

"I don't mind, m'lord."

He was a fresh-faced man of thirty-five, had been a soldier and had served in India.

"I shouldn't like to leave this job, but I don't think I'll stick it much longer, m'lord. I don't mind her ladyship; she's always very polite and decent to me, though she does treat you as though you're one of the slave class. But I can't stand that feller." He shook his head.

Lord Lebanon sighed. There was no need to ask who "that feller" was.

"IF HER ladyship knew as much about him as I do," said Studd, heavily mysterious, "she wouldn't let him into the house."

"What do you know?" demanded Lebanon curiously.

He had asked the question before and had received little more satisfaction than he had now.

"At the right time I've got a few words to say," said Studd. "He was in India, wasn't he?"

"Of course he was in India. He came back to bring me home, and he was in the Indian Medical Service for years, I believe. Do you know anything about him—I mean, about what he did in India?"

"At the right time," said Studd darkly, "I'll up and speak my mind."

He pointed to a recess in the garage. Willie Lebanon saw a shining new car which he had never seen before.

"That's his. Where does he get the money from? That cost a couple of thousand if it cost a penny. And when I knew him he was broke. Where does he get his money from?"

Willie Lebanon said nothing. He had asked his mother the same question without receiving any satisfactory answer.

He loathed Dr. Amersham; everybody loathed him except the two footmen and Lady Lebanon. A dapper little man, overdressed and overscented; domineering, something of a Lothario if village gossip had any foundation. He had become suddenly rich from some unknown source; had a beautiful flat in Devonshire Street, two or three horses in training, and was accounted a good fellow by the sort of people who have their own peculiar ideas as to what constitutes good fellowship.

The fact that he was at Mark's Priory did not surprise Willie. He was always there. He came late and early, driving down from London, spending an hour or two before taking his departure; and when he arrived there came a new master to Mark's Priory.

He came downstairs, where he had been standing, and, if the truth be told, listening, a second after Willie had made his escape from the hall; pulled up a chair to the side of the desk where Lady Lebanon was sitting, and, taking a cigarette from a gold case, he lit it without so much as "by your leave." Lady Lebanon watched him with her inscrutable eyes, resenting his familiarity.

DR. AMERSHAM blew a ring of smoke from his bearded lips and looked at her quickly.

"What's this idea about Willie marrying Isla? That's a new scheme, isn't it?"

"You were listening on the stairs?"

"Of course I was listening on the stairs," he said. "You're so damned careful about telling me things that I've got to find them out for myself. Isla, eh?"

"Why not?" she asked sharply.

His eyes were red and inflamed; his complexion, never his best point, blotchy; the hand that took the cigarette from his lips trembled a little. Dr. Amersham had had a party at his flat and had had little or no sleep.

(Continued on page 45)

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Irving Nurick

"My lords and ladies," he said, "the picture is ready"

AT THE portals of the Landgrave's castle, the captain of the guard confronted Tyl Ulenspiegel. The captain was not a pleasant fellow. He said to the famished vagabond, who yet carried himself with a kind of cunning swagger, "You lean rascal, what's your business here?"

Ulenspiegel answered with good humor: "I am a pilgrim, although not by choice, I assure you. I come from Flanders. And my stomach sticks to my backbone. I need food."

"Try eating gallows cord," said the captain. "That's the food for you."

"Nay," said Ulenspiegel, the wily traveler. "Bring me to the Landgrave."

"Not likely," said the captain. "What traffic have beggars with the Landgrave?"

"I am a painter," said Ulenspiegel. "I have a picture here that might interest the master of this palace."

"That's different," said the captain. "A Flemish painter. That's different."

So the captain escorted Ulenspiegel, and they came in audience to the Landgrave, whom Ulenspiegel saluted with diligent reverence.

When this was done, Ulenspiegel, with suitable apologies, spread before the Landgrave a portrait.

No sooner had the Landgrave viewed the picture than he was struck with pleasure. He saluted Ulenspiegel, bade him be seated, and engaged him in cordial conversation. But Ulenspiegel presently said: "By Your Highness' leave, I have a donkey named Jeff. This beast is in better case than I, for he has eaten his fill of thistles, whereas I, for three days, have subsisted on nothing but the hope of your favor."

"That," said the Landgrave, "shall be attended to without delay."

AT SUPPER Ulenspiegel sat close by his host and was regaled with the finest foods and wines.

The Landgrave ate thoughtfully, glancing from time to time at his guest with an eye that was fond, but speculative. At length he turned to Ulenspiegel and said: "You are now our painter. And you shall paint us our portrait. Something worthy of a prince. The memory of our presence shall thus be perpetuated for the admiration and reverence of our remotest progeny. The thought of this gives us pleasure."

"Nothing," said the cunning vagabond, "would please me better, Highness. And yet, might I suggest that solitude is dull, and that your likeness would be rendered brilliant, as well as being spared the pain of loneliness, if I were to paint you and your noble lady surrounded by the noble knights and ladies of your court?"

"Capital, painter mine," said the Landgrave. "But for such a work, what must I pay?"

"A trifle," said Ulenspiegel humbly. "Perhaps a hundred florins. But the money can wait."

"No," said the Landgrave, who by now enjoyed a pleasant mood of magnanimity. "You shall have your pay forthwith." Whereupon he caused Ulenspiegel to receive his count of a hundred shining coins.

Upon the next day Ulenspiegel received and noted the various ladies and courtiers who were to figure in his picture. And not one but had some ugly blemish.

So they were discontented. But each hoped to appear beautiful and perfect on the canvas of the painter. And so they approached him haughtily and each made known to Ulenspiegel his desire for perfection. And they threatened Ulenspiegel, one by one, saying that if he failed to paint them according to their wishes they would visit dire things upon him. And some promised him misfortune, and some promised death.

Last of all came the Landgrave, who smiled upon Ulenspiegel and said with an air of the greatest benevolence: "Now that you are familiar with all your subjects, I must admonish you. Let your painting be in every detail accurate. Falsify not a single feature of all these noble personages. If you do, your life is forfeit. Your throat shall be slit as if you were no more than a chicken."

Ulenspiegel held his peace but he thought to himself: "Between the Landgrave and his courtiers I am in a sorry state. Since, no matter what I do, I must be beheaded, cut to ribbons, drawn and quartered, and hanged into the bargain, I had best paint nothing at all. This will take some planning."

THE Landgrave led Ulenspiegel to the hall upon whose wall the portrait was to be composed. "This place," said the Landgrave, "shall your art adorn."

"Good," said Ulenspiegel. And added craftily, "But I beg one favor, which is that these walls be curtained off at a little distance, so that my painting may not suffer from dust and flies while it is wet."

The Landgrave agreed at once; the curtain was hung, and three apprentices were provided to help the painter. Then Ulenspiegel with his assistants retired behind the curtain and during thirty days they did nothing but eat and drink copiously, carousing to their hearts' content. At the end of that time the Landgrave inquired how the work progressed. "Have patience, my lord," said Ulenspiegel. "A work like this takes time."

More days passed and once more the Landgrave inquired.

"The work gets on but slowly," said Ulenspiegel, and returned tranquilly to his cups.

The sixtieth day came, and with it came the Landgrave, who was out of patience by this time and would no longer be put off.

Seeing how matters stood, Ulenspiegel put on his best face and said: "Happily, Your Highness comes just as my work is finished. But before I show you the picture, indulge me in this one thing. Summon the personages of your court to witness the unveiling with you."

"I grant you this one thing, then," said the Landgrave. And when the courtiers were assembled, Ulenspiegel stood before the curtain and addressed the company.

"MY LORDS and ladies," he said, "lest any among you be astonished at what you behold —or rather do not behold —I must tell you that my work is not of the common sort. It has a particular virtue and quality. For I have so contrived it that if there be any of you who is not of noble lineage, but is basely born or tainted in any sort with blood of low degree, such a person will see no painting at all, but only the starkness of the wall behind. Therefore, look well!"

The curtain was drawn and Ulenspiegel said once more: "Look. And let him who sees the painting rejoice, for if he sees, he is of high degree beyond dispute."

And they all looked. And not one of them saw anything but a plain wall. Yet all made show to behold a noble painting, for each was mortified that he saw nothing, and would not confess this evidence of base descent. So they pointed, exclaimed and vowed their admiration for the surpassing skill of the Landgrave's painter.

All but the jester of the court, who leaped and cracked his heels and cried, "Call me a rogue and the son of a rogue if there is anything there but a wall!"

At this there was an uproar, and Ulenspiegel seized the moment of confusion to slip out and away. But the Landgrave detained him and took him aside, and chided him; but not ungently. For, truth to tell, the jest of Ulenspiegel, which had befooled an entire court of noblemen and ladies, seemed merry enough to the Landgrave. And he gave the wily vagabond fifteen gold florins and bade him go in peace.

So Ulenspiegel rode through the gate of the Landgrave's palace, and his back was straight, and he laughed as he faced the road.

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BACK in 1925, when his partisans first started a ballyhoo to convince the burghers that James J. Walker was eminently fitted to be the mayor of Greater New York, a long procession of actors, song writers and sporting gentry marched from Greenwich Village to Tammany Hall where the orator of the day lay in wait. As it happened, this gentleman knew little of Jimmie except by sight, and just before mounting the platform the thought occurred that it would not be a bad idea to add to his scanty stock of information.

"By the way," he asked, turning to a district leader, "what sort of a mayor will Mr. Walker make?"

"A lousy mayor," returned the Tammany man, "but, oh boy," he cried in an ecstasy of rapture, "what a candidate! *What* a candidate!"

This prophecy was amply confirmed by the election, for "Jimmie" wiped up his Republican opponent by a majority of two to one, and four years later repeated the process at the expense of the tempestuous Signor LaGuardia.

There's Something About Him

Were he called upon to run today, with the Hofstadter committee's revelations still echoing, not one of his enemies would enter the campaign with any high hope of victory, for all have been forced to admit that the gay, irresponsible Celt has "It" in such superlative degree that he might well be called the Clara Bow of politics.

Highbrows console themselves with the conviction that his appeal is confined to the lowbrows and the Hofbraus. That is where they make a mistake. At the very time when Judge Seabury was touching off his heaviest artillery, great industrialists and famous financiers sat with Jimmie at luncheons and dinners, roaring with joy over his jests, and even hugging him in a transport of affection.

It is equally an error to assume that his popularity is limited to the sophisticated precincts of Manhattan. Out in San Francisco, where he went to make an appeal for Tom Mooney, the police were called upon to hold back enthusiastic thousands, and when he spoke before the foremost woman's club the intelligentsia were no less worshipful. In Texas in 1928, when he was there for the Democratic convention, Fort Worth made him a guest of honor, openly infatuated with the dapper little man, and every other town in the Lone Star State begged for the privilege of entertaining him. There is never a trip he makes that people do not crowd the stations as his train pulls through, hopeful for a sight of Jimmie.

The reason for it has come to be one of the major problems of American political life. Conscientious officeholders, stodgily observing every rule laid down for the conduct of the game, view Mayor Walker's roller-coaster career with wonder, not unmixed with wistfulness, and marvel how he gets away with it. As for Good Government Leagues and Citizens' Unions, they have long ceased all effort at comprehension, and are reduced to mumbling in their beards.

"It isn't as if people didn't know him," indignantly declared one bespectacled secretary. "At the time of Queen Marie's visit, Walker was riding with her in an open car, and somebody on the sidewalk called out, 'Hey, Jimmie! Dated her up yet?' And the crowd actually screamed with delight. Yes, sir! With *delight*."

Regardless of Tradition

There is, as a matter of fact, not a single political convention that Jimmie does not defy to the point of outrage. For instance, the average candidate never allows himself a natural note, leading a life of drab hypocrisy. He affects a studied carelessness in dress, heedful of the hit made by Jefferson's "rugged simplicity"; walks a way of circumspection, one eye always cocked on the "church element," picks his associates for their solid qualities, mindful of what happened to Old Dog Tray, and at all times bears himself as one on the edge of a nervous breakdown from unresting devotion to his duties.

Not one of these mossy traditions has power to cramp the style of James J. Walker. With respect to apparel, his usual wardrobe contains some thirty carefully tailored suits, about the same number of hats, a dozen overcoats and countless ties, shirts and fancy waistcoats, all so little subdued in the matter of color that Wilton Lackaye once declared that the Mayor's clothes were "by Belasco out of Urban." Or to quote a less kindly commenter, "When Jimmie gets on his full regalia, he looks like the other half of a vaudeville team."

When it comes to associates, the Walker test of selection is entertainment value, and an actor, a hoofer or a fighter gets the call over a banker or a business man every time.

It was easily in Jimmie's power to have "grabbed off" John J. Raskob when that wealthy industrialist decided he would like to be a public figure, but after one good look Walker hurried away with Jimmie Johnston, a prize-fight manager familiarly known as "The Boy Bandit." There was also a time when Tammany leaders came to him with the information that Jesse Isador Straus was showing signs of civic spirit, and urged that the millionaire be roped and gentled for riding. A committee of some sort was framed up, with Mr. Straus as chairman, and a luncheon arranged, but when the guests gathered it developed that Jimmie had gone off to meet an old Turk who knew a grand "come all ye."

"A Swell Party"

Merrymakings draw him irresistibly, and nothing is allowed to stand in the way of a "good time." Shortly after his first election he accepted an invitation to the home of William R. Hearst, Al Smith's mortal enemy, and when mutual friends pointed out that the Governor was bound to feel hurt, Jimmie answered in all sincerity, "Gee, I'm sorry about that, but what can I do? They tell me it's going to be a swell party."

As for attentiveness to duty, Jimmie attended every meeting of the Board of Estimates and the Committee of the Whole, but aside from that the City Hall has seen him only at odd hours,

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and his office has been where people succeeded in catching him. Officials new to the game hire a bicycle and dash madly from place to place, but the old hands waste no time in any such vain pursuit. They simply call up Jimmie's barber and leave their messages, knowing that to be one daily engagement His Honor never misses.

His attitude to Tammany is marked by the same gay casualness. Say that there is a meeting of the "war council" called for eight o'clock to consider strategy and decide on policies. Some time after ten Jimmie strolls in, doffs his gleaming topper with a flourish and remarks, "Good evening, gentlemen. And how goes the battle? Any decision of great moment?"

"We've been waiting for *you*," growls a disgruntled sachem. "Ever since eight."

"And what for, pray?" Up go both eyebrows and the thin hands spread wide. "Surely a gathering like this needs to wait on no man. Have more faith in yourselves, boys." Then out comes the latest thing in thin watches, and Mr. Walker utters a cry of surprise: "Almost eleven! Well, well, I'm two hours late for an engagement uptown. Keep your hands on the plow, dear friends."

A truly incredible figure to be found in modern political life, for in every detail he throws back to the fifteenth century, when minstrelsy was a recognized profession, with nothing expected of the troubadour but a song, and his right to wear gaudy clothes and admire the ladies was both acknowledged and approved. As a youth it was his ambition to be a song writer, and even now when an orchestra strikes up his one song, Will You Love Me in December As You Did in May? a pensive look comes into his eyes, and those near at hand are privileged to hear a regretful sigh.

Much as the forces of civic righteousness may be offended by the assertion, it is this very troubadour quality that gives the man his amazing appeal. His life is just the sort that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand would like to lead if they only had the opportunity and the courage.

There is another thing that the Pure in Politics fail to take into account, and that is Jimmie Walker's possession of those human qualities that have always weighed more with people than all the worthiness in the world. He is generous to a fault, with never a mean bone in his body; he has the gift of laughter, a chilled steel nerve, a genuine kindliness and, above all, he sticks by his friends, right or wrong.

To this day many people wonder why he dashed out to San Francisco to make an appeal for Tom Mooney. He did it for the simple reason that Frank Walsh, a friend, asked him to. For ten years Walsh had been vainly struggling to get a Mooney hearing, and turned to Walker as a last desperate resort.

"Governor Rolph is fond of you," he urged, "and this personal pull, as well as your official position, will make him grant our request if you put it to him."

"What's going to be the kickback?" queried Jimmie.

"Well, I imagine the papers here will jump all over you."

"I wasn't thinking about New York," Jimmie interrupted; "I meant California. Are they likely to let Mooney out and throw me in?"

"Not a chance."

"All right, boy, let's go. And how about getting Jack Hastings and Morton Downey and Blumy and making a party of it?"

Mention of Governor Rolph recalls a Walker visit to San Francisco at a time when "Sunny Jim" was mayor. A huge public reception was given him at the City Hall, but when New York's Jimmie got up to voice his gratitude for California's friendly greeting, what was his horror to see a grand piano rolled from behind a screen, and hear fatuous Rolph happily announcing that Miss Whozat would now sing Will You Love Me in December As You Did in May? with the composer himself providing the accompaniment.

"Of all the cheap things," groaned a companion as they rode back to the hotel. "What in the name of gosh did you do it for?"

"Well," Jimmie answered mournfully, "I couldn't hurt a pal's feelings, could I?"

Walker and Hylan

His kindliness is not even remotely a pose, but an instinctive thing that leaves no room for meanness and malice. Mayor Hylan, for instance, attacked him savagely in the 1925 primary campaign, even going so far as ugly personal abuse, yet when Walker won, and heard that his foe wasn't doing so well in private life, he appointed him to a fat-salaried judgeship without a gesture. Hylan, presenting himself to take the oath, was plainly embarrassed, but not so Jimmie. "Well, Judge, it's certainly a pleasure to see you again," he cried, holding out both hands as though to an old friend. "And how's the Missus?"

Once, by some error of judgment, Jimmie found himself at a small highbrow party where one of the other guests was an intellectual spinster well beyond her first youth. The two fell into animated conversation and Jimmie, finding that she was unaccompanied, begged the privilege of taking her home.

"How about a little dance?" he suggested as they rode along. "The evening's young."

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Do you know, all my life I've wanted somebody to take me out dancing and give me flowers and a box of candy with a hand-painted heart on the cover."

"I've got my own hidden wishes, too," Jimmie confessed. "All my life I've wanted somebody to give me a serious book. But they never do."

At the night club Jimmie was as attentive a cavalier as though the lady had been Mr. Ziegfeld's prize beauty, and the next morning, bright and early, she bought a set of Smollett and sent it down to the City Hall with her card. A week passed, and then a messenger arrived with a very large and important package, and on opening it the box of candy that met her eyes had the entire cover given over to a huge hand-painted heart.

The irrepressible Jimmie, going places and doing some of the things that make him, to many, also irresistible

Photos from Keystone-Underwood and Acme

Money means nothing to Walker, for he spends it with both hands and gives it away in the same prodigal fashion. When his salary was raised from $25,000 to $40,000, he met criticism by announcing that as long as he remained in office he would give the additional $15,000 to charity. His hand is always in his pocket, and the steady stream of "loans" he makes is invariably accompanied with a smile and a clap on the back.

As he was leaving the City Hall one night last winter, the last of a famous New York clan sidled up out of the shadows.

"Say, Jimmie," he whispered, "can you spare me a five-spot?" As the Mayor drew out his roll, however, the man's quick eyes saw the outside bill and, leaning close, he added, "Maybe you didn't hear me, there's so much noise. I said a ten."

"You win," grinned Jimmie. "Make it a twenty, old sport."

To Get Down to Cases

Besides generosity and loyalty there is also the gay, bubbling wit with which Jimmie lightens a dull world, and too often a peevish, snarling world.

It is a mistake, however, to think of him merely as a "wise-cracker," for while many of his "hot ones" have only a gamin quality, the majority possess pith and point. Up in Albany they still tell how Jimmie killed a censorship bill by asking for the name of any girl who had ever been ruined by a book.

As for his cool assurance, it may be looked on as "brazen effrontery" and "sheer impudence" by his enemies, but the crowd likes "nerve," and not the least of Jimmie's appeal is his debonair demeanor under fire, the cocky aggressiveness with which he counter-attacks. A day or two before he took the stand to submit to Judge Seabury's

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Irving Nurick

The officer turned the sprawled body over. "It's Ruffo!" he exclaimed

Turn of the Wheel

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

AT 2:30 A. M. Hugh Veille still awaited a telephone call from the hospital. For half an hour or so after he arrived home he had been busy: an accident report must be made to the Registrar of Motor Vehicles; another to his insurance company. These documents, enclosed in envelopes stamped and directed, now lay on his desk. A blank sheet of paper glared whitely under the lamp as, in frowning reflection, he laid it before him in readiness.

The district attorneyship being an elective office, it was not improbable that Hugh Veille's failure to secure the conviction of Tino Ruffo would bring about his defeat in the next election. Veille did not intend to wait for that possible event. And the probability that another district attorney would have done no better than he against Tino Ruffo offered no consolation at this moment.

Thanks to the law itself, Tino Ruffo, gunman, racketeer, bootlegger, seemed to be above the law. There was no doubt in anybody's mind that Ruffo was guilty of the murder for which he had stood accused. But with jurors fearful of reprisals, with purely circumstantial evidence to weigh, and with the law itself standing between justice and the criminal by not requiring him to become a witness against himself, how could a district attorney get a conviction? That must be done legally or not at all.

At his club Veille had listened cynically to heated criticism, to loose suggestions, not always meant for his ears: "If this keeps on, we'll have to go back to the old way of the Vigilantes." . . . "The police know these crooks; why don't they run them out of town?" . . . "When they get one, why don't they slip him the black bottle; bump him off quietly?" . . . "You'd kill a cockroach. . . ." Et cetera. Vaporings! Feelings and sentiments that could not be shared by a district attorney, though they expressed the clamorings of the public he served.

HUGH VEILLE, his chin on his breast, now considered Tino Ruffo. The swift succession of events of two hours ago was printed on his mind as scenes caught by a motion-picture camera. How little one suspected what awaited around any corner!

To shorten his drive homeward Veille had turned into Fifth Street. The hour was late, the traffic reduced to an occasional car. As he slowed for the crossing at Seward Avenue, where that otherwise respectable street degenerates into rows of tenements and speakeasies, he noticed the patrolman strolling toward the avenue. Seeing the crossing clear, Veille stepped on the gas.

The sharp reports that he heard might have been mistaken for back fire from the large closed car that was parked by the curb ahead on his left, but Veille saw the spurts of flame on his right; saw a dark figure sag slowly to the sidewalk. Another figure turned recklessly into the roadway—stumbled into the glare of Veille's headlights. *Ruffo!* Veille swung his car far enough to the left to clip the man with a fender. He sensed rather than felt the dull impact, glimpsed the falling body.

As he stopped his car and climbed out, the sedan by the curb roared away.

The patrolman came pounding up. "Well," he panted, "he didn't get far, did he?" Then he recognized Veille. "Oh, how are y', Prosecutor! Carty's my name. Let's see who this bird is." Stooping, the officer turned the sprawled form over. "It's Ruffo!" he exclaimed, looking up at Veille.

"So I see," said Veille. "Is he—?" But the patrolman was making a hurried examination.

"Signs of life," he announced. "Well, you couldn't help it, Prosecutor—him running in front of you that way. Piece of luck, at that. You saw him plug that guy?" Veille nodded. "So did I. That makes two eyewitnesses."

Another officer appeared, and Carty sent him to call an ambulance. "Now—" he added, turning.

Veille followed him to the figure that was huddled up on the sidewalk, where a group of spectators already stood staring. He was somewhat shaken as he watched the officer bend over the still form. There was no need of questions; death proclaimed its presence.

"H'M!" GRUNTED Officer Carty, picking up an automatic. "'Little Max' Conero. Well,"—indifferently—"he's been asking for it. Say, I noticed that Ruffo's buddies beat it away from here—left him flat in earnest."

"Just as well, perhaps," Veille mused, "for you and me."

"Better," said Officer Carty fervently. "Well, here's the ambulance."

Veille waited for the swift examination, watched the stretcher bearing Ruffo placed in the ambulance, then he detained the white-coated interne for an instant. "Let me know how badly he's injured, will you?" he requested, giving his card and telephone number.

"You know how to reach me," he said to Officer Carty, who waited by the lifeless form of "Little Max." "I'll stop at the station and get a report form for the registrar."

In the stillness of his library, Veille, glancing at the clock, wondered if the young interne had forgotten his promise to telephone. Well, anyhow— He took the pen from its holder in an onyx stand, drew the sheet of paper toward him.

Patrolman Carty, he reasoned, his pen poised, would have warned Ruffo by a command to stop; then, had Ruffo kept on, he would have shot. Probably missed—and Ruffo would have joined his gang in the waiting car, perhaps leaving Carty stretched in the street. But for his own arrival on the scene—an arrival that was strangely fateful—all this might have happened, with Ruffo, another murder added to his record, gone unrecognized, unpunished.

Any citizen, Veille reflected, is expected—even required—to prevent a felony, to apprehend, or assist in apprehending, a felon. Himself an officer of the law, he had been justified in blocking Ruffo's escape—his being in an automobile at the time simply complicated the affair. Had the fellow been in an upright position the fender would have knocked him down, delayed him, perhaps broken a limb; but as he stumbled his head must have been struck. Technically an accident. But who would believe it? He would be accused—not openly, of course—of vindictiveness, of deliberately taking the law into his own hands. Executioner! For an inner vision told him that Ruffo had ceased to be a thorn in the side of society.

HUGH VEILLE had signed his name to his resignation from office when the telephone rang.

"Mr. Veille?" asked a voice when he answered. "Lieutenant Blake, Station Nine, speaking. Ruffo's dead—died ten minutes ago."

Although Veille had anticipated such a message, he winced. "I've been expecting to hear from the hospital," he said.

"Yes, I know," said the lieutenant. "But they told me first—you see, Ruffo had two slugs in him. 'Little Max' got him. He must have been pretty near all in when your car clipped him. I thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks, Lieutenant!" Veille breathed. "I'm glad to know. Good night!"

And, staring into vacancy, Veille slowly tore his resignation into little bits.

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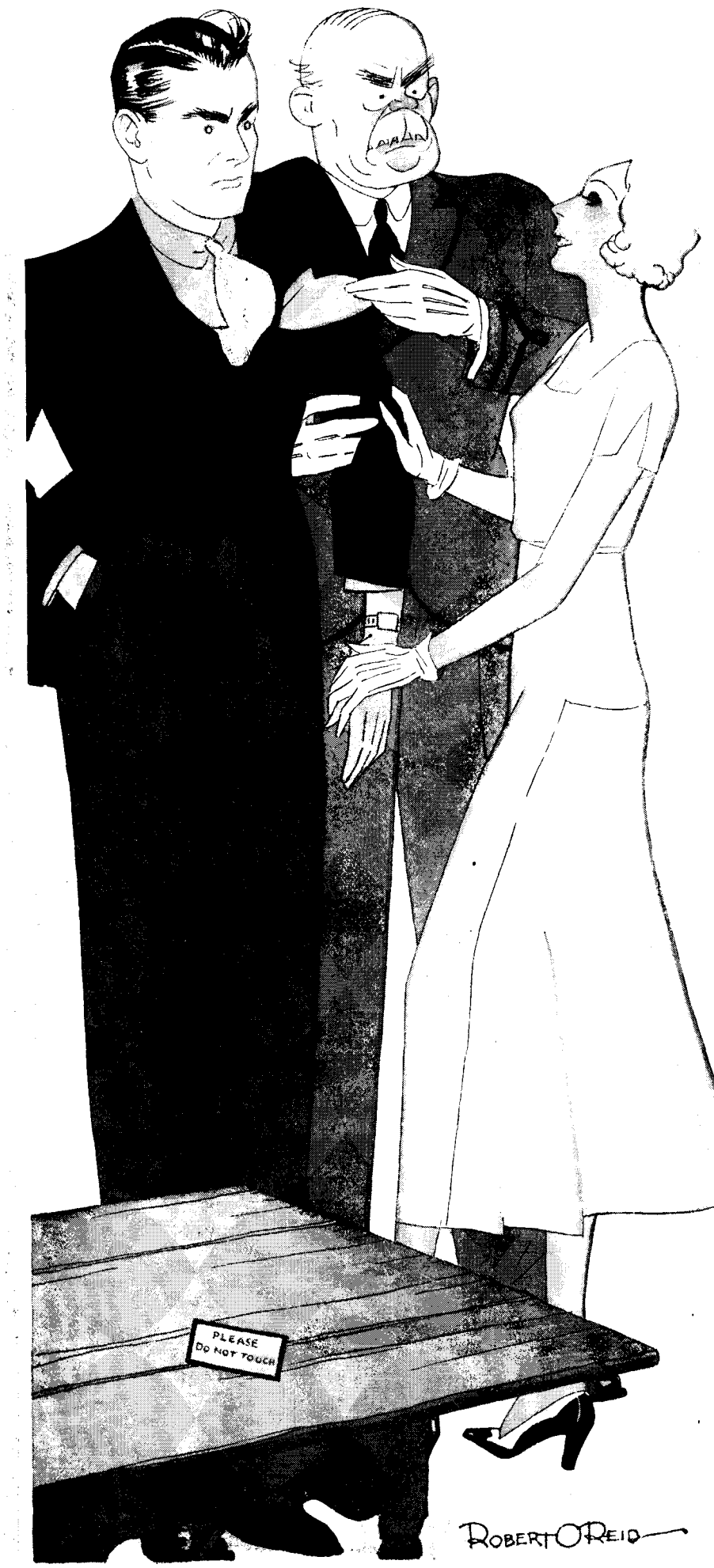
The Girl Without "It"

By Lucian Cary



Maybe you think a museum can't be exciting. If so—well, see what happened to Bill Walker

CAROL McDERMOTT awoke on the first Friday in September, on the day when everybody who can leave New York is leaving for the long week-end over Labor Day, and made the most painful admission that a girl can make: she had been a fool.

There was really no excuse for it—except that she was crazy about the man. And that wasn't an excuse. That merely made it important. Carol saw that when you fell in love your sophistication deserted you and left you a naïve soul. She thought of writing Bill a note saying it simply and sweetly. She thought of writing:

"Dear Bill: What an idiot I was to say what I said and what a priceless ass you were to think I meant it. Please call me up."

Only it was no good being as simple and sweet as that. It wouldn't work. The thing was not to tell Bill she had made a mistake but to make Bill feel he had made a mistake.

Carol saw that it was after ten. It was already a hot day. She went downstairs and had a glass of chilled orange juice. Besides, there wasn't time to write letters. Carol picked up the telephone and called her friend Mabel. She let Mabel talk. She let Mabel talk for at least half an hour before she learned where Bill was going to spend the week-end and for at least fifteen minutes after—so that Mabel wouldn't be too sure what it was Carol had wanted to know.

It was just as bad as she had feared. Bill was going to Westport. Bill was going to spend the long week-end within easy reach of the young and pretty cause of all the trouble, the thieving Mrs. Beckwith.

CAROL waited until she was sure Bill had gone to lunch and called the offices of Sharp, Brown & Sharp, and asked for Mr. Sharp, Sr., knowing that she would get his secretary. The secretary said that Mr. Walker was out. Carol said it was really most important for her to reach Mr. Walker before he went to Westport for the week-end. The secretary said that she was afraid Mr. Walker would not be back before Tuesday. "It's just possible," the secretary continued, "that he could be reached this afternoon at the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum."

Carol smiled as she hung up. It was just possible that she could reach Bill at the American Wing. It wasn't as if she didn't know the American Wing. Her father had presented several pieces of furniture to it. She had heard it praised ever since she could remember. She had also heard Bill on the subject. Bill wished the American Wing had never been built. Bill was forever contending with clients of Sharp, Brown & Sharp who wanted one of those rooms reproduced—only to different dimensions.

"But, Murphy," Carol said, "I like him. I admit he looks a little seedy. But he's awfully decent. And he couldn't help himself. You know he couldn't"

Carol dressed with care in the simplest and coolest frock she had. She was, she decided, just as pretty as Mrs. Beckwith. The trouble with married women as rivals was that they stopped at nothing. It was only three blocks to the Museum but you couldn't walk three blocks on so blistering a day without looking as though you had been playing tennis. Carol knew that Bill would be all hot and bothered with the job he'd be doing at the Museum. She wanted to look cool—cool and refreshing. She took a taxicab. On the way she asked the driver to stop at a drug store and buy a carton of cigarettes and tell the clerk to put in plenty of matches when he wrapped it up.

She entered the Museum and walked slowly through the familiar rooms. She saw Bill through a doorway. Bill was sitting on one of those camp stools the Museum provides for people who have work to do, with a sketch pad on his knee. Bill was frowning. As she watched he tore a sheet off his pad and crumpled it up and put it in his pocket and started over again. Carol retreated. There was no use bothering Bill when he was busy.

Carol stopped and talked to a guard. He knew her by name. Carol told him she was waiting for Mr. Walker. The guard found her a chair. There was no one in the American Wing except herself and Bill and the guards. It was too hot. It was a pay day. It was the Friday before Labor Day.

AT FOUR o'clock, half an hour before the guards would clear the rooms, Carol wandered into the Portsmouth Room.

"Well?" Bill said.

"Why, hello, Bill," Carol said. "What are you doing here?"

"Working," Bill said. He bent over his sketch pad.

Carol sat down on the edge of a chair. You weren't supposed to sit on the chairs in the Museum but a daughter of Alexander McDermott was privileged—especially when she knew the guard.

Bill sketched for two minutes and gave up.

"If," Bill said, "you were as nice as you look, you'd be rather nice."

Carol puckered her brows thoughtfully. "But I'm not—am I?" she said.

"No," Bill said.

"I'm really very disagreeable," Carol said.

Bill shook his head. "That isn't the word," he said. "I told you what you were."

The Portsmouth Room is chiefly distinguished for its paneled fireplace wall. The fireplace is in the middle. The doorway leading to the next room is at the extreme right. At the extreme left is a door which balances it, after the fashion of our colonial forefathers. This door leads to a good-sized closet.

Carol rose and walked slowly over to the window nearest the closet and looked out. Bill put his sketch pad into his brief-case and folded up the stool. Carol turned slowly.

"Bossy—wasn't it?" she said.

"BOSSY was the word," Bill said savagely.

She was delighted with his savagery. She must really be as pretty as Mrs. Beckwith.

"I know," she said. "I wasn't awfully tactful—was I?"

Bill walked over toward her. "Do you know what I'd like to do?" he asked.

"I can't—I couldn't possibly—imagine," Carol said.

"Oh, yes, you can," Bill said. "You can imagine. But you don't have to imagine. You know. You know I'd like to slap you."

"Well," Carol said, "if it means so much to you—why don't you?" She

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looked up at Bill. She looked as seductive as she knew how to look.

Bill actually raised his hand as if he were going to strike her. Carol had no hope that he would actually slap her. But she pretended that she was afraid. She jerked back quickly, taking pains to knock the marker off the little table beside her. The marker made a much louder crash than she had anticipated. It was only a block of oak with a card tacked on it. But in the empty Museum it sounded like an explosion that echoed and reëchoed.

Carol flung open the door of the closet and pushed Bill in. "Quick," she whispered. She pulled the door shut. They stood side by side in the pitch-black closet.

They heard the guard come in. They could almost see him—what he did was so clear from the sound of his footsteps. He came in a hurry, paused, saw nothing wrong with the empty room, and decided the crash had been in some other room.

Bill was about to open the door of the closet. Carol put her hand on his arm.

"Wait," she whispered. "He may come back."

"What smashed?" he asked.

"Shh!" Carol said.

"What are you afraid of?" Bill asked.

"Shh!" Carol said. She gripped his arm tightly.

THEY stood listening in the dark. They could hear the retreating steps of guards. Carol heard the distant clang of an iron door and released her grip on Bill's arm. Bill opened the closet door. They stepped out of the closet into the coolness of the Portsmouth Room. Carol took out her compact and refreshed her face.

Bill gazed at her suspiciously. But he said nothing. Carol snapped the compact and put it back in her purse.

"Well," he said, "let's be going."

They walked slowly through the empty rooms. They came to an iron door which effectually closed off the corridor.

"They've closed the Museum," Bill said.

"It would seem so," Carol said.

Bill raised his hand to knock on the door. Carol caught his arm.

"Wait," she said. "There must be some other way out."

She led the way quickly in the opposite direction. There wasn't any other way out. They went back to the iron door.

"There's nothing to do but raise a racket," Bill said.

"I know it," Carol said. "And how I hate it."

"Hate it?" Bill said. He raised his hand to pound on the door.

"Yes," Carol said. "Explaining."

"Explaining what?" Bill asked.

"How we happened to get locked in," Carol said.

"There's no help for it," Bill said.

"No," Carol admitted. "Go ahead—pound."

Bill pounded. But he did not pound enthusiastically. A solid-iron door that slides into place is nothing to pound on enthusiastically.

Bill waited, listening. Nothing happened. Bill looked at his watch. It was after five.

"You know, Carol," he said, "this is getting serious."

"I think the best thing to do," she said, "is to go back to the Portsmouth Room and yell out of a window."

THEY went back to the Portsmouth Room. Bill opened one of the old-fashioned small-paned windows. Beyond that was the regular window of the Museum. The embrasure was so wide you couldn't lean out. They could see the green grass of the Museum grounds several stories below. But there was no one in sight.

"I haven't had a cigarette since lunch," Bill said. He fished in his pockets and brought out a paper packet that had held twenty cigarettes. It now held one. He looked at Carol. "I'll cut it in two," he said, "and give you half."

"Fortunately," Carol said, "this package of mine is a carton of cigarettes."

She sat down on a sort of chaise longue, hard and flat as a board, after the colonial fashion, and opened the package.

"Fortunately," Bill said. "Fortunately!"

Carol looked at him inquiringly, as if she didn't understand. Bill stared at her. Carol lit a cigarette. Bill sat down on one of the forbidden chairs.

"Fortunately!" he repeated with irony.

"Do you think it's unfortunate that I have plenty of cigarettes?" Carol asked.

"I don't think fortune had anything to do with it," Bill said. "I think you planned the whole thing."

Carol raised her eyebrows. "Do you really?" she asked.

SHE saw with inward amusement that he was actually shaken by her indifference to his charge. He was actually doubting that she had planned it.

"Yes, I do," Bill said.

"What for?" She was all innocence.

"You thought you were so darned seductive I couldn't resist you," Bill said. He paused. Carol saw that he was a little shocked at himself for having said it. He wouldn't like to be mistaken about such a statement. He'd feel too foolish.

"Go on," Carol said. "I'm listening."

"You bet you're listening," Bill said.

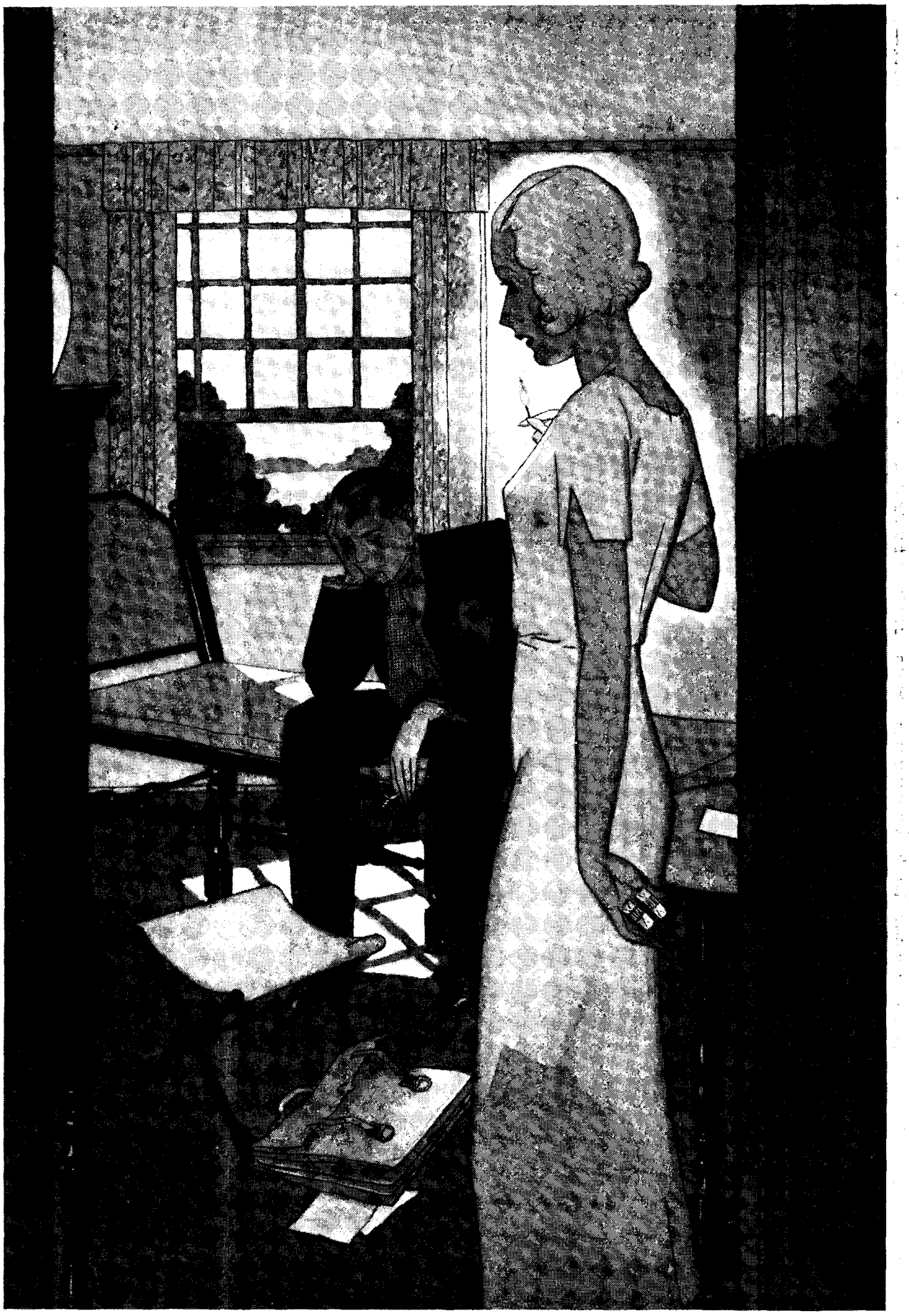
Carol slipped one heel out of its pump and dropped the ashes of her cigarette neatly into the space.

"The answer," Bill continued, "is that you aren't seductive. And I'm going to prove it to you."

"Are you?" she asked.

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid



"I woke up," she said. "I thought I'd bring you some more cigarettes"

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Put Her Over

In which a girl named Gladys encounters the well-known perils of Hollywood, and a good egg named Ed encounters the not-so-well-known perils of Gladys

By Jerome Beatty

EDDIE CRAWFORD was the best press agent in Hollywood. My guess is that he was the best in the world. Amalgamated Pictures paid him half a grand a week B. C. (Before Cuts) and didn't nick his wages much in the general revision downward. The wire services, the syndicates and the movie magazines came on the run every time he yelled "Hey, Rube!" because Eddie gave them exactly the stuff they wanted, when they wanted it. And besides, Eddie was a swell guy.

Eddie was about thirty-two years old, had been a star reporter on nearly every big newspaper you could name, was unmarried and hadn't saved a dime. He was the easiest "touch" in Hollywood. He couldn't say "no" to any friend who came in for a hundred bucks for a few days. Nine times out of ten, when anybody in the picture business went into bankruptcy, you'd find Eddie Crawford on the list of creditors.

But when it came to publicity, Eddie was hard-boiled. He got stuff in the papers in order to sell pictures and he spent no time sending out puffs about the studio help. He concentrated on making big actors bigger. Except now and then when Amalgamated had a kid they wanted to build up. Then he'd cut loose and turn nothing into something. He took Elerie Byron when she was an extra girl and made her a star in two years.

Eddie played no favorites. That is, of course, until Gladys McMillan won a beauty contest and came to Hollywood. It was funny about Eddie and Gladys.

I worked for Eddie. I took care of the Hollywood representatives of the movie magazines. There are about a million of them. I fixed up appointments for interviews, got special pictures for them, bought them lunches and, with Eddie's help, bulled them into printing stuff about actors we were trying to build up.

WE WERE in his office checking up, and Eddie was feeling pretty good because our stars had been on the covers of nine fan magazines that month. His secretary brought in a letter of introduction.

"A contest winner," said his secretary.

"Gee whiz, Clara Bow," he said, "you know what to do with contest winners. Throw 'em in the alley."

Mrs. Allerton, his secretary, was about forty-five years old and when Eddie was feeling good he called her Clara Bow. Sometimes he called her Greta Garbo. She liked to be called Clara Bow or Greta Garbo. She was a swell secretary, at that. She never was a bit surprised at anything Eddie did or said. She was the only person in the world who was that way.

"This is something special," Mrs. Allerton said.

Eddie read the letter. "I'll be darned," he said. "Send her in." He said to me: "Stick around, Mike." My name is Mike Connors.

Gladys McMillan came in. She was scared to death—a pale, sleek, golden-haired dame with big, blue lamps There's a million like her in Hollywood.

"Hello, Greta Garbo!" said Ed. He pointed to me. "This is Ronald Colman."

"How do you do, Mr. Colman?" she said.

"Fine," I said. "How's business?"

"All right," she said, very timid.

"She's not really Greta Garbo," Ed explained to me.

"Oh," I said. Eddie was quite a wag.

He looked at the letter. "She's Gladys McMillan from Hutchinson, Kansas, and she's the most beautiful girl in Kansas."

"That's even better," I said.

"This letter," he tossed it over to me, "is from Charley White, a fellow I used to work with on the Kansas City Sun. He's running a paper in Hutchinson now and he put on the contest. He wants me to do everything I can for her. Please sit down, Miss McMillan. A friend of Charley White's is a friend of mine."

"Oh, that's lovely," she said, and that smile of hers gave me an entirely new idea of Kansas. She sat down. "Mr. White isn't exactly a friend of mine. He just runs the paper and—"

"You mean he's not your boy friend?"

"Yes," she said, glad that he got the point. "That's what I mean."

"Well, Gladys," said Eddie, "just for fun, I'm going to break all rules. We don't allow contest winners of any kind inside this studio. This town is full of contest winners—Miss Americas waiting on table, Miss Universes in department stores and Miss New Yorks selling box lunches on street corners. You wouldn't have a chance in the world even to get registered in Central Casting, where you might make seven bucks a week if you were lucky. But I'm going to take you in charge. Where do you live?"

"Well, Mr.—er—"

"Crawford," said Eddie.

"Mr. Crawford, I haven't a place yet."

HE PRESSED a buzzer and Mrs. Allerton came in.

"This, Mrs. Allerton, is Miss Gladys McMillan, the prettiest girl in Kansas. Mrs. Allerton, will you please get Gladys a cheap, decent place to live where there's a nice lady who will see that she doesn't stay out after ten o'clock and that she's up early in the

"Voilà!" cried Madame Renel. Gladys looked like a million dollars. "Swell!" said Eddie. "Thanks, Empress. You're the greatest of them all"

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morning so she won't be late on the set?"

Mrs. Allerton said she would.

"You go with Mrs. Allerton, honey," said Eddie. "Honey" in show business is the same as "Madam" in a shoe store. "Be here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. I won't be here until nine, but I want to start you in good habits."

"Oh, you're wonderful," said Gladys and there were tears in her eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Crawford. And thank *you*, Mr. Colman," she said to me.

"Not at all," I said, but I felt kind of cheap.

When Mrs. Allerton had taken Gladys out I said, "For Pete's sake, Eddie, what's the idea?" Contest winners were poison to Eddie. I never saw him act like this before.

"I was talking to the boss the other day and told him we needed a kid to build up. Haven't started one from scratch for a long time. He said, 'All right, find one.' And here she comes, walking right into my office."

"But listen, Eddie, she's no world beater! There's a million like her."

"YEAH, and some of 'em are named Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. They were all like this kid once. She'll do for a try, anyway. I've been wanting to do something for Charley White for a couple of years. He's borrowed two or three hundred bucks from me at different times and always paid me back every cent on the very date he promised. Contest winners named Gladys with letters from guys like Charley White deserve a break."

"But you don't know anything about Gladys. You don't even know how her legs are."

"Gosh, you're right!" He pressed a buzzer.

"Mrs. Allerton," he said, "is Gladys still out there?"

"Yes."

"Find out how her legs are, will you?"

Mrs. Allerton came back in a minute.

"They're very nice," she said, like a butcher talking about pork chops.

"Good. That's all."

Of course, Eddie couldn't start building up a kid until she had Joe Stone's O. K. and I thought Eddie would take Gladys in to see Joe the first thing in the morning. But Eddie was too smart.

"Come along, honey," he said to her. "You, too, Mike," he said to me.

We went over to Napoleon's. He was Amalgamated's chief hairdresser. His name was André but Eddie called him Napoleon because he liked to see André throw out his chest.

"Listen, Napoleon. This is Gladys, the prettiest girl in Kansas. I want you to fix her hair."

André sputtered and waved his hands. He was the highest priced hairdresser in Hollywood and his contract said he didn't dress any hair but star hair.

"Whoa, Napoleon," said Eddie. "You don't understand. I want you to invent a new hair dress—we'll want a lot of pictures and we'll put them in all the magazines. We'll call it Inspiration, by André, just like a painting."

WELL, that was settled. That afternoon she was Inspiration, by André, and some inspiration, and we took her over to see Pop Hall, the chief portrait photographer. Albert Vosnard, our head make-up expert, was there.

We put her up on a pedestal and looked her over as though she were a horse.

Pop Hall fooled around with lights.

"That throat line is bad," he said. "We'll have to kill it," and he shifted a baby spot and did.

The make-up man pulled at her chin. "Jaw's a little off line. I'll have to fix that. And pull down the nose, too."

Gladys hadn't been able to say anything all day but, "Mr. Crawford, you're *won*derful!" Now she didn't say even that. She'd learned by now to keep quiet and expect anything.

Al Vosnard used powder and grease paint and rouge and fussed around with her for an hour. Pop Hall finally got his lights right.

"O. K.," said the make-up man.

"O. K.," said Pop Hall.

Eddie went to the telephone and called Madame Renel, the fashion authority we'd just imported from Paris. She came over in a few minutes.

"Ah!" she scowled. Gladys stood on the pedestal with her new hairdress, her new make-up and lighted so the best apples were on top of the barrel. She wore a little blue-and-white dress.

Madame Renel said "Tsst! Tsst! Take eet off!" She waved her hands.

"But — but — these men!" Gladys pleaded as she unfastened a hook.

"Come on boys," said Eddie.

Madame Renel called us back in about half an hour. She pointed to Gladys. "Voilà!" cried Madame Renel.

Gladys looked like a million dollars. She wore a blue velvet thing that clung to her figure. She had some earrings and a pearl necklace. You wouldn't have known her.

"Swell!" said Eddie to Madame Renel. "Thanks, Empress. You're the greatest of them all."

WHILE Pop Hall was shooting pictures of Gladys, Eddie went to the front office and talked Joe Stone into coming over.

She knocked Joe cold.

"Go ahead, Eddie," he said. "She might amount to something."

Pop Hall let her go about five o'clock and she changed back to her blue-and-white dress and came into Eddie's office. She was dazed, Gladys was.

She shook her head and just sort of mumbled her thanks.

"Never mind, honey." He pointed at me. "Mike, here,"—she'd learned by now that I wasn't really Ronald Colman—"is going to look after you. Now listen, honey, this is important. You're on your way to big money. Don't get swell-headed. Don't think you're doing it all yourself—for you're not. You're just a very nice piece of clay and if you turn out to be a prize winner it will be because other people have modeled you—hair dressers, make-up men, directors, costumers, cameramen, writers and,"—he paused—"press agents. Try not to forget that."

"Mr. Crawford," Gladys' voice was trembling. She held up her right hand and said softly, "I swear to God I won't forget."

"Um. That's what they all say, honey. The minute a star gets swell-headed the mob starts after her. Cameramen forget to kill that ugly chin line. Directors slip a big scene or two to a minor actor. Writers don't work so hard on the stories. Press agents forget to send out her pictures. Then, bango! Her contract expires and she's amazed to find that nobody wants her." He looked at her. "But, baby, I don't know why, but I think you'll keep your head level."

"Please believe me, Mr. Crawford, please. I will. I swear I will."

"Right. Now look, Mike, plenty of good leg art—swell bathing-suit pictures. Get Madame Renel to design her some nice skimpy little costumes. Keep it all decent, for if this gal's a star in a couple years we don't want any funny pictures bobbing up out of the files. Lots of interviews with the right guys—boys and girls that will think up good lines for Gladys to say in print." He turned to Gladys: "Report to Pop Hall at the portrait studio every morning at nine for the next three days. After that, you'll start work in a picture. Now go home and get a good beauty sleep."

"Oh, Mr. Crawford—"

"I'm wonderful. Yeah, I know that. Run along, I got to write letters."

EDDIE and Mrs. Allerton stayed until ten o'clock that night. He dictated about a million letters. To every Amalgamated film salesman that he knew—and he knew most of them—telling about this new discovery, Gladys McMillan. To all the boys in the home office. To the editors and correspondents of the movie magazines. A week later, after she had started with a small part in Elerie Byron's picture, Gold Isn't All, Eddie gave a luncheon for her and she met all the Hollywood newspaper and magazine writers. It was a good party and they all thought Gladys was O. K.

She'd been working in Gold Isn't All for two days when Bill Starkweather, who was directing the picture, dropped into Eddie's office at lunch-time.

"I'm doing the best I can for your punk," he said to Eddie, "but she won't do. She can't talk. I tried her out with a couple of lines and she drowned in 'em."

"Never mind talk. Just let her walk around in that bathing suit."

"O. K., Eddie. I just wanted to tell you."

That night Eddie took Gladys over to old Mrs. Martin's. Mrs. Martin was a big name on the speaking stage for twenty years before she went into pictures. She worked with Gladys every night for three weeks, showing her how

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

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to speak lines. Gladys learned quickly and before Gold Isn't All was finished Bill Starkweather let her talk quite a little in two or three scenes.

Amalgamated signed her for five years. It was one of those option contracts, where the company had the privilege of firing her at the end of any six months' term.

Which, at the end of a year, they did.

Her publicity had been tremendous. Her picture had been at least once on the cover of every movie magazine. The Associated Press and United Press carried stories on their wires about her. Her fan mail broke all records.

"You've done a great press job, Eddie," Joe Stone said, "but I can't get any director to use her."

"I know," said Eddie. "They say she can't act. Neither could Dressler when she was twenty years old."

"Anyway, she's through. Sorry, too, because I like to take kids and build 'em up."

"Listen, Joe. Jim Thomas is going to direct Make Hay. Isn't that the play old Mrs. Martin was in years ago—didn't she play the dancer?"

"Sure."

"That part's made to order for Gladys. Suppose I prove that to Thomas and he wants to cast Gladys. Will you O. K. her for one more picture?"

"If Thomas wants her, I will. But—"

"Thanks, boss. Good-by."

EDDIE took Gladys to dinner at the Marmora.

"Listen, honey," he said. "Stop crying. You're a long way from being licked. Everything's all set. Jim Thomas will give you a test for the dancer's part in Make Hay. I talked to him today. If you're O. K., you're on the lot for one more picture and you'll knock 'em so cold they'll never let you go."

Gladys started to speak.

"Wait a minute, now. That's a swell part and you can do it. Old Mrs. Martin played it years ago and she's going to coach you. I'm getting Madame Renel to design a costume for you. You'll learn three or four big scenes and then you'll take the test. You can't miss."

He didn't tell her that he had paid Mrs. Martin five hundred dollars.

"Eddie," Gladys breathed, "you're the finest man in the world. What can I ever do to repay you?"

"Marry me," Eddie said.

"*Marry* you!"

"Ssh! Not so loud. Sure."

"You—you mean you really love me! You! A big press agent like you!"

"You bet your life!"

"Eddie!" she said and tears came into those blue eyes of hers; and Eddie said, "To heck with dinner, let's hop out and get a taxi and ride around."

In the taxi, Gladys said, "This is more wonderful than being a movie star, Eddie. I've loved you ever since I first went into your office."

"Me, too," said Eddie. "I never could understand it. Always it seemed to me that an actress would be the last woman in the world that I'd want to marry. And then I found that I was in love with you! And I never thought you'd want to marry *me*—a punk press agent. Actresses don't marry press agents."

"I'm going to marry *you*, Eddie," she said, and kissed him. "And aren't I proud!"

Eddie didn't tell me about it until several weeks later, after Gladys got the dancer's part in Make Hay and was the talk of the lot. She was wowing 'em in every scene. Old Mrs. Martin had done a good job. Of course the movie version was different from the old play, but the dancer was about the same and Mrs. Martin knew how that part should be played. And Gladys, who was by no means dumb, had been a good pupil.

When he told me he was going to marry Gladys I was fit to be tied. I knew he had been spending most of his time putting her over but I thought it was just a matter of pride—that he didn't want to admit he'd picked a flop.

"You're not really going through with it, are you, Eddie?" I said.

"Absolutely, Mike. She's the swellest girl in the world."

"So you're going to be Mister Gladys McMillan?"

"Yep," he said. He was defiant. He knew what it meant to be an actress' husband, but he looked right at me and said "Yep!" He was that far gone.

"It won't last, and it'll ruin you," I said. "Remember how you used to say that no press agent ought to marry an actress?"

"Did I say that?"

"—because"—I was brutal, but I wanted to get him out of this mess—"because he ought not to marry the kind of an actress that would marry a press agent."

He laughed. "Go to blazes," he said.

WHEN Make Hay was finished, there was no doubt about Gladys. She stole the picture and Amalgamated gave her a new contract before the first print left the studio. Eddie wrote letters to a couple hundred movie critics, old friends of his, all over the country and told them to watch for Gladys McMillan in Make Hay and that he'd appreciate any boost they might give her. He wrote to theater managers, too, and told them they'd be smart if they put Gladys' name up in big lights on the canopies and gave her a big play in their newspaper advertising.

That helped. But Gladys really gave a grand performance. She was an overnight sensation.

Eddie was going to escort her to the big première in Hollywood but she said she thought it would be better if she went with Johnny Bracker, who was the star of the picture. So she did.

Hollywood grabs successes while they're hot, so the big stars and directors began inviting Gladys everywhere. Sometimes they invited Eddie Crawford, too, but mostly they asked Johnny Bracker to take her. Johnny Bracker was a good actor and women fell for him but personally he was a stuffed shirt. I heard here and there how Johnny was telling Gladys she was worth more than Amalgamated was paying her and that she ought to be given the right to select her stories and her cast.

ONE day Eddie called me into his office.

"Well, kid," he said, "we don't have to worry about McMillan any more. She's over the top."

"Yeah," I said. "The papers are begging for stuff. You certainly did a swell job. When's the wedding?"

"She's not going to marry me, Mike," he said. He swallowed.

That was darn' good news to me but I didn't say so. You could see that he was taking it hard. I said: "Why not?"

"She's going to marry Johnny Bracker. Told me last night. She said that after she had fought and struggled to the top all by herself she couldn't jeopardize her career by marrying a press agent."

Finally I said, "*She* did it all, hey?"

Eddie grinned in spite of himself. "Anyway," he said, "the company seems to know what's what." He showed me a check for a thousand dollars. "Joe Stone gave me that."

I didn't feel much like laughing, but I laughed and said: "This bust-up keeps my record clean, Eddie. I don't have to admit I know a fellow that's married to a movie star."

"That's so," Eddie said after a while. "It might not have worked out. But she's a swell kid."

"Yeah?" I said.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get busy. We got to send out a story about how our peerless star, Gladys McMillan, is marrying our peerless star, Johnny Bracker."

Mrs. Allerton, his secretary, opened the door. She held a memo in her hand.

"It's from Mr. Stone," she said. "He says you were so successful with McMillan that he wants you to start at once to build up another girl. He's sent you one he thinks might do. She's outside. She won a beauty contest in New Orleans."

"Another! My God!" Eddie read the memo. He looked at me and grinned.

"We can do it, hey, kid?" His eyes were sparkling.

He turned to Mrs. Allerton. "How does she look?" he said.

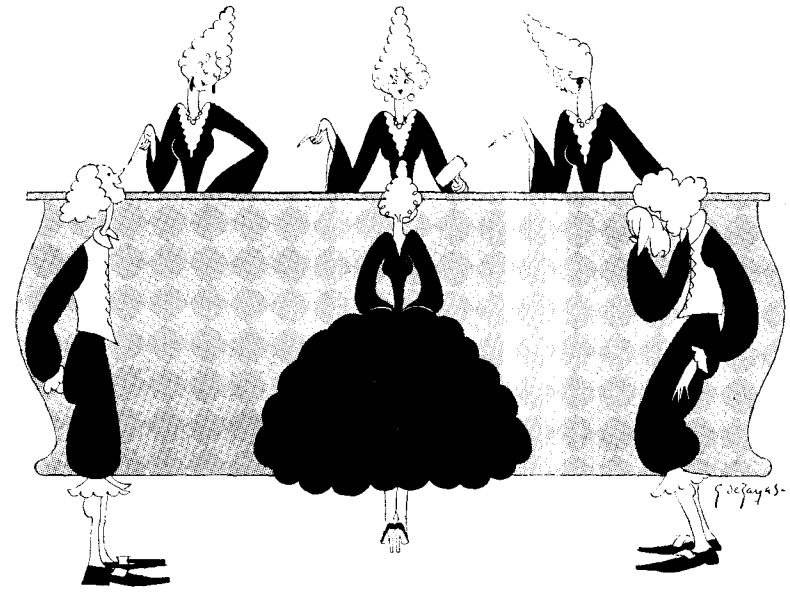
"She's very pretty."

"How about her legs?" said Eddie. Now he was rarin' to go. He'd forgotten all about Gladys.

"I'll see," said Mrs. Allerton. She came back in a moment.

"They're very nice legs," she said.

"Hot dog!" Eddie said. "All right, Clara Bow, send her in!"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The "Courts of Love," which France and Germany maintained between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, were tribunals composed of great ladies. Their most important proceedings were to pass upon lovers' quarrels and to help perplexed maidens decide with whom they were in love.

Leonardo da Vinci, when painting Mona Lisa, the most famous portrait in the world, worked 12 years on the lips.

For every 100 physicians and surgeons in the United States today, there are 25 "drugless" practitioners who heal either by mental methods or physical manipulations.

Despite its great power to destroy life and property, the average bolt of lightning—if it could be harnessed and put to commercial use—would be worth less than two cents.—*By H. F. Cox, Jr., Ithaca, N. Y.*

In a certain inexpensive dress store in New York City where the women wait on themselves, more than 75 cases of shoplifting occur weekly, despite the numerous "warning" posters on the walls and the 25 sharp-eyed detectives in the aisles.

When a young lady in the Matra Mountains of Hungary dresses for a party, fashion demands so many starched petticoats that she—unable to get through the doorway with all of them—has to don the last few out in the back yard.

Coöperative food-hunting enterprises are not characteristic of man alone. Take the pelican for example. Flocks of these large birds frequently form a long curved line in a river or lake and, advancing a yard apart, "fish" it as thoroughly as men with a seine.

At an extremely low temperature, snow has such an absorbent quality that it will dry clothes.—*By Howard Plummer, Kingston, Massachusetts.*

Four out of five French murderers, especially those who are sentenced to death for a crime of passion, are pardoned. But the man who issues a check without sufficient funds in the bank is considered a downright felon and is invariably given a sizable sentence.

One hundred years ago the population of the world was 1,000,000,000. Today it is 2,000,000,000. If this tremendous rate of increase is maintained for only 150 years longer, the population will reach 6,000,000,000, or the maximum number for which the earth can provide food.

Since 1732 the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, in the only palace ever built exclusively for horses, has been the finest equestrian establishment in the world. Before a large audience every Sunday morning there is staged a performance so impressive that it has not been changed during these 200 years.

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Swing Your Partners

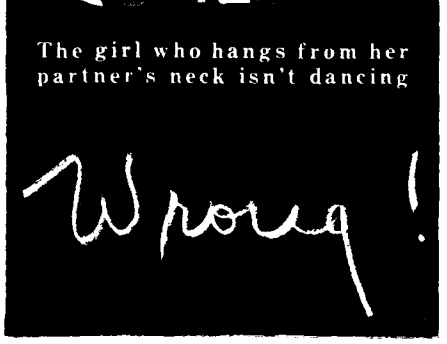
And join the fun, instead of the stag line or the wallflowers. Anybody who just naturally taps his foot to music can learn to dance, and dance well. If you are having difficulties, here's the right answer

By Ruth Chandler Moore

The hasty, high-spirited take-off that means trouble ahead

Don't grip the girl this way if you care how she looks and dances

The girl who hangs from her partner's neck isn't dancing



YOU women ought to learn to dance—or else stay home!" groans the man as his partner bumps his knees and misses his signal to reverse.

"If one more man steps on my feet, I'll kick his shins," the woman is threatening meanwhile behind her best ballroom smile.

And the music goes on and on.

What's the matter with them? With most of us, for that matter? We know how to dance—with our heads, anyhow. But the trouble is that you don't dance with your brains. You dance with your body, and if you don't dance well it's your body's fault. There's something wrong with the way you use it, and it spoils your dancing poise—not to mention your partner's fun! Straighten out that physical difficulty and you'll catch, at last, the true dancing swing.

Of course, it goes without saying that you must know the steps. You must know the five basic dance steps so well that you do them unconsciously in response to the appropriate music. These five are the steps you take in response to five different kinds of rhythm: slow and fast three-four time, slow and fast four-four time, and waltz time. And the greatest of these is waltz time. In fact, one of the most famous New York teachers of ballroom dancing maintains that if you can walk backward and forward and turn to waltz time, you can dance anything!

Advice to the King-Pins

But a dance step, after all, is entirely a matter of balance, a step in which you shift your weight in a certain manner. That's an unromantic definition but it shows why, if your balance is bad, your dancing is sure to be worse.

Adele, of that erstwhile pair of Broadway dance idols, Fred and Adele Astaire, once said: "I like stage dancing. I'm sure of my partner. But I don't like ballroom dancing. I don't like it because I hate men to step on my toes or hold me so tight that my dress is pulled crooked, or lean way over me."

Well, every one of the faults she complains of is due, not to poor dancing, but to poor carriage. And so are most other dance defects. So, if you're a blight in a ballroom, it's probably wrong arms or wrong feet, a wrong back or a wrong balance. And the sooner you find out what, the better! It's not so much that you look badly—although that's a pity—but you *dance* badly.

Since men are the king-pins in dancing and whatever they do the woman must follow, let's begin by telling them a few home truths. If you're a woman, you've probably wanted to for years! But don't crow too soon. You'll get yours later!

First of all, gentlemen, there's the faulty take-off. High spirits are all very well, but when you grab a girl and dash her full-speed onto the dance floor, you're heading for trouble and you usually find it. We aren't recommending an earnest whisper of "One! Two! Three! Go!" but do allow the necessary half-second to get organized, and then step off to the beat of the music. A smooth getaway is half the battle.

Nothing Fancy

Stick to short steps at first. Long steps force the woman to stiffen herself in order to make sure of her balance. No one can dance well who is stiff and uncertain.

Keep the first steps simple, also, until you have both found your dancing legs. If you whisk a girl at once into an intricate series of steps, you confuse her, no matter how good a dancer she is. Take a few simple turns to make sure of each other's styles and mannerisms and you can then safely forget yourselves in the rhythm of the music. Confidence is everything in dancing.

And even a very good dancer will keep his steps inconspicuous, however clever and tricky they may be. It's good taste as well as good sense not to take up more than your share of the dance floor. This doesn't mean the dreadful dancing-on-a-dime effect, but only that you should move with circumspection. Take care to circle somewhat as you dance, too. It's graceful and it helps to avoid collisions.

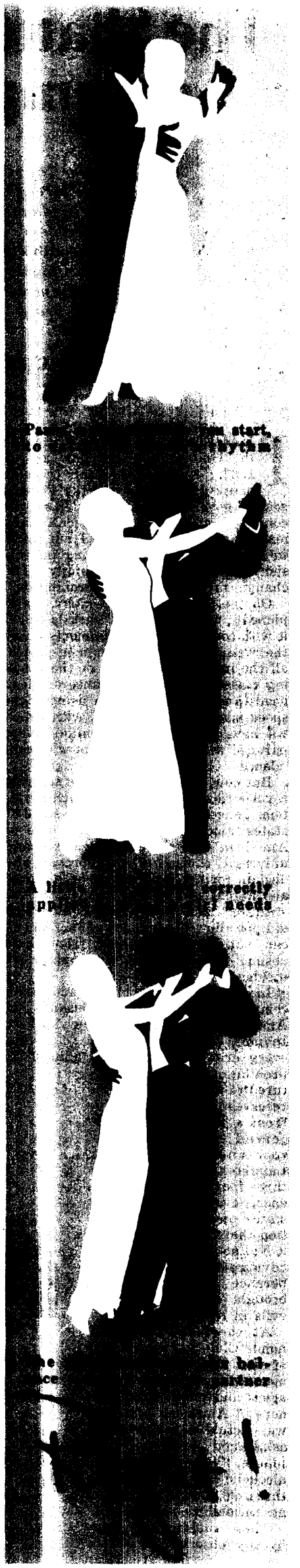
A man's dancing position is important, for it determines his control of himself and of the girl. One crack New York teacher advises, "Hold your partner directly in front of you, just as if you were going to step forward onto her toes. Then DON'T!" This parallel face-to-face position helps to keep you dancing *together* because it helps you to match your sways and balances.

Any fancy hold is as out-of-date as a fancy hand-shake. Simply put your right wrist high between the girl's shoulder blades, a good pivotal spot from which to guide her by the dancer's sign-language of pressure. The weak jellyfish hold that leaves her ambling along at her own sweet will about three paces away from you is just as bad as the well-known grip that yanks a girl's head back and lifts her weight off her feet.

The man's left arm should be slightly bent and close to his side, yet relaxed and limber enough to respond

(Cont'd on page 43)

Renée and Antonio, the dancing de Marcos of Broadway, who are silhouetted on this page



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The Shattered Cause of Temperance

As Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill was forced to grapple with the liquor problem in England. Now he brings to the American problem of prohibition a mind trained to the subject and experienced in the ways of government. Here he eloquently describes and interprets for you what he has seen and heard in this country

By Winston Churchill

I MADE two long journeys through the United States in 1929 and in 1932. I visited on each occasion many great cities and the Federal seat of government, and met, in all the confidence of friendly discussions, many leading Americans. When I am asked to state what is my prevailing impression, I must answer unhesitatingly: "The change in opinion about prohibition."

On the former occasion many champioined it with vigor or at least defended it with conviction. The arguments about the well-being of the common people, all the improved efficiency of the working classes, of the importance of clear heads and steady hands in using high-speed machinery—all these, with which we have been so long familiar, were paraded with ceremony, if not with confidence.

But now, in 1932, I could find scarcely a voice raised in defense of such a system. Indeed, on every side in a score of states, among the dominant figures of American life, there was a fierce and universal chorus of disapproval and disdain for the principle of prohibition, and a general apologia for political institutions and party deadlocks which did not allow the impulse of the American nation to free itself from these absurd trammels and this oppressive incubus.

In the audiences which I addressed, comprising scores of thousands of American citizens from New York to Indiana and from Georgia to Maine, every critical or slighting allusion to prohibition which I ventured to make—with all the reserves of courtesy due from a foreigner—was received with immediate, spontaneous appreciation. Laughter and cheers from three fourths of every audience, even in the driest states, greeted the suggestion that it had failed, that it had not achieved any real advance towards true temperance and that it had brought novel and hideous evils in its train.

At the New York Economic Club, in the presence of over two thousand of the most influential active managers and public breadwinners in American affairs, I was actually permitted to ask, amid resounding applause, "Why don't you tax alcoholic liquor and strike a threefold blow at drunkenness, prohibition and crime?"

These conditions, to judge by my observation of the temper of the American people, justify one of those recurrences to first principles enjoyed by the founders of the American polity. Such questions are raised as these: What are the rights and duties of the government in relation to individuals? What is the nature of the implicit understanding between citizens and the organizations they combine to set up for themselves? Ought laws to be passed by a transient majority which, even in their heyday, affront enormous numbers of people in their intimate private lives? Is it not an undue intrusion by a government upon the discretion of the adult citizen to deny him such use of alcohol as has been sanctioned by the immemorial practice of almost every race in almost every age?

Evil Returns—at a Gallop

Is it not indeed an act of positive aggression for one citizen to attempt to exercise this kind of petty control over the normal actions of his fellow? Does it not conflict with the fundamental doctrine of the United States Constitution that every citizen is entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"? Was not a great abuse perpetrated against the rights and liberties of individuals when laws were passed making criminal — or at least illegal — actions for committing which no man would withdraw friendship or respect from his neighbor?

When these great faults or errors in the march of a nation's affairs are committed they bring in their train most astonishing and often terrifying reactions. The French have said, "Drive away Nature and she returns at a gallop." But in this case it is not Nature that has returned at the gallop; it is monstrosity and social disease which have returned with the speed of the fastest automobile.

As they dare not sell any drink, the hotels have to make their living out of the food

When I look out upon the broad, sunlit surface of the United States, as from some great sky-scraping pinnacle, it seems no exaggeration to declare that three fourths of the present grave evils and worries by which this vast mass of humanity is afflicted, take their origin and find their explanation in the attempt to enforce the prohibition of alcohol against the will, mood and habit, not only of the masses, but of their dominant elements.

First of all, a grievous injury has been inflicted upon the cause of temperance by those who wished most of all to serve it. It is possible that the dry, bracing, electrical atmosphere of North America makes the use of alcohol less necessary and more potent than does the humid climate of Britain. But the progress of Britain during the present century has been most remarkable.

Like the United States, we have had a mass of misery and poverty, of broken lives and ruined homes directly attributed to the abuse of strong drink. Like the United States, we have, especially under the impulsion of the war, attacked this evil with vigor. As in the United States, we have attacked it by direct interference with the liberty of the individual. But we have used different weapons. The two main weapons we have used are High Taxation and Strict Regulation. By high taxation I mean three or four hundred per cent upon the cost price of liquor. By strict regulation I mean regulations which are enforced and obeyed.

The results have been impressive: the British nation drinks today only half the beer, and less than a quarter the spirits, which, with a smaller and much less affluent population, it drank at the beginning of the century. In the year 1913, the last complete year before the war, there were 184,000 convictions for drunkenness in our island. In 1930, the last year for which the figures are yet available, these 184,000 convictions had fallen to 53,000, or considerably less than one third of the former figure. A similar decline can be shown in the crimes and diseases of drunkenness.

The Benefits of Temperance

A gratifying decline in the prison population has accompanied the general improvement in public habits. Several important convict prisons have been broken up, and none of the jails are crowded or even full. The British Temperance Party, once so active and powerful, has found its force evaporating in proportion as the evils against which it had warned begin to be increasingly and successfully controlled. The Royal Commission which recently reviewed the whole position found no single witness to appear before it who would advocate prohibition. Accordingly they did not even think it worth while to discuss such a proposal in their report.

Meanwhile the high taxation has of course yielded an immense revenue to the State. When I was Chancellor of the Exchequer I received between six and seven hundred million dollars per annum from the taxes on liquor. It is true that the yield of these taxes fell off year after year and in every one of my five budgets I had to write down my estimates by ten or twelve million dollars. This falling off was due to the decreasing use of alcohol in every form by all classes of the population, from the rich man's champagne to the poor man's glass of beer; and in every kind of spirits a similar and almost uniform reduction was evident.

But even in my last budget I still raised upward of six hundred million dollars from the severe taxation of this indulgence. I have seen it calculated that if taxation of the same rigor were imposed in the United States a yield of anything from a billion and a quarter to a billion and a half would inure

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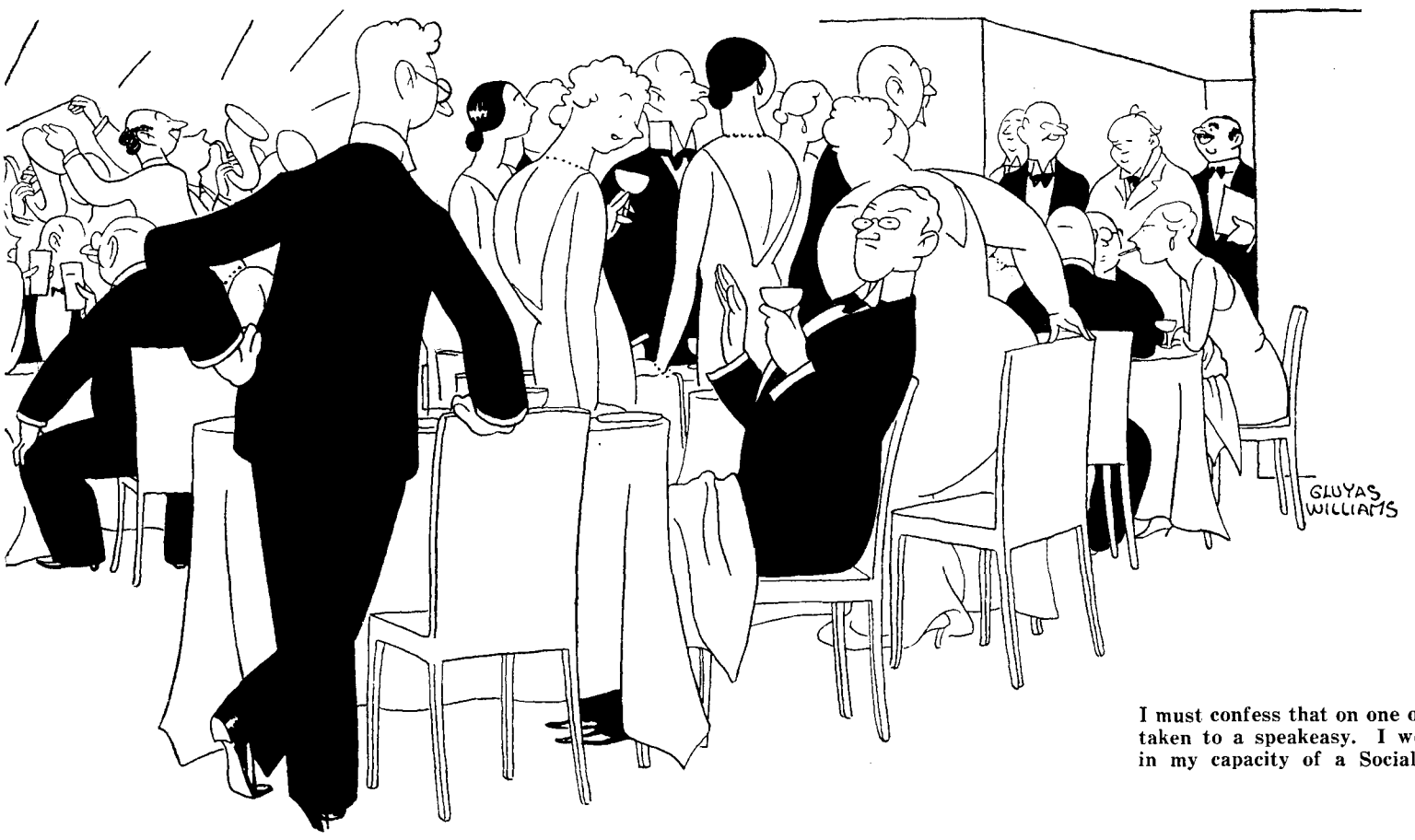


I must confess that on one occasion I was taken to a speakeasy. I went of course in my capacity of a Social Investigator

to the Federal and state authorities.

I am well aware of the argument—we have heard it here—that the State must on no account profit from taxing anything so wicked as alcohol. We are told that a moral degradation would be involved from which a pure-minded, high-souled State must guard itself no matter what the cost. It is vain to argue with bigots and fanatics. But sensible citizens must ask themselves where all this money goes now. There is no lack of liquor in the United States. There appears to be no difficulty in obtaining it almost anywhere. The recent conference of the leading bootleggers did not concern itself with the problem of smuggling the liquor or of manufacturing it illicitly in the United States. These problems have been solved. The praiseworthy concern of the bootleggers was an improvement in the quality and an abatement in the price.

American statistics show an enormous quantity of drinking, and of the worst kind of drinking, with large increases of drunkenness and all its attendant evils throughout the Union. Recently a new and surprising fact has become apparent. The United States, so far from being dry, is becoming an exporter of liquor upon a large scale. The Canadian authorities have become uneasy at a growing flow of smuggled liquor from the United States into Canada; thus affecting their lucrative government monopoly.

The empty cup has not merely been filled, is not merely being continually kept full, it is overflowing. And all the hundreds of millions of dollars which in Great Britain afford a welcome and indispensable relief to overburdened taxpayers, in the United States pour in far greater volume into the pockets not only of bootleggers but of that hideous underworld which thrives upon them. It is this frightful Frankenstein reaction which, even more than the injury to temperance or the loss of large potential revenue, has riveted and engrossed the attention of the American mind.

Prohibition has lent affluence to crime. Until its appearance the older type of ruffianly criminal was not only ignorant but poor. The profession of a bandit was at once precarious and ill-paid. It was true to say that money could be much more easily made by honesty. But once an opportunity of manufacturing or importing liquor which could be sold to an almost limitless consuming public at three, four and five times the original cost presented itself, the underworld found itself in possession of revenues equal to those of great countries in the nineteenth century, or of considerable minor nations at the present time.

Here were funds to influence and even dominate municipal elections, to bribe policemen, custom-house officers and prohibition agents; to corrupt judges and juries, to tamper with legislators and political parties; to procure the finest apparatus of brigandage, to perfect the most elaborate organizations, and to command competent and reputable legal talent.

Prohibition's Gift to the Nation

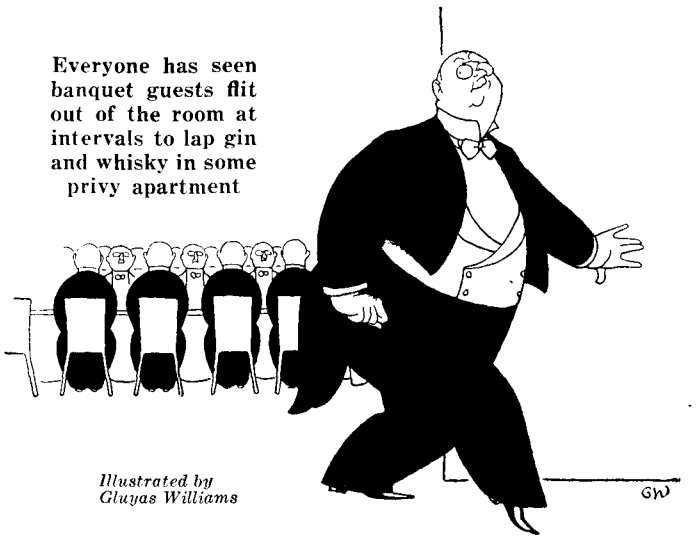
A cold, insidious system of graft rose swiftly tier by tier in many of the great cities of the United States. Organized gangs competed against each other in this work, and fought out bloody and murderous vendettas; and every part of the foundation of this monstrous edifice, the like of which the civilized world has never before known, was well and truly laid. Whole series of new or half-forgotten crimes and tyrannies came into being. Highjackers preyed on bootleggers and the police preyed on both.

The prohibition agents, local and Federal, were exposed to all the temptations by which men have become wealthy. Crime propagated and pullulated; bootlegging was the first-born child of prohibition. Racketeering—that is to say, an organized blackmailing by threats and violence against persons carrying on lawful trades—was its second offspring. Kidnapping is its latest new-born baby, thriving and growing apace.

He must be a strange fellow, purblind, wrong-headed, nay, ruthless in heart, who, for the sake of his fads, wills obstinately that such a process shall continue. It is a repulsive mentality which is so squeamish, so fastidious, that it recoils with horror at the idea of the State "touching the evil thing" by taxing it, and yet consents in helpless fatalism to the indefinite continuance and aggravation of these awful, unforeseen and immeasurable consequences.

But not only has prohibition armed crime with gold; it has invested it with public sanction. Down from the very summit of American civilization falls the light of countenance and condonation upon the whole mass of weltering illegality and rapine. Everywhere, in every state, in every city, in every class, in every profession, in every public office, liquor is freely consumed and easily purchased. The highest in the land, many of its ablest men, many of its best citizens, have accustomed themselves to breaches of the law. They give their orders with a smile or a shrug, and their behests, passing down the tiers and stories of the social structure, are ultimately executed by agents as vile and ferocious as any who have ever shamed the world.

Worst of all is the effect upon the youth of both sexes, particularly well-educated, well-to-do youth. The natural unruliness of young people the world over here finds its stimulus in the lawless example of their parents. To get the better of irrational and unpopular law imparts to the ordinary indulgence of drinking the glitter of quite a special temptation. The young men and women of all the innumerable universities for which the United States is famous drink not merely for pleasure and diversion, but audaciously, out of bravado, to show that they are free and independent—or somberly, dully, just to get drunk.



Everyone has seen banquet guests flit out of the room at intervals to lap gin and whisky in some privy apartment

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

What Young America Drinks

The entire taste of the cultivated youth of America has been perverted by the unreasonable conditions in which they find themselves. They know nothing of the good light wines and wholesome beers which play so large a part in the life of Europe. The agreeable vintages of the Rhine and the Moselle, the clarets and champagnes of France, are unknown. The famous beers of Milwaukee are extinct, and Canadian ale is on the whole successfully excluded.

Of all these innocent amenities which add so much to the course and the variety of the life of the great white race all over the world, American youth tastes nothing. By an insult for which Bacchus will surely exact retribution, all these nymphs and fauns of the cellar are flung into the common category of "hooch." What an affront to the whole history of mankind to have reduced them to that level! Wine, that good gift of the gods, for the use of which there is so much Scriptural warrant, is ranked with drug-taking—a foul thing to be done furtively but resolutely by addicts in unpunished opposition to the law of the land.

And as all these innocent and, as I hold, improving beverages are the form of alcohol most difficult for bootleggers to supply, young America drinks gin and whisky in unnumbered variants of the odious cocktail. At the hotel on the Canadian side of Niagara I made particular inquiries. "Yes, sir, they

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Thrown!

The story of a hero who slipped—once

By Talbert Josselyn

In one last supreme effort he leaped ahead, threw out his glove . . . out and down . . . caught the ball above the ground

AT EIGHTEEN, Dan Wheedon was greeted as the kid wonder of the big leagues; at twenty-one, acclaimed as the best first baseman in the game; and a year later the fans of that now far-away era were saying that nothing could stop him from being one of the greatest stars of all time.

A ball player he was—one in ten thousand. One to whom Nature had given everything. . . . To whom Nature had given too much. Into his cup of plenitude had been poured one extra, spilling drop: headstrong . . . unwilling to be crossed.

Of this, any number of people were off-handedly aware; but only two of them were keenly so: old Pat Rafferty—Fireface Rafferty—the ball club's manager, and young Bernie Berman, the gambler; and old Pat Rafferty didn't act on his knowledge until it was too late.

So it was young Bernie Berman who had reaped the advantage of his observation and knowledge; Bernie Berman, from the gamblers' rookery in the bleachers back of first base, keeping his own counsel, watching, weighing Dan Wheedon down on the field below; Bernie Berman, burly, sleek, living by the labors—by the mistakes—of others.

And in Dan Wheedon's fifth year with the ball club, the watching Bernie Berman slowly, plausibly, swung from watching to action.

THE year previous, the club had not met in full the demands of Dan Wheedon for a raise in pay; there had been a compromise, and Dan—Dashing Dan—headstrong, unwilling to be crossed, had smarted under it. Not that it had affected his playing; that had been even more brilliant. But . . . he had voiced his disapproval of things. Old Pat Rafferty—Fireface Pat—knowing the boy, liking him through and through, realizing the jewel of a ball player that he had, eased him along through the summer months of a bitter pennant struggle, when repeated injuries to the team finally put it out of the running; eased Dan Wheedon along, the while rebuilding the team for the next year; and old Pat Rafferty, a manager among managers, was winning his fight with the extra, spilling drop that Nature had bestowed upon Dan Wheedon, when Bernie Berman entered the picture.

Casually did Bernie Berman enter; plausible, open-handed, hail-fellow-well-met Bernie, always ready to help someone who wasn't getting an even break.

The rest can be told in a few words. Bernie made Dan Wheedon's acquaintance; did small favors for him. Closed in. At the end of a month, said Bernie Berman:

"Listen. The way I figure life is this: You got to get things for yourself; nobody will get 'em for you."

A week later: "If somebody robbed me, I wouldn't go to the police. I'd rob 'em right back—and that wouldn't be robbing, either."

Further: "If I was carrying the whole load, I'd get my pay for it, or I'd make 'em pay . . . some way."

And finally: "You got a wife and kid; as you say, a wife that ain't well. And money needed—money that's being held out on you."

And then Bernie Berman was in the open; in the open, as much as Bernie Berman ever was there.

"Why not? . . . It won't hurt. The team's going nowhere. . . . It'll never be known. . . . Just don't bear down tomorrow—and we'll split fifty-fifty."

In the ninth inning of the next day's game, Dan Wheedon made an error—an error such as even the poorest rookie wouldn't have made.

That error lost the game.

That night old Pat Rafferty overtook Dan Wheedon just as the latter was stepping into the elevator.

"We'll ride up together," said Pat.

Dan Wheedon turned; their eyes met; and in that meeting Dan Wheedon knew that Pat Rafferty knew all that there was to be known.

There was this that could be said for Dan Wheedon; that could always be said for Dan Wheedon: when confronted by events, he never dodged. He did not dodge now. True, he swayed, and went chalk-white, but he kept his eyes full upon old Pat Rafferty.

"O. K.," he said.

In silence they rode up to their floor; in silence they walked along the hallway and entered Dan Wheedon's room.

Pat Rafferty closed the door behind him and stepped to where Dan Wheedon now stood, and the cords in Pat Rafferty's neck stood out as he fought for control. He gained it. In a low, even voice, the while looking Dan Wheedon through and through, he said: "You threw that game."

Silence followed. Held.

AND then young Dan Wheedon laughed. Laughed, short and quick . . . and scornful. Youth, laughing at the wreckage of a world. Then spoke, eyes blazing, his voice harsh:

"Sure I threw it! What are you going to do about it?"

He thrust out his chin and doubled his fists.

Silence once more held. When Pat Rafferty finally answered, his voice was lower still:

"Going to do? Me? Nothing." He paused. "It's you who'll be doing it"—and here his voice became almost a whisper—"you who'll be doing it, for all the rest of your years."

At which Dan Wheedon broke, and cried out in a great rushing voice: "The hell I will! I'll tell the whole world about it; how I wasn't paid what was coming to me; how I was robbed!"

Old Pat Rafferty caught in his breath sharply. . . . Exhaled slowly.

"Those aren't your words. They've been . . . taught you." His great hands opened and closed as though upon the throat of the one who had done the teaching. "Robbed?" His voice went up. "You could have sat down and talked it over with the club owners any time; they would have played fair with you. If they couldn't pay more they'd have shown you why, and next year—but now . . ."

Suppressed emotion so coursed through the gray-haired, thick-set, red-faced old man that he writhed; and his voice was no longer under control as he cried out:

"Why couldn't it have been some ordinary punk? But you. *You!*"

Once more his voice became low and even, and now it had the quality of steel:

"Tell the whole world? You'll never tell a living soul. The first man you told it to would spit on you for what you did today. And the kids—the dirty, ragged, little kids—that wait outside the clubhouse just to watch you go in, and that sit in the bleachers maybe once a year if they've scraped up enough pennies to make a quarter. . . . No, you'll never tell. And . . . I'll never tell. But you'll never trick any of 'em again. You'll never play another game of baseball."

Red patches flamed in Dan Wheedon's cheeks.

"The hell I won't!" Loudly he cried the words, but somehow they no longer had in them the explosive, defiant quality that they had had at first.

"The hell you will," retorted old Pat Rafferty. "In some little outlaw league, perhaps?" His eyes bored into Dan Wheedon's. "And you explaining to your home-town folks why you were there . . . and to your wife"—the eyes bored deeper and deeper—"and to your boy when he grows up to be a man? No! You'll keep your name. That much you will have left."

"Thanks." Dan Wheedon drew the word out.

ONCE more old Pat Rafferty flamed: "You'll thank me, by God, before you're an old man! Listen. I've seen a lot of this life, and all that amounts to a man is his name. Take that away from him and, no matter what else he's got, he's the poorest of the poor; leave it to him and, no matter what else he's lost, he walks with kings. I'm telling you!"

Long did the fire-faced old man continue to hold the other's gaze. Then broke off, and when he again spoke it was in an ordinary tone:

"You'll play the season out—it hasn't got two weeks to go. Then you can shove off for home, and you'll have until next spring . . . well, somewhere off in

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

the wilds—hunting, maybe—you'll hurt yourself, and word'll come in that you'll never play ball again. But the rest of the world will be open to you. . . . Clean! Now I'm saying good-by."

Once more Pat Rafferty met Dan Wheedon's eyes. Then he was gone. . .

And in the winter of that year, from the remote mountains of northern Mexico, the news came filtering out that Dan Wheedon, premier first baseman, had been injured in a mining accident, and would never play ball again. . . .

ON THE day that the baseball season had closed, Dan Wheedon, outwardly calm, yet having within him all the seething, surging forces of a pent-up volcano, boarded the westbound limited; for four days he traveled, still with the outward calm, still with the seething forces within—forces that each moment grew and grew in destructive quality. And on the fourth day, headstrong, utterly unwilling to be crossed, Dan Wheedon had reached the point where the suppressed volcano was ready to pour out its ocean of murderous lava.

Put him out of baseball, would they? All right, he'd let the whole wide world know why he had been put out—and let baseball take the consequences! Crooks, and a crooked sport. Pat Rafferty, the preaching, fat old fraud. He'd show him! He'd start in as soon as he got home. . . .

The train was slowing down for the home station; was coming into the little town set on the edge of a great valley. He was following the porter along the aisle of the car; was descending the car steps. . . .

He yanked his empty right hand out of his pocket

And on the station platform a band, noisy and off key, struck up a tune . . . "Welcome home."

They put him in one of the town's few automobiles, around which somebody had tied bunting; they paraded him up the main street. Home-town people—of a little two-by-four home town—greeting their most illustrious son. Everyday people, leading everyday, small-town lives, saying glad-you're-back to one whose life had been ordered otherwise.

Out in the residential section they stopped before a rose-covered cottage, and there on the porch were his wife—the girl wife who had been ill for the past year—and his baby son, and his older sister; and when Dan Wheedon, taut of throat and holding the three tight, would have stayed right there, the wife and the sister smilingly, mysteriously shook their heads and urged him along, saying that they would see their full of him later. He went, carrying the twin remembrances of how pale his wife looked, and of how like himself his year-old son had grown; and in the town's biggest hotel the greeters gave him a dinner, at the end of which old Joe Fosdick, ball player of long ago, rose and made a speech, and then presented Dan Wheedon with a gold watch, on the case of which were engraved these words:

"To Dan Wheedon . . . From His Home Town."

A mist came before Dan Wheedon's eyes. . . . He got to his feet . . . and he could not speak. But he knew what he was going to do.

Within two days he had gone—"on a hunting trip."

"Take good care of her," he said to his sister, and nodded toward his wife.

"As if I needed care!" smiled the pale wife. "Here, kiss the baby good-by. He'll look even more like you when you get back."

"Baby boys," said Dan Wheedon swiftly, "are always like their mothers."

"This one," said his wife, "will be just like his father."

"I got to go," said Dan. And was gone.

WHEN Dan Wheedon's boy was ten years old, Dan Wheedon was part-owner of a silver mine in the mountains of northern Mexico. In one of her weekly letters to him, his sister made this comment:

"And young Dan grows more like you every day. He's on the school baseball team now, and eats and sleeps the game just as you used to do when you were his age. His mother would surely have been pleased to see him grow into the boy she knew that he would be.

"And you'd laugh to see him lose his temper and carry on just like a dust storm when somebody crosses him, just as you used to."

At which Dan Wheedon, now in his early thirties and a little heavier, put down the letter and looked out through the windows of the mine office upon the wild peaks that rose above; and in his mind's eye he saw a distant dusty little town, and a small boy in a baseball uniform playing upon a hard-baked school-ground diamond as though his life depended upon it. And Dan Wheedon, mine owner, smiled, and then the smile faded. . . . His boy, wanting to be a ball player—and losing his temper when anyone crossed him.

For a moment the older Dan sat rigid, and then he relaxed, and once more smiled. Just a boy's passing fancy; of course he wanted to be a ball player—at some time or other every boy did—but he'd grow up to be . . . that's it, a mining engineer, and he'd come out here and help his father. . . .

Young Dan never came to the mine as its engineer. He was a star baseball player in high school; his play, as he grew toward manhood in college, was a moving thing to behold.

Then he left college; left it after a row with the faculty, and his father's next letter reached him through the office of a minor-league baseball club.

"I'm now twenty-one," young Dan Wheedon wrote back, "and so I can be on my own. You played baseball when you wanted to, and I'm going to do the same. Please don't misunderstand me. I never felt happier, and the only thing that's bothering me is to try and live up to your baseball name."

Whereupon Dan Wheedon, Senior, reached for his hat and went for a long, long walk.

In the spring of the next year, young Dan Wheedon was reported as a holdout; later the newspapers stated that, after a number of wordy and acrimonious conferences, young Dan and the club had come to agreement. The season began.

THE team was off to a poor start; one could feel an undercurrent of bickering between some of the players and the management. Then the team straightened itself out and began to come up in the race, but still there could be detected, by one reading between the lines, a certain pull and haul between club owners and their star first baseman.

More and more closely did Dan Wheedon, Senior, in that far-off mine office, study the pages of his newspapers; and so, one midsummer morning, he came suddenly upon a name; came face to face with a name as one comes face to face, in making a turn on some mountain trail, with a wild beast.

The name . . . of Bernie Berman.

Frozen, immobile, Dan Wheedon looked—continued to look—at that name; and the past, buried so long ago that it seemed never to have been, was out of its grave and quickening horribly into life.

Dan Wheedon read on. . . . Bernie Berman, the Eastern gambler, newly arrived on the Coast, questioned by the police in a poolroom coup, and released because of insufficient evidence.

Bernie Berman. . . .

Bernie Berman—the Bernie Berman of old—now in the same city where young Dan Wheedon, headstrong, unwilling to be crossed, was playing baseball. . . .

For a week Dan Wheedon, Senior, stood it out, and all the while a voice grew louder in his ears. . . . "You must go; you must go; you must go. . . ." And now the voice added, "It's as sure as Fate. As sure as Fate. Hurry . . . hurry . . . hurry!"

And then Dan Wheedon was throwing things into a suitcase, his eyes glinting, his jaw set, his hard, supple body moving with fierce speed.

DAN WHEEDON entered a baseball park for the first time in twenty years, and made his way to the bleachers above first base, and settled back to watch. And then he was sitting forward—for upon the field the home team had come for practice . . . and the present had become the past. He found himself shaking. Dan Wheedon of twenty years ago was loping into position back of first base; Dan Wheedon in height, build, carriage; Dan Wheedon of twenty years ago, down to the last, least movement. . . . His son. . . .

Now and then the Dan Wheedon of the bleachers would leave off leaning forward and the ecstatic look would go out of his eyes; he would swivel a fierce gaze up and down the bleachers, and then, not finding whom he was seeking would go back to watching the first

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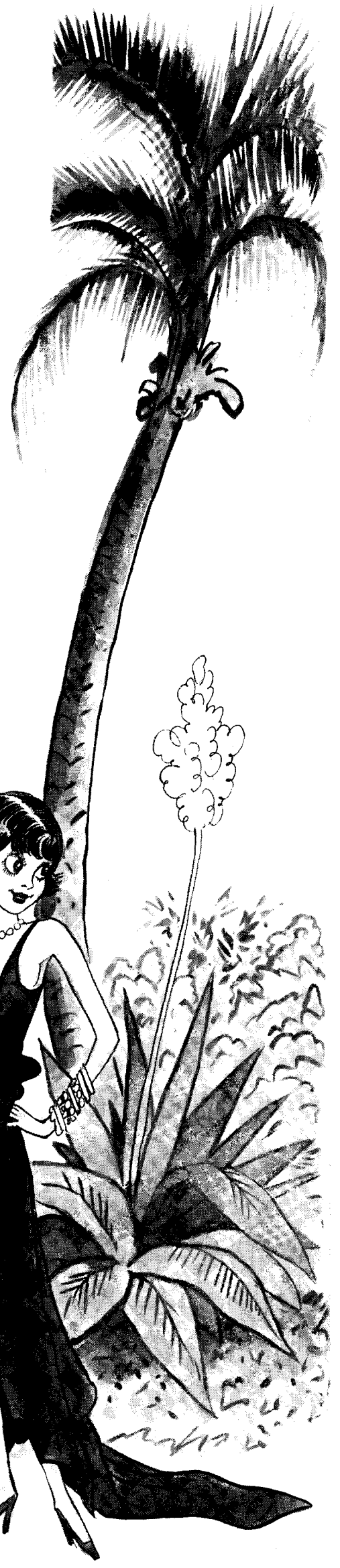
Helping Hands

The confidence game is not what it used to be. It's pretty refined nowadays and hard for a straightforward crook to follow. You can see the difference in the careers of Grady Emmett and his son, young Grady, who frequents the Southern resorts. Mr. Burgess, himself a past master, gives you a good working knowledge of methods in use then and now. The names, let us add, have been tampered with

By Walter Davenport and Al Burgess



Illustrated by Herb Roth

WHEN Marx Gumberts died in Evansville, Indiana, in 1902, I didn't count the number of gentlemen who appeared to be regarding the event as good news worthy of lively celebration, but it was a right smart one. And I don't mind saying that, while I never believed in wasting my time hating folks or frittering away the days cultivating grudges, I didn't shed a tear at Mr. Gumberts' funeral. No, sir, I don't suppose Mr. Gumberts was more than deceased before I was smiling affably.

When a man devotes as much of his life to swindling his willing fellow mortals as I have, he is bound to run across a few human beings whom, he would be willing to bet fifty to one, nobody loves overmuch. The way that man Gumberts could destroy a body's trust in humanity was simply dreadful.

Johnny Regan, William J. Elliot and I did not mourn Mr. Gumberts, and we did not lend him any helping hand either when he was on his last legs.

I had known Marx Gumberts some years. He was beholden to me for a helping hand and a few needed dollars, too. For instance, there was the time when I was working the Mississippi River boats back in the early nineties and I had found me a right affluent sucker named MacNugent—Ralph MacNugent of Washington, D. C. When young Mr. MacNugent met up with a man who was an expert at stud poker, like me, there was no holding him back. He was one of the most fertile customers I ever saw and he had more than five thousand dollars to pass out to the needy.

Requiring a little entertaining help on this enterprise, I called in Marx Gumberts and a pal of his to assist me in keeping Mr. MacNugent from becoming bored, and I divided with them in a just and open-handed manner. Mr. Gumberts was so well pleased by my treatment of him that I sort of felt that there was one man who would never do me a wrong.

Now I could enumerate many wrongs Mr. Gumberts did me, such as stealing as fine an overcoat as a man ever had on his back; but I'll save time by relating what he did to Bill Elliot, Johnny Regan and me.

Bill, Johnny and I were working the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Cincinnati and St. Louis, making our livelihood off the passengers with three-card monte, stud and draw poker, and various other so-called games of chance. One thing about us, we never tried to force a customer into our way of thinking when it came to the sort of game to be played. It is very bad for business to argue with a customer.

Business hadn't been so good for a couple of weeks before this fateful night when I met a Mr. Pettice sitting in the smoker, burning down a Great Western. A Great Western was a very large cigar—a prodigious cigar, in fact, about eight inches long and nigh on to three quarters of an inch thick in the middle. I don't suppose anybody'd think of making so big a cigar for seven cents nowadays out of any kind of material. But the Great Western was a very popular cigar in those days, made out of tobacco and garnished with a red, white and blue band and a portrait of Pike's Peak.

Whenever you saw a farmer smoking a Great Western you knew it was either Sunday or he had struck it rich. This wasn't a Sunday.

Well, it always being my motto never to speak first to a customer but to let him start the conversation, I sat opposite Mr. Pettice for some time before he mentioned the fact that it was a nice evening. One word led to another and I may say I was gratified to learn that he was a dairyman who had been out looking for a couple of farms. When you saw a man smoking a Great Western and talking about looking for farms you sort of settled down because you were sitting next to honest cash.

Strangers Get Together

He hadn't had any luck finding the farm he wanted, which was good news for me; but he confided to me that he had $4,000 in bank in Highland, Illinois. Excusing myself for a few moments, I communicated the tidings of Johnny and Bill, who were sitting forward in the train, a car apart, and pretty soon I had Mr. Pettice interested in the idea of three-card monte.

While I was doing a lot of talk about monte, Bill came along pretending to be a stranger. He began kidding me. Then Johnny came along. He lit a cigar, crossed his legs and listened for a few moments.

"Stranger," he said to me, "are you one of these professional gamblers we all been warned against?"

"No, sir," I said, "I ain't. Leastways not exactly. But there's no professional who knows better monte or stud poker than me and, while I don't brag, I will say I have taken a lot of money from the professional gamblers and aim to take a lot more."

"Well, sir," said Bill, winking at Johnny, "I ain't a rich man but I ain't against a little gamble now and then. So if you've got the cards let's see them. I am willing to waste a couple of dollars to pass away the evening."

"You won't be wasting them," I said, "because it will be like paying for education. I very seldom lose any money at monte. Do you other gentlemen want to try your luck?"

Both Johnny and Mr. Pettice

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nodded, exchanging smiles, and I got out my cards. I was very famous for my innocent face and disarming ways. Folks were always seeking to take an unfair advantage of me.

"I've got just one thing to say," I said. "Being on a public carrier where gambling even by amateurs like us is not looked up to much, it will not be necessary to show any money because the way I play nobody can object. Whoever wins does not collect one penny from the loser until he can show cash to the amount he has won. If any of you gentlemen take my money, I ain't going to pay you a cent until you can show me a like amount, which will be an evidence of good faith. Suppose I was to sit here all night and win a thousand dollars on paper only to find the loser did not have a thousand dollars? In short, gentlemen, before anybody receives a dollar from me he has to show that he could have paid me that much if he had lost."

Mr. Pettice, Bill and Johnny exchanged more winks, thinking I was a character. We played all the rest of the night and by morning this Mr. Pettice had won four thousand dollars from me. Bill had won five hundred and Johnny was winner by one thousand.

Now Mr. Pettice was on his way to Chicago and I told him that city was my home. Johnny and Bill said they would go to Chicago anyway and collect the money but they had to stop off in St. Louis to get the money they had to show me before I would pay, that being the agreement. Mr. Pettice said he would go on over to Highland, Illinois, which isn't overfar from St. Louis, get four thousand dollars and join Johnny and Bill in Chicago to collect from me.

Thinking it over carefully, I would say that it did not take us more than one hour of industrious application to Mr. Pettice's four thousand dollars to wean it off him in Chicago. Yes, sir, that monte game came to life in no time after we forgathered there on the shores of Lake Michigan and Mr. Pettice was soon a financial ruin.

He let out a terrible roar, charging me with being a thieving crook and Bill and Johnny my accomplices. I don't remember ever hearing a customer holler louder. But we were all ready for that. My old friend John Bull of Halsted Street had been engaged to appear at the first shout of the outraged client.

"What's this? What's this?" demanded John, showing a detective's badge. "Gambling? Well, upon my word!"

And he put Mr. Pettice under arrest. By the time Mr. Pettice convinced John that he was not the one to arrest but that I was, I was well on my way to the depot and Evansville, Indiana. John Bull was a fine actor and I never begrudged him the hundred dollars it cost to hire him for emergencies. Later on he became a real detective and got very rich.

Trials and Tribulations

Now in those days, Marx Gumberts was running things in Evansville—politics and gambling being so mixed up with each other that one man ran both. I told Johnny Regan and Bill Elliot to keep their mouths shut about Mr. Pettice and I think Johnny did. But Bill got to shooting off his face in Marx's favorite saloon and when Marx heard we had four thousand dollars between us he got nervous hungering for it.

Also this Mr. Pettice told his story to some newspaper and in a day or so Marx wrote a letter to Mr. Pettice telling him what a dreadful thing it was to be swindled out of his farm money by three dirty crooks and how he, Mr. Gumberts, hated crooks and never let a chance go by to restore stolen money to its rightful owner. He told Mr. Pettice to come to Evansville and he, Mr. Gumberts, would see to it that justice was done to all.

Of course we did not know this or we would have shown our scorn for Mr. Gumberts by departing from Evansville with our money in our pockets. But imagine our indignation when Mr. Gumberts who, as you can see by now, had practically no idea what honor was all about, appeared before Johnny, Bill and me on a Sunday morning with a sheriff on one side and Mr. Pettice on the other.

It was a matter of going to jail or restoring four thousand dollars to Mr. Pettice, so being busy men with a big railroad program ahead of us we handed Mr. Pettice his money and had to listen to a lecture on morals from Mr. Gumberts, which we did in a becoming silence, it being Mr. Gumberts' town. Johnny was all for shooting Mr. Gumberts but I argued him out of it. It was always my motto to let nature take its course.

Now of course Mr. Pettice was grateful to Mr. Gumberts and didn't like to offend him by refusing to have a bite to eat at Mr. Gumberts' house and taking a hand in a little friendly game of stud. And I must say that Mr. Gumberts let Mr. Pettice off light as Mr. Pettice was allowed to start for the depot with almost fifteen hundred dollars of his own money in his pocket. This was the nearest that Mr. Gumberts ever came to having a heart, he being a very hard case.

It has also been my motto to forgive and forget if your enemy will coöperate with you in a Christian spirit. But these are two virtues which Marx Gumberts never let himself trifle with. Therefore what I heard upon my return to Evansville lifted my spirits and restored my belief that a man has got to trade on a charitable basis with his neighbors if he expects to thrive.

Mr. Gumberts was sick. About the first person I met was old Doctor Maulbark. The Doc told me that Mr. Gumberts didn't have more than three months to live at the most. Mr. Gumberts was in bed with a fatal sickness of the stomach, liver and kidneys, which in itself will tell the observing that he hadn't lived according to the Scriptures.

"Well, sir," I said, "in that case I guess I will go up and say good-by to Mr. Gumberts and remind him that a good preacher would be a good man to have handy."

"Three months at the outside," said Doc. "Maybe two. And it's too bad, too, because Marx has just come into a fortune in whisky. Yes, sir, one thousand barrels of bourbon whisky worth anywhere from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a barrel."

"Well, well, well," I said. "This sure is a case for sincere mourning. You don't happen to know if Johnny Regan and Bill Elliot are anywhere about, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't," he said, "but they could tell you at the hotel."

As I do not believe in a man halting halfway when indulging in confessions I must say that I was very happy to spend ten dollars in telegrams notifying Johnny, Bill, and another old friend, Grady Emmett. The news I had to tell them was better than sinners had any right to expect. Mr. Gumberts' fortunes had not been of the best for a spell just before he inherited that whisky somehow. Like all ill-gotten gains his money had petered out and he was in a bad way before luck descended upon him in the shape of whisky.

But with the bourbon came his last and fatal illness. There was the whisky standing in the stable ready to be dispensed at a profit. And yonder was Mr. Gumberts in a bed of pain. The boys were very grateful to me for sending for them although I explained to them that I hadn't spent all that money on telegrams merely to have the pleasure of their company. It just seemed to me that they would enjoy the beholding of Mr. Gumberts in dire straits. I was always one to share a humble pleasure with my fellow man.

One grand morning five weeks after my return to Evansville, Mr. Gumberts passed on out of this vale of tears and went to his just reward, the nature of which none of us boys wasted any time pondering on. We attended the funeral without quarreling. I am ashamed to say we were in a pleasant frame of mind.

The Business Revivalist

Most of those boys have passed away, Grady Emmett along with them. Grady and me had a lot of ideals between us such as refusing to indulge in lightning-rod selling to the farmers. Somehow that always looked too dishonest to me. I never took a dollar off a fellow citizen without giving him something in exchange. Something it was a pleasure to look back on, like merchandise or entertainment, although I always expected that most of the profit coming out of our relations would come to me.

But the lightning-rod boys of those days took a mean advantage of their simple-minded fellow man, like getting him to sign what he thought was a order for lightning-rods only to find out that he had written his

She and Grady will bob up in a gambling resort and in no time at all Miss Pim is singling out a nice ripe victim. It doesn't take her long to win him to her

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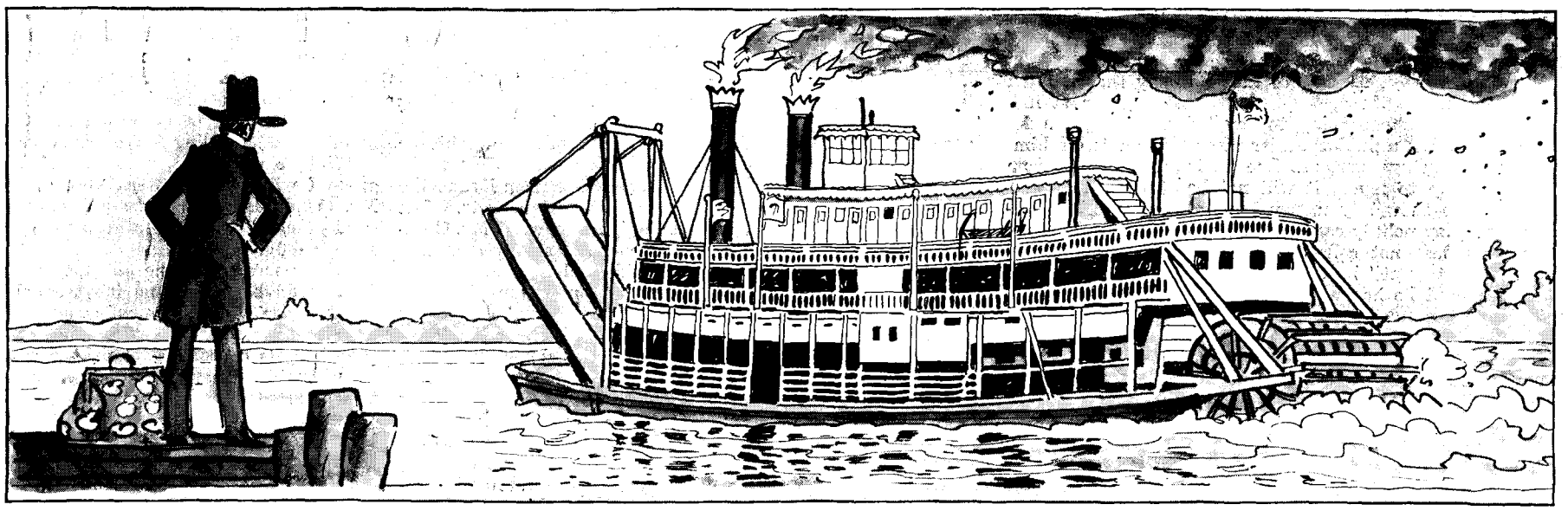

For instance, there was that time when I was working the Mississippi River boats back in the nineties . . .

name on a promissory note for a thousand dollars. No, sir, I never held with sneaking work like that.

Grady Emmett was an educated man, full of hifalutin ideas and always complaining that fate never let him use his learning in a big way. But he was not a man you could keep from trying. The first time I ever saw Grady was in Hillsboro, Ohio. We met in Ollie Manfield's saloon and Grady wouldn't hear of anybody buying drinks but him.

"Mister," he said to me, "this money I have here in large amounts is shame money. I took this money from a traveling salesman for a monument works, by being more skillful than he with my own cards. It was so easy that my conscience is rowelling my innards and I aim to get rid of it so that I can start afresh and win my way upward with honor, by which I mean pitting my brains against their equals. Listen to me."

The next day Grady Emmett and I set forth in a buggy to see what would happen to Grady's brains when he started matching them with the educated. It was a nice simple idea, very enjoyable for me because all I had to do was play poker with gentlemen Grady found and watch him try to think quick.

Grady's idea was to go into small but thriving communities and call on the local editor. He would announce himself to the editor as James Gordon Watterson, a journalist by instinct, blood and preference—James Gordon Bennett of New York and Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville being the kind of newspaper editors he had in his family.

"Sir," said Grady to Editor Gladdert of Fritterville, Illinois, "I am a business revivalist. All that I ask is that you agree to accept my service for your splendid paper and your pretty town without one cent of salary to me. All I ask you to do is to announce in your paper that I have arrived and that I will speak to the business men of Fritterville on Saturday evening, explaining that I ask not one penny of any man but will inspire this lovely city with a business fervor seldom seen west of New York. Also I ask that you coöperate with this splendid movement to the extent of getting out one sixteen-page newspaper in which all the business men will advertise to the extent of not less than one half page—the anniversary celebration number of your newspaper in commemoration of the awakening of Fritterville to the great possibilities of world trade."

You would be surprised the way folks warmed up to Grady. That man got business men all steamed up and in the six towns I was with Grady he never failed to fill the editor's anniversary edition with advertisements, not one penny passing through his hands. All he got out of it was a ten per cent rake-off from the editor who had never seen so much money in his life and who would have split even with Grady if Grady had let him.

But that's where I came in. I was the wizard with the cards and Grady was the spellbinder, the hand-shaker, the rally-round partner. Grady would always take a couple of rooms at the hotel and organize a nice friendly poker game among the local merchants, himself taking a hand and losing and winning along with the rest, it all being honest and fair. And then I would happen along and be hailed by Grady as his dear old friend George Winthrop Clymer of St. Louis.

Grady the Younger

"Gentlemen," Grady would say to the poker-playing merchants, "rise to your feet and shake the hand of Mr. George Winthrop Clymer, one of the finest gentlemen and wholesale harness and hardware dealers in these United States."

Then after the hand-shaking we would sit down to a continuation of the poker game to the great sorrow of the assembled business men because I was just ruthless. I had to be because this was always the finishing touch to the greater business campaign and Grady and I would move on before the indignation got to be too general.

Yes, sir, Grady was a fine friend and partner but he worked too hard thinking up novelties. Just couldn't buckle down to the simple things of life. He burst a blood vessel one Saturday night while urging a reluctant gathering of nature lovers to subscribe one hundred dollars for the purchase of an elephant to start a zoo with. He died before they could find the doctor, who was down the creek fishing.

But Grady's son—young Grady—is holding up the old traditions of his family. I saw young Grady not long ago in Havana and I must say that his old man would have been proud of him. Young Grady and a lady named Lilly Pim were doing an elegant line of business at stud poker. He must be forty-five by now but he don't look to be more than thirty-five. Miss Lilly Pim is as fine a looking lady as I ever clapped my eyes on. And a grand help to Grady.

The stud-poker game Grady is playing, with the help of Miss Lilly, is more refined than what we boys offered the public back in the eighties and nineties. It has to be. Folks know more today than they used to. They're just as weak as ever and there are more of them, making for more suckers; but they ain't so childlike, so to speak. Today there are fifty good customers ready to be gypped where, in my day, there was one. And that one was apt to be just well-to-do.

But otherwise the handling of the customer is about the same today as it was in my best days. It's a gift, this picking a customer out of a crowd. I had it. Miss Lilly Pim has it. That's her part of the racket she and young Grady Emmett are working now. The first part anyway.

She and Grady will bob up in a gambling resort such as Tia Juana, Agua Caliente, Havana, Palm Beach, and high-toned places in Europe and South America and in no time Grady is sitting in somebody's poker game showing off and Miss Pim is singling out a nice ripe victim. She picks on one with money, of course, but is always very careful not to let him know she is acquainted with his financial health. That wouldn't do. All she asks is that he is rich and not over-strong mentally.

It doesn't take her long to win him to her side as she is a woman young squirts like to know. And she doesn't let much time pass before she lets him understand that she's seen a lot of men in her day but never one she could trust more than him. It's done neatly, understand. Miss Lilly Pim is no light flirter.

"Sir," said Grady, "I'm a business revivalist"

All for the Little Woman

She is gambling in the casino and of course this fine, upstanding customer she has attached, he is gambling too. Miss Lilly can tell by the way he goes at it, how he wins and loses, just about what she can expect from him. If he don't show up well, if he grouses over losing or gets too childlike about winning, she is inclined to drop him and look further. But if he's about ripe, she takes him into her confidence.

Speaking of Grady, she tells the customer that Grady is her husband and that he is getting ready to throw her over for another woman. Not that she cares. Oh, no, her heart is past breaking. She is willing to step aside—if only—if only this new customer will stand by her. He generally tells her he will stand by her until the bitter end and is, by now, calling her "little woman."

Reassured by his kindness, she tells him that Grady is worth five or ten million dollars but has never given her a cent. She doesn't mind losing him

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Pillars of Sport

Any boxing promoter who on the eve of battle hands the fans this sales talk, "It's going to be a punk fight, yet anything may happen," is either extremely crazy or extremely clever. James Joy Johnston can't be so crazy, for 40,000 fight fans stormed Ebbets Field on a stormy night in response to his warning. And that bland announcement is but one patch of the crazy quilt which is Jimmy's career

By John B. Kennedy

JIMMY JOHNSTON had sat for weeks in his office, thinking. That's why he paid office rent—to think, chiefly, as to how he'd raise the rent. Jimmy had a fight ticket arranged for the St. Nicholas Rink in New York's Bronx. He had matched the then agile Benny Leonard against a person less agile, and the advance sale wasn't so hot.

So, from the processes of involved thought concerning his profit and loss account, Jimmy Johnston hinged an idea to a memory.

The memory was immediate, gleaned from the headlines of the current day. He had seen a picture, with accompanying reportorial text, illustrating how some of the gentlest ladies in the land were adapting themselves to roughneck tactics in order to gain for clinging vines the swinging club of the ballot. In brief, Mr. James Joy Johnston had become aware that ladies too numerous to mention had come out for the suffragette cause.

Said Mr. Johnston to Mr. Johnston: "I'm in a spot to help these dames, principally because they're in a spot to help me."

So Mr. Johnston composed a letter addressed to some of the leading dames, notifying them that, in his humble judgment, unaccompanied, it seems, by accurate arithmetic, at least fifty thousand voters would assemble at the St. Nicholas Rink on a certain evening to witness a refined boxing exhibition. "Here is an opportunity," he advised the society dames, "for you to speak to a large and receptive gathering, and I invite you one and all, or as many as you may think reasonable, to do so."

So history was made. The social registerites he had addressed probably fluttered a bit, but in due time Mr. Johnston was notified that the ladies would take advantage of the opportunity he had provided; that several of their number would attend and that one of the number, a scioness of Colonial forbears, would address the gathering.

Before the first preliminaries of his ambitious card, Mr. James Joy Johnston had arranged to give the society ladies a break. The lineal and long-limbed daughter of Colonial origin should step into the ring and bid for the boys' support of female suffrage.

She did. She made a neat, appealing figure in the ring, with thousands of the franker and more ferocious sports of the Bronx waiting patiently to hear her through. Unfortunately, her voice was limited in range, and her eloquent plea a little too prolonged. She had hardly concluded the tenth or eleventh paragraph before one of the more impatient souls in one of the less expensive seats leaned over a gallery rail and brutally exploded: "Can the chatter. And bring in the bums."

The Unconscionable Critic

The aristocrat in the ring, unaccustomed to the simple slogans of the poor, took the remark as an insult, when it was merely a native Bronx son's idea of mild criticism. She quit the ring in a medium-sized dudgeon.

Whereupon the ever-resourceful Mr. James Joy Johnston, anxious promoter of this contest that had succeeded in bringing the fair sex into fisticuffs, summoned Mr. Joe Humphreys and advised him to go back into the ring to quell an instant, spontaneous and too-robust disturbance occasioned by the unknown literary critic.

Mr. Humphreys spread the ropes and entered the ring. He waved his well-known iron kelly to and fro. Order was restored, and the mob awaited in silence what Mr. Humphreys had to say.

"Boxing fans," bawled Mr. Humphreys in abrupt oratorical style that had no patience with formal salutations, "would not be boxing fans unless they had chivalry."

So far, so good. Mr. Humphreys distinctly gave the Bronx literary critic, and his multifarious echoes, pause. And Mr. Humphreys might have taken a bow then and there and all would have been forgotten if not forgiven. But Mr. Humphreys is a rhetorician, and that species always has second wind if not second thought. He continued:

"You know, boys," he shouted, "we must be kind to women. After all, we all came from women."

A good point, but the alert literary critic promptly retorted:

"*You* don't prove that!"

Coarse comment, but shared, none the less, by unchivalrous hundreds in that place who instantly showered Mr. Humphreys with verbal expostulation and detonation to so alarming a volume that the ladies remaining in the arena quickly withdrew.

The Promoter's Creed

Ever since Mr. Johnston, as a lad of eleven, took steamer from Liverpool, England, to Castle Garden, New York, his life has been practically devoted in waking and quaking hours—and he's had almost as many of one as of the other—to serving the American public's appetite for vicarious athletic diversion—this being a super-syllabled way of saying that Mr. Johnston discovered that there was more general delight among the multitudes to see somebody take it on the chin than to expose their own.

Jimmy worked up from a laborer at $1.75 a day when fourteen years old to foreman at $4 a day before he was twenty, and he can swear to you on as many Bibles as the Gideons care to provide that in all his subsequent years he has never labored so hard or so profitlessly as during those six-day, ten-hour, foundry grinds. He became the 104-pound terror of the foundry, and that may explain his rapid promotion.

The records disclose—and Mr. Johnston expatiates on their verity—that he fought such renowned ringmen as George Monroe and Danny Dougherty,

James Johnston, promoter, and some of "the boys." You'll recognize Benny Leonard, Jack Sharkey, Ted Lewis, Primo Carnera, Phil Scott and Johnny Dundee

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and even crossed fists—but not for long—with Terrible Terry McGovern. During a much-touted fight with Danny Dougherty, Jimmy literally and figuratively saw a white light that illuminated the path of his subsequent career.

"Look at them lights, Jimmy!" said Danny at a critical moment.

Poor grammar but effective tactics. Jimmy looked up, and in the instant he did so Danny lifted a right from the rosin and deposited Jimmy therein.

"After that little disappointment," says the now venerable, if black-haired, Mr. Johnston in the mellow voice that is a blend of the fluidity of Jimmie Walker and the brusqueness of Al Smith, "I hit upon the principle that it was much easier to put another guy in the ring to take the punches."

Managing minor talent, Jimmy entered his thirties without ever having to return to a foundry for a meal ticket. But it was not until he became artistically associated with Charles Harvey that Jimmy had the good fortune to become affiliated with two renowned visiting scrappers, Jem Driscoll and Owen Moran. Driscoll was the greatest of featherweights and Owen Moran was a lightweight who startled the world to wonder by being the only pugilist to put Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, into the knock-out column.

A Problem for the Referee

Jimmy was quick to observe how his connection with these celebrated foreigners brought him reflected celebrity. So he went into the import business on his own hook.

He was aided by a philanthropist named Damon Runyon, an industrious and agreeable writer who has never escaped a passionate interest in pugilism. Mr. Runyon, learning that Jimmy Johnston had acquired a Whitechapel Jew named Ted "Kid" Lewis, suggested that as the welterweight championship was vacant Jimmy should claim it for Lewis. A similar claim was put forward by the then all-conquering lightweight, Jack Britton, and the first of a series of contests was held which resulted in that fragile title exchanging hands—the same hands—more often than was good for sport.

One result was to make Jimmy manager of a world's champion—Mr. Lewis. And that set Jimmy up in business, because the prestige of owning a large piece of a champion is always a tangible financial asset.

He made money for and with Kid Lewis—the Kid being a flat-footed freak with a tremendous capacity for absorbing punches, balanced by an insatiate desire to deliver them. Yet, when Lewis was at the height of his powers as a gate attraction, he had no hesitancy in leaving James Joy Johnston a manager with nothing to manage.

Before, after and during his managership of Kid Lewis, Johnston had diligently acquired a working knowledge of more than the rudiments and rudeness of the ring and the motley crowd of racketeers that derive all manner of livelihoods therefrom. As an early aspirant for boxing honors he had a firm faith in one pugilistic institution—the referee, whose word was law and who, thought Johnston, could never abuse his responsibility.

It was during a fight between Joe Rivers and Ad Wolgast. Johnston had a minor interest in that artistic production, but not so minor that he wasn't "in on the works." He knew that the referee, the late Jack Welsh, was in there, as the boys say, for Wolgast.

The scrap was stern, with the fortunes of battle surging to and fro until in a late round Mr. Wolgast, attempting to open up Mr. Rivers' stubborn guard, knocked Mr. Rivers back on his heels. Swinging wildly Mr. Rivers caught Mr. Wolgast on the chin. At the same instant, Mr. Wolgast landed a pile-driver to the pit of Mr. Rivers' stomach. The amazing scene occurred of both men dropping at the same time, Mr. Wolgast athwart Mr. Rivers. A nice problem for the referee; but he met it bravely in the interests of his client, Mr. Wolgast. He started to count out the prostrate Rivers while pulling the equally prostrate Wolgast off his fallen foeman.

There was uproar around the ring. Pushing the tottering Wolgast back, the referee continued to count. Seconds protested amid universal clamor. In pandemonium the bell rang, ending the round. That referee heard it. Hardly anybody else. For while Wolgast staggered back to his corner, the referee's arms swung solemnly for four seconds more to the end of the count, when he bawled "Out" to Rivers, who arose, surprised—asserting that the bell had saved him and pointed to Wolgast slumped and semi-conscious in his corner. But Wolgast was victor, and by a knock-out, although he couldn't leave for many, many minutes while the beaten man vaulted blithely over the ropes.

After this incident Johnston became definitely hard-boiled. It's interesting to note that, being the father of eleven children, Mr. Johnston is not in private life an iron-clad cynic. As a family man he's teetotally sober, a non-smoker and an observer of the most respectable hours.

Acme

J. J. Johnston and Phil Scott —one of the promoter's many inspiring mistakes

There was a 180-pound mute named Dummy Maxwell and hailing from Detroit. Johnston arranged for his début under the auspices of the New York A. C., against another Johnston protégé, Westchester Jimmy Smith. His interest in both fighters being substantial, Jimmy gave them simple instructions. He didn't care who won so long as the fight didn't go beyond one punch.

It didn't. The instant Mr. Robert Edgren, acting as referee, gave the signal both boys ran at each other, swung haymakers, connected and dropped. Smith swore, the Dummy screeched and the fiasco enraged a large, unruly multitude.

Mr. Johnston, disappointed at this excursion into the side show of sport, lamented for weeks the absence of any negotiable meal ticket when along came Santa Claus. He was named Bobby Pierce and he had a large hand in the fight racket up Boston way. He informed Jimmy that he had uncovered a rip-snorting Chinese boxer.

Instantly Jimmy matched his prodigy—the first of his race to be a ringman. He didn't even wait for the boy's name. He called him Li Hung See and billed him all over the Bowery for a bout with an earnest apprentice of fisticuffs calling himself Ed Dooley.

Tongs and non-tongs were enthusiastic. Tickets sold like opium pills in the tea shops and laundries. The day of the battle arrived and with it came a natty young man who presented a letter from Mr. Pierce of Boston.

"You're not a Chinaman," said Jimmy, observing the visitor's swarthy skin.

"Who said I was?" asked the young man.

"Well, well," mused Jimmy.

Freak Fighters

Arrayed in a silk jacket and with features cunningly orientalized, the youngster entered the ring to light roars from the assembled Chinese. It was his Irish opponent's turn to make a bow, and the assembled Irish cheered in anticipation. This changed quickly to dismay when Mr. Dooley appeared with a nose that might have substituted for a toboggan in the Winter Olympic games. The Irish bawled their derision. But the fight went on. And even though the end of the battle found Li Hung See looking very un-Chinese—indeed, distinctly Italian—the Chinese went into ecstasies of glee because their man had won.

On the strength of this, Jimmy sent the synthetic Chinaman on a tour; but he had the misfortune to run into the quick right hand of a young man named Benny Leonard.

His next freak was a man he billed as the one-legged fighter—a cotton broker named Herman, who loved belting more

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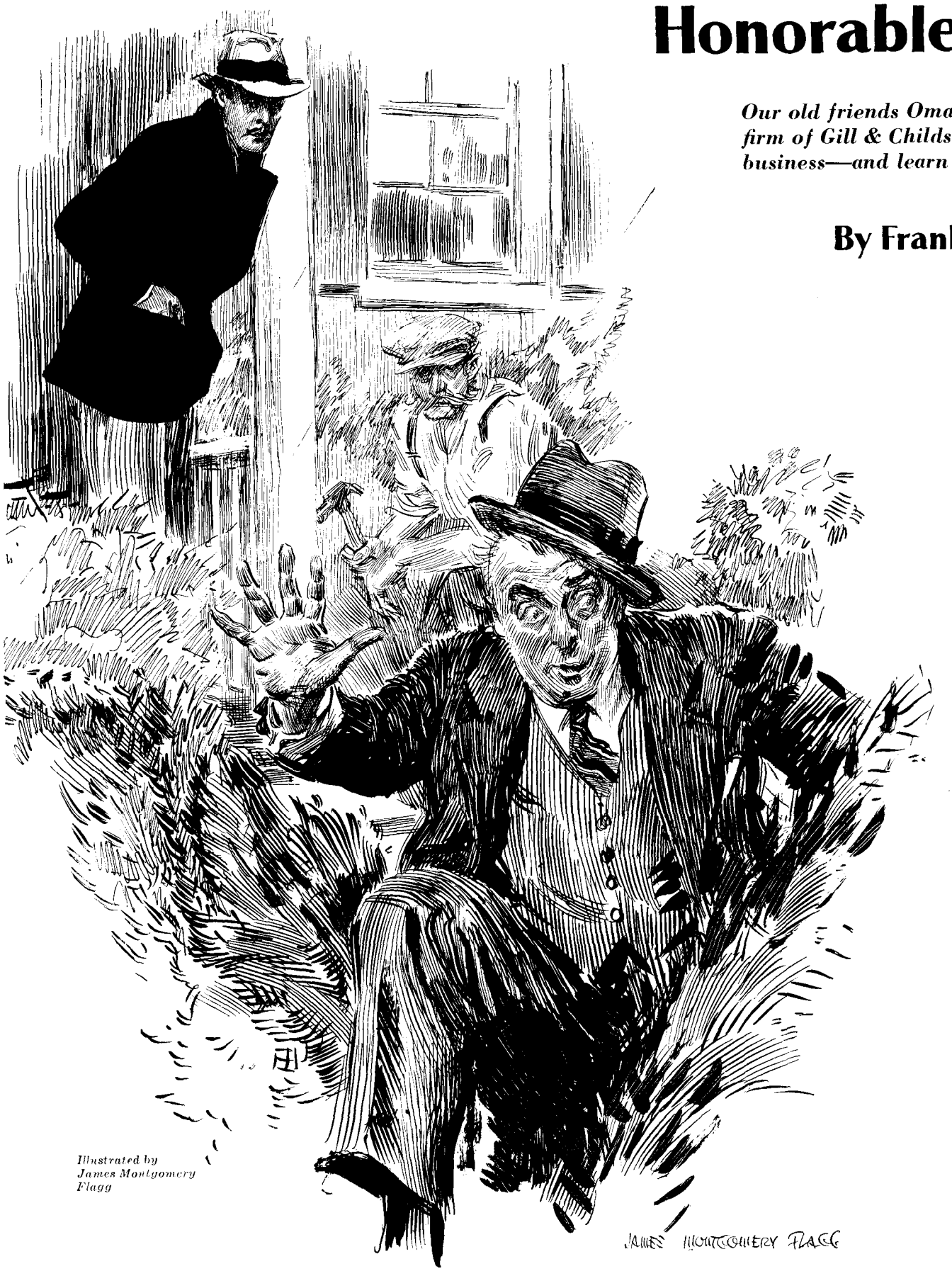
Honorable Intentions

Our old friends Omar and Harmony, of the firm of Gill & Childs, transact some further business—and learn about a widow's might

By Frank Condon



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Our Mr. Gill was off the porch and through the hedge in what seemed to be a single leap

IN response to telegraphed orders, our business associate, Mr. Omar Gill, arrived in South Cleveland, where Harmony Childs and self were sitting in the hotel room. He arrived on a day coach from Syracuse and, to our astonishment, he was not alone, but had in tow a seedy individual whom he described as Lupy. We expected no strangers at the moment and wanted none, having important business on hand. Lupy was a woebegone delegate, thin, sad in his expression, unshaven, with the definite air of a man who not only needs money today, but is going to need it tomorrow, next week and the rest of the year.

"Who would that be?" Harmony asked in the railway station. Harmony is our boss and thinks up things for us to do. Omar replied it was Lupy, a fellow adventurer whose luck had abandoned him and whom he had dragged out of Syracuse because of a definite feeling in the police department.

"We wired you to come to Cleveland." Harmony said in accusing tones. "We said nothing in the telegram about bringing along any loose riffraff."

"LUPY is no riffraff," Omar explained indignantly. "He is a smart bird and pretty nearly made some money for me. His luck is bad."

"He stays in no hotel where I stay," declared our head man. "We have a job of work to do here in South Cleveland, requiring speed, intelligence and some privacy. Tell Lupy that while this is a good town, there are better ones."

Omar said he would do nothing of the kind. He declared that Lupy was his friend and that he stuck by his friends. Lupy had tried to advance him commercially in Syracuse and had failed, not through any fault of his own. You had to know Lupy awhile before you liked him, the same as putting sugar on tomatoes. Rather than argue over a trifle, we engaged a room for the derelict, a small room in a railroad lodging house where he would disturb nobody. . . . Omar insisted that if he came around to our hotel every day we would get to like him, and we said if he never came near us we would get to like him better.

We turned to consideration of the immediate matter that had brought Omar posthaste to South Cleveland. This revolved about the solid person of a widow, Mrs. Martha Muller, age forty-seven. . . . She had been enjoying her widowhood for nine years and was anxious now to encumber her future with another husband, to whom she was eager to pay the pleasing sum of five thousand dollars. It was this money element that had brought us into the debate.

We had telegraphed Omar Gill quite naturally, because in any matrimonial episode we always need Mr. Gill. The enterprise started, almost by chance, in KHB, a Cleveland radio station, and Harmony saw sudden possibilities. Being in KHB on a dull Monday evening, and knowing Eddie Burke, who is the announcer, Harmony had contributed a few playful suggestions, one of which Eddie put on the air. He informed the customers there was a gentleman standing in the radio station who would marry any lady listener, if the lady happened to have five thousand dollars and the urge to spend it. And it shows you what odd people women are, for two of them responded. . . . One candidate was in a state institution where they put you when you think everything is all right, and the other was Mrs. Martha Muller, 710 Spring Street, South Cleveland.

HARMONY sent for Omar Gill and then called on Mrs. Muller to assure her that the marrying Mr. Gill was out of town at the moment, but would be on hand soon. During the interview he asked questions and learned beyond a doubt that the lady did indeed desire to marry again, and had the money. She showed Harmony bank books and mortgages, and there was the general smell of money in the air.

We have never been able to understand why our third member, meaning Omar, so allures the gentle sex. He is no longer young, with the flush of youth on his cheek, nor is he attractive, gallant, or gifted above the neck. In a hard rain, Omar would have just enough sense to walk under a near-by awning, yet he has a way with women, and in all our dealings with the opposite sex Harmony and I have remained far in the background, with Omar up on the firing line. There is a very good reason for this.

Ladies do not seem to like either Harmony or myself, a puzzle we have never been able to comprehend. We are both far handsomer than Omar, who is not handsome at all, yet we instantly create suspicion among the fair creatures and they leave the room. Neither Harmony nor myself could sell a lady a twenty-dollar bill for fifteen cents, but Omar could walk into the room and she would begin telling him of her first husband, and they would go out to dinner, with Omar as guest of the evening.

He is a stoutish type, with a florid complexion, thin hair, pale blue eyes and a nervous habit of jerking his head when he talks. He smells of bad cigars and his front teeth are out of true. His

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clothes fit him as if he had found them under a pier. But, as I said, the weaker sex admires him and will always get along with him, so we asked him to hurry over from Syracuse and take charge of Mrs. Martha Muller. Having sent Lupy down to the railroad yards, we gathered in the hotel lobby and went into details. Omar was not overly enthusiastic.

"I suppose it's some silly thing, this time," he began, firing up on one of those cigars that have turned so many people to cigarettes.

"It is far from silly," Harmony replied. "It concerns the sum of five thousand fish, or sixteen hundred for each of us, which is plenty of dough in these lean days when all the able leaders of finance are accidentally shooting themselves."

"All right," Omar said impatiently. "What do we do? Or rather, as I always attend to the dirty work, what do I do?"

"Well, now," continued our leader with enthusiasm, "it is a simple and unexciting matter. There is a South Cleveland lady named Martha Muller, with whom I have negotiated, and who will gladly marry you and pay us five thousand in cash. I asked for ten, but she stuck at five."

OMAR, who had been pacing the rug in gloomy anticipation, paused in his stride and opened his mouth to protest, but Harmony stopped him.

"Kindly wait a moment. There is nothing to this project at all. The woman yearns to get married. All right. She craves a husband and has the money to buy one. All right. You marry her. We collect. With money in every pocket, we leave town on a night train and no harm done all around."

Omar listened with his mouth partly ajar.

"So that's all, is it?" he asked sneeringly. "For that you brought me and Lupy from Syracuse. You think I'm a half-wit?"

"Quarter-wit would be one eighth too much," said the boss. "Can't you see that this is a quick and simple method of laying hands on money?"

"Listen," Omar grunted. "I got one wife. You know that. I'm a married man."

HARMONY made a gesture of derision. Omar has not heard from his better half in nine years, at which time she was working on an Egyptian river boat, far down the Nile, and wanted him to lend her three hundred dollars so that she could get a divorce and marry a rich dragoman. It was that kind of family. Harmony indicated this and said former conditions would make little difference.

"Of course not," Omar replied. "I just get to be a bigamist, that's all. I have been everything else, so I may as well be a bigamist."

"You are making a mountain out of a molehill. Here you have been starving in Syracuse for three months, and when I show you some easy money you begin snarling. You don't have to live with Mrs. Muller and carry in the coal. You marry her and that day we leave town."

"With the police shooting at our rear tires," said Omar. "Why don't you marry the dame?"

"I don't get along with women. Neither does George. You do. I have already conferred with Mrs. Muller, so she knows I am not you."

"How do you know she'll marry me?"

"Women are crazy about you, little man. Anyhow, Mrs. Muller is anxious to marry some strong, rugged fellow. She longs for companionship and can afford to pay."

"What is she like?" Omar inquired, betraying interest for the first time, and Harmony informed him that she was a well-preserved woman. He described her as a likable soul, with a kind heart, which always means the opposite of good-looking. Anyhow, there are very few good-looking widows in America today over the age of forty-seven. Omar argued and hesitated and talked about bigamy, so several days fled by before he would consent to call on the prospect.

Meantime, Lupy had been coming up from the railroad yards and visiting us, probably at Omar's instigation. Omar advised Lupy to hang around undismayed, as we were hard to get acquainted with but all right once you knew us. So Lupy dropped in, borrowed cigarettes and sat on the hotel furniture until we asked him to go home. He was not a belligerent character and always went back to the railroad yards without protest, after borrowing four bits. He had sad eyes, like a sheep's. Omar repeatedly explained that Lupy often had good ideas and if left sitting in a chair long enough, would no doubt come through with a great suggestion. This we doubted.

"He makes me think of a sick mackerel," said Harmony. "It's a good thing he's the strong, silent type, because if he started to talk, I would not be able to stand it."

"He's a smart bozo," Omar insisted. "He thinks up good things."

"For instance?"

"Well, look what we did in Syracuse."

"What did you do in Syracuse, beyond leaving it?"

OMAR rapidly sketched the commercial triumph in the town named. Lupy and Omar, having met by accident in a gin mill, decided to form a partnership and go into the tobacco business on a retail scale. Omar furnished the money, his last. Lupy contributed the idea, which was that you sold tobacco in glass jars to unsuspecting householders for three dollars a jar. Their sales resistance was broken down by the presence of a ten-dollar bill in each glass container, or at least what appeared to be a ten-dollar bill.

The tobacco was a non-habit-forming mixture of river grass and alfalfa and cost nothing per jar. The top-piece was unscrewable, so that the sellers would have time to leave the neighborhood ere the tobacco purchaser could discover the worthlessness of the ten spot, and the idea worked out nicely for Syracuse. They made three dollars the first day, and they made that, not by good salesmanship, but by running. The customer impulsively used a hammer on his jar, and Lupy led Omar down the block and into an alley at a general speed of fifteen miles per hour, with the hammer man leading a pack of justice-seekers.

The police took the matter up, and for two days Lupy and Omar lived in a freight car. It would have been a great idea, Omar contended, if you could find customers who had no hammers. Lupy had other ideas, too, so Omar brought him to South Cleveland, hoping we would like and admire him and eventually take him into the firm.

"I'll give you until tomorrow night at this hour to come through," said Phil

"ALL right," Mr. Gill said finally. "We may as well get it over."

Harmony pulled a bit of paper from his vest and directed the wife-hunter to go to Mrs. Martha Muller, 710 Spring Street, and assume his pleasantest manner. Omar left our apartment at the hotel at precisely two o'clock on the afternoon of a sunny day and did not reappear until the dinner hour, which absence we took as a fair omen. When he came into the dining-room, he was beaming. A vast air of amiability surrounded him, as though the afternoon had been a success.

"Well," said Harmony, "how about it?"

"Everything is swell," said Omar. "There is a very fine woman. She is a much nicer woman than I expected to find, and it wouldn't be tough luck to marry her. I would marry that dame in a minute, dough or no dough."

Harmony looked slightly surprised.

"That's the way to talk," he said, heartily. "Sounds as if we might get action pretty quick."

"Pretty quick? We got it already. I asked her to marry me, seeing no reason for delay. She said she would. You want any faster action than that?"

Omar sat down, ordering noodle soup, and Harmony, now thoroughly amazed, leaned back on two legs and stared at our little go-getter. "Was there anything said about the money?" we asked, and Omar nodded vigorously.

"She brought it up herself. She asked me if I didn't think that part of the five grand ought to be paid before the ceremony and I naturally answered sure, yes and absolutely."

"That's funny," we said.

"Her brother then came in during the afternoon, and he also agreed about the money. He thought there should be a part payment."

"Her brother?"

"Sure, her brother. He's a deputy sheriff in South Cleveland and a very nice guy."

"SHE hasn't any brother," Harmony interjected. "She's all alone in the world, as she informed me with tears in her eyes."

"She's got a brother and his name is Phil. Don't tell me. Haven't I been talking to him all afternoon? He's going to start a gymnasium and school for young boxers, as he was formerly a prize fighter."

Harmony stirred his coffee uneasily, wondering why Mrs. Muller had described herself as a lone soul, with neither chick nor child. Omar rambled along with his story of a successful afternoon, dabbling in matrimony. He had been received hospitably by Mrs. Muller, upon knocking at her front door and announcing himself as the gentleman from KHB. . . . Mrs. Muller was cordial from the moment of his entry

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and gave him tea and cinnamon toast. Phil was cordial, too. The moment he asked Mrs. Muller if she would marry him, she assented. There was no hitch at any point.

"Why, she even gave me a kiss," he stated proudly, "and believe me, it never does any harm to have a pretty woman kiss you."

"Mrs. Muller," Harmony said coldly, "is forty-seven years old, has no brother and looks like the Chicago fire. You have been in the wrong house. Tell me what this woman looks like."

Omar, slightly abashed, described the female and it was plain that he had wandered into the wrong domicile. Upon asking the hotel clerk how such a thing could happen, it was explained that half the people in South Cleveland are Mullers.

"Yes, but how did you get in, if it was the wrong woman?" we asked.

"I knocked on the door," Omar returned in some heat. "I walked in. And what is more, she was very glad to see me."

"Can you find your silly way back to where this woman lives?" Harmony roared, once we were in our rooms.

Omar replied that he could find the place blindfolded, and had thought of returning later in the evening. The two of them put on their hats and departed for the Muller home just as Lupy arrived for his usual evening call, which he was developing into a habit, and I was left to entertain him. This job palled on me during the first half-hour and I went out for a stroll in the moonlight, leaving Lupy sprawled upon the sofa.

HARMONY and Omar went straight to the home of Mrs. Emma Muller, and while the mistake-maker hung back diffidently, Harmony rang the bell, which was instantly answered. It was the wrong Mrs. Muller in person, standing framed in the doorway and she seemed astonished at seeing her suitor back so soon.

"My name is Harmony Childs," said the caller. "I am a friend of Mr. Gill."

"Oh," said the widow. "Won't you both come right in?"

They entered, with Harmony leading, found themselves in a neatly furnished living-room, sat down and, without delay, Harmony opened up.

"Mrs. Muller," he began, while Omar wriggled uneasily and twirled his hat, "there has been a slight mistake, which I desire to correct. Mr. Gill proposed marriage to you this afternoon."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, without any signs of the usual embarrassment.

"And a more charming wife," said Harmony, "he could scarcely have found anywhere. But unfortunately, you are the wrong Mrs. Muller. . . . Mr. Gill, who is subject to occasional blunders, thought he was proposing to another woman, and as there is a large sum involved, I feel certain you will understand and consider his proposal as something that never occurred."

Mrs. Muller faced the speaker quietly and looked perturbed.

"You mean he doesn't want to pay me the five thousand dollars?" she inquired, with a slight smile.

"Pardon me?"

"I mean, does he wish to back out now, because he thinks I am not worth so much money and, if so, then why did he propose to me this afternoon?"

"Madam," said our chief thinker, "somewhere along the line you have got your wires twisted. At no time was Mr. Gill to pay you five thousand dollars, but, on the contrary, you were to hand him the sum named—that is, the right Mrs. Muller was to have done so, which again proves what I said about a mistake being made."

"This seems very funny," said the widow. "Isn't Mr. Gill the man from KHB?"

"He is."

"And didn't he offer over the radio to pay five thousand dollars to the woman who would marry him?"

"Certainly not. Just the opposite. The offer was to marry any lady who would pay him five thousand."

"WHY, you are mistaken, Mr. Childs," Emma cried, and with Omar chiming in at intervals, and Harmony explaining and Mrs. Muller talking, they argued for at least two minutes before a clarifying fact appeared. . . . They were talking about the same radio station, but not the same broadcast. On the Monday night following Harmony's offer, the station had a second matrimonial broadcast in which it was announced that they now had a home-seeker with five thousand smackers and a wild desire to pay it to any lady who would wed him. Emma, needing five grand, immediately wrote a friendly letter to KHB. Harmony and Omar listened to these facts open-mouthed.

"The gentleman across the court sent me to wash your windows"
Gilbert Bundy

"Of course, that is why I accepted Mr. Gill this afternoon," Emma added pleasantly and, as Harmony was about to laugh and point to the complete absurdity of the error, there was heard the heavy tread of a gentleman coming downstairs from the rooms above. It was Phil, brother of the widow, who apparently spent much of his time at home. He strolled in, looked hard at Omar and equally hard at Harmony. Mrs. Muller introduced him.

"Well, what is all this?" he asked in a deep voice, and in a few words Emma outlined the situation.

"They seem to think it was a mistake," she concluded.

"Certainly," said Harmony.

"No mistake on our part," Phil decided. "This man Gill asks my sister to marry him. Good. She says she will. Good. Where's the mistake?"

"He was asking the wrong Mrs. Muller," Harmony cried. "He didn't mean to ask your sister. You can see that."

"I can see that a deal is a deal," said Phil in a cold voice. "If you make a mistake, that's your funeral. My sister accepted this man's offer in good faith and is ready to go through, and I am here to see that she gets justice."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you can't walk into this house and impose on an innocent woman. This whole thing will upset Emma, who has weak nerves. Therefore, as I am not an unreasonable man, I am willing to compromise with you. We won't ask Gill to marry my sister if he proposed to the wrong woman, but, on the other hand, you can't make a contract with this family and wiggle out of it. That's my point. We'll take five hundred dollars and call the thing off."

"What if we refuse?" Harmony asked.

"Listen," said Phil. "Take a look at me. The last man in this town that refused to do the right thing is just getting over what happened to him. Now think that over. We protect the honor of our women in South Cleveland. I'll give you till tomorrow night at this hour to come through."

Harmony arose and Omar rose with him.

"I'LL see you tomorrow," said our leader, and, without another word, my associates departed from the home of the Widow Muller. They came directly and hastily back to our hotel, where I was waiting for them. Lupy was gone, and when the mistake-rectifiers came in, I saw that something was wrong. Harmony walked grimly in, followed by Omar, who was wearing his hangdog manner. Throwing his hat on the sofa, our leader burst into language and Omar cowered in a corner. Harmony sketched the new situation and swore at Omar. "Now he costs us five hundred and I doubt if we have five hundred between us. This Phil is poison."

"You mean we'll have to hand this fellow five hundred?"

"If we stay in South Cleveland. And we have to stay in South Cleveland a few days. How much money have we got?"

I replied, speaking as cashier of the firm, that we could probably dig up the five hundred, which would wreck us and leave very little for the hotel bills. However, there was still Mrs. Martha Muller.

"That's why we have to stick in town," Harmony said.

"At that, we'll be money ahead," I stated, "even if we pay off this unspeakable blackmailer." Thereupon we went to bed, with Omar still keeping out of Harmony's way.

The next morning, rather than have any trouble, Harmony hurried over early and paid Phil off, using our last remaining funds in the process. We stood financially naked in South Cleveland, with nothing but Mrs. Martha Muller between us and the local breadline. . . . However, there was nothing to worry about. Mrs. Muller was dependable and had the money.

"I'll trade anybody five hundred for five thousand," I said cheerfully when Harmony returned from Phil's. "Let's get at this."

"Right now," Harmony commanded. "We are dead broke as we stand, so we will go straight to Martha's house at 710 Spring Street. . . . And this time, you dumb little egg, I will personally escort you to the front stoop of the right house and shove you in the front door."

"Wasn't my fault," said Omar. "I asked a cop."

IT WAS a dismal morning in South Cleveland. A dreary rain was falling, the skies were black and, as Omar hunted for a clean shirt to begin the new wooing, I telephoned down to the clerk, asking him if I could borrow his automobile for half an hour. He graciously consented, and when the expedition was ready I drove the two of them to 710 Spring Street. . . . It turned out to be a pleasant brick house, with a lawn, some flowers and a hedge. . . . When we hauled up in front of the Muller home, there was no sign of life, except a man hammering on a water pipe. . . .

Harmony leaped out, and Mr. Gill followed him, straightening his cravat. They hurried up the walk and rang the bell and, there being no immediate response, Harmony rang again, impatiently. The man ceased his hammering and glanced at them. He was chewing tobacco and paused to spit.

"They ain't nobody home," he said.

"Where's Mrs. Muller?" our leader demanded.

"She ain't to home. She's gone to Syracuse."

"What!"

"She said she was going to Syracuse."

"What for?"

"I dunno. Except she got married."

"Married," Harmony shouted. "You're mistaken, my man."

"I'm only tellin' you what she said to me. She said to shut off her water pipes and I'm doin' it. She's closed up the house for a spell and gone on her honeymoon. Married a man named Lupy."

At the sound of this name there was an abrupt movement on the front stoop and the swishing sound caused by the rapid movement of a human being. There followed a crashing noise, and the noise was made by our Mr. Gill. He was off the porch and through the hedge in what seemed to be a single leap and never have I seen a man move so fast.

The man resumed his hammering on the water pipes. The rain increased slightly and Harmony turned up his coat collar, looked dazedly about him and came slowly down the walk. He climbed into the car and leaned against the rear seat.

"What'll we do now?" I asked in a low voice.

"I dunno," said Harmony dully. "Can you think of anything?"

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

THE Olivers—Mrs. Oliver, a widow, her son Keith, and her two unmarried daughters Eve and Norah—are confronted with a desperate situation. Keith and Norah have lost their jobs; the family's only income is Eve's meager salary. And the family's dilapidated flat, in New York City, costs sixty dollars a month!

Daily, Keith and Norah courageously look for work. There is none for either. Daily the family's tiny cash reserve diminishes. . . . Norah is in love with a wealthy boy: David Howard. Deeply interested in her for a time, David has of late been utterly indifferent—has not even phoned her for a month. How different everything would be, Norah muses, if David cared for her—*if they were married!* And then and there, Norah (realizing what a good marriage would do for her little family) decides to do an amazing thing.

Writing a letter—which she signs "Wife for Sale," and in which she offers to give herself (a pretty 24-year-old girl) in marriage to some man who will contribute twenty thousand dollars to the support of her "invalid father"—she sends it to a newspaper, which prints it. Answers come quickly. One—from a "Barry Dunsmuir"—interests her. She replies to it, and meets Dunsmuir, who, to her dismay, is a small, heavily bespectacled explorer!

At luncheon, in a downtown hotel, they discuss the situation with the utmost frankness. Dunsmuir, it appears, is educated, well-to-do. He wants a wife—one who will live at his New Jersey country place, "Foxaway." He is favorably impressed with Norah, offers to support the Oliver family if she will marry him. Norah—still dreaming of David—handsome, young—is not enthusiastic over the idea. She agrees, however, to meet Dunsmuir again. . . .

Longing to see David, Norah telephones him. He answers her civilly—is coldly polite. But Norah *knows*, when she finally hangs up, that she will never see him again.

III

SHE had to be honest with him. Indeed, there was small chance of being anything else under those sharp, piercing eyes.

"It's because you—annoy me!" she said.

"Annoy you?"

"Yes. You—you make me feel all prickly. I want to—to yell 'Oh, shut up!' at you," confessed Norah.

He laughed delightedly.

"What? When I talk?"

"Yes; almost always. Not always. But almost always when you say things—you make me mad," Norah said, with youthful simplicity.

"What do I say that makes you mad?"

"It's the way you say it."

"Why, you often get the best of me in argument," Barry said, baiting her.

"I *never* get the best of you! I don't even know the *names*," Norah said, almost reproachfully, "of the things you talk about all the time—Russian schools, and bugs, and the climate of the antarctic, and who was responsible for the war, and fungus!"

"Come, you said that Russia sounded crazy to you, without any homes or any religion, and I was very much impressed."

"Well, I got that out of the paper."

Barry said, after a silence through which he had smiled at her his disquieting smile:

"Suppose your husband did happen to know more of world politics than you do. What of it?"

"I wouldn't want to marry anyone who was laughing at me," Norah said, flushed and smiling and nervous, but speaking steadily. "I've—liked lots of men less than I like you," she added, placatingly, "and I'd marry them in a minute! But I couldn't—I couldn't marry anyone who might be laughing at me, even then. You've been terribly kind to me," she concluded, stammering a little in her anxiety to save his feelings, "and I've enjoyed these lunches. When you talk about things it interests me, and I think that I'll study them up some day—and maybe I will, too. When you talked German to the waiter I wanted—terribly, to understand. But I don't feel as if I understood *you*, very well."

Barry was silent, looking at her, and after a pause she added, somewhat lamely, "Perhaps you feel the same way I do about it. Perhaps you feel that you—like me, and all that, but that you simply couldn't marry me!"

"No, I don't feel that way at all," he said. "I think we ought to go through with our contract."

"We didn't have any contract!"

"NO, but you stated that you would marry anyone who met certain conditions, Norah. Now I've met them, or I've expressed a complete willingness to meet them. I've got a country house that would offer perfect conditions for your mother's recovery; I've got money enough; you know enough about me to know that I'm not going to spring another wife on you, or blackmail you, or murder you. That was what your brother feared, wasn't it? I took you down to my offices, and introduced you to old Judge Bailey, who was best man at my father's wedding; you met my partners there.

"Now I know that circumstances haven't improved much with you—"

He stopped on an interrogative note, with an upward glance, and Norah's rueful laugh conceded that circumstances had changed only for the worse.

"And now," Barry summarized it, "you don't want to get married at all."

"Well, marriage is—different, when you come right up against it, Mr. Dunsmuir."

"Different from what?"

"From business. Marriage really is—ought to be, romantic and thrilling and—oh, everything," floundered Norah. "There's no use trying to manage it any other way."

There was another silence, and she tried to go on quite naturally with her tea; they were having tea together on Christmas Eve. They had lunched or had had tea together every day for ten days now, talking of anything and everything without restraint, but Barry had faced the situation quite honestly today, and had asked her how she felt about marrying him.

Norah had attempted raillery—"Oh, you don't *have* to ask me that!"—but she had been quickly sobered, and an uncomfortable and increasingly frank talk had followed.

SHE liked him, she had said with a little difficulty, but he made her "mad," he made her feel "all prickly." He was always laughing at her. She knew she was stupid about lots of things, but it was only when she was with Mr. Dunsmuir that she—well, *minded* it.

Now he was silent, and Norah could think of nothing to say; she wondered how she was ever going to end this hour, and whether she would ever see him again after it.

"You see, Norah," he said suddenly, in an odd tone, "this hasn't gone according to schedule."

"Hasn't?" she faltered, with an anxious frown.

"Not exactly!" Barry admitted, with his uncanny chuckle. "I've gotten in deeper than I meant to; I want to go through with it."

Norah hooked her two thumbs on the table; looked down at them. Her face was red.

"Well, thank you!" she said uneasily, clearing her throat.

"You'd like Foxaway," Barry suggested. "It's a grand old place—it's the only place in the world—" He stopped.

"I was going to say," he presently recommenced, "that it's the only place in the world I ever wanted to live in. I'd like to live there. The family's been there for two hundred years.

"I've got a cousin, Hazel Dunsmuir, who wanted it. She's got everything else in the world, but she wanted Foxaway. She told me so, asked me to write a new will and leave it to her. I thought—" He was laughing again. "I thought she had a cheek!"

"I should think *she* would be a good person for you to marry," Nora suggested. He gave her a quick glance.

"Hazel? Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "No," he added, in a ruminating tone, "I'll not marry Hazel, nor her dear friend Lucile. Nope. But the more I think of this bargain of ours, Norah," he concluded, brightening, "the better I like it! You run Foxaway, and take care of me—"

SHE looked at him with a timid, puzzled expression.

"Would there be any chance of its coming out right, do you suppose?" she asked.

"Every chance!" he answered encouragingly. "We're sensible people, you and I. We respect each other, we like each other. You aren't afraid of the country, or loneliness, or managing a farm."

He stopped on a quizzical little look, with his baffling laugh, but Norah was serious.

"Oh, no, that part would be all right!" she said, brushing it aside carelessly. "The only thing—the thing is—"

"What? What are you trying to say?"

"You're so quick," she murmured, frowning faintly, narrowing her eyes as she looked into space. "You always—make me feel as if you were laughing at me. But—but what I meant was—I wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what?" he took her up briskly.

"Well, I wouldn't want to go into it unless we felt, we both felt, that there was a reasonable chance that it *would* work out. That you'd do your book, and I'd run the farm, and—we'd like each other—go on liking each other."

"We have as good a chance as anyone!" Barry offered.

"You don't," she said, suddenly steady and dignified, "love me."

His chuckle had in it a delighted note.

"And you don't love me!"

"No," Norah agreed, looking at him thoughtfully, "I don't. So oughtn't that—to settle it—end it?"

"On the contrary," he answered promptly, "that's exactly what ought to—begin it. That's exactly what we propose to do, marry because you can do a great deal for me, and I can solve some problems for you. It's *exactly* as it should be! I like you, I respect you, you're a gentlewoman. That's all. As for losing sleep and writing love letters—those things don't count, anyway."

NORAH looked down at her thumbs again, thinking.

"I wish I knew what to do!" she said presently, looking up. "Suppose you weren't happy after we were married? Suppose you didn't like having my mother up at the farm?"

"Then I could get out."

She was not conscious of liking him when he was gentle and serious like this, but at such moments she felt a rush of pity, of kindliness for him.

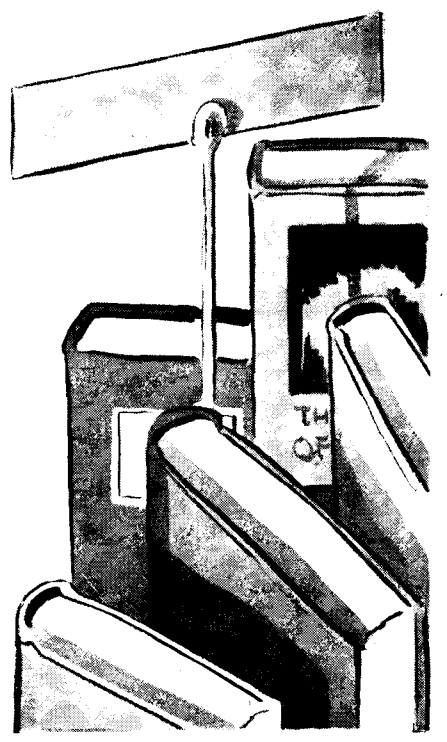
"How could you get out, with your book not finished, and everything?"

"You see what a good wife you'd make me, Norah, already thinking about my book!"

"Oh, well," she said, shrugging and flushing. If he was going to be annoying again! Wife, indeed!

"It would be to get rid of all your other troubles at once," he said. "You'd have—me instead. You'd have new

Norah joyfully gave her a dollar



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"That's a very small extra present, Norah," he said. "Let me do it!"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

ones, but they mightn't be so bad."

"I've always thought I could make a success of anything," Norah began slowly, after troubled thought. "I've always felt that I could—succeed. But I don't know about succeeding at this. It all began so queerly."

"It might have begun quite normally. Our finding each other as we did isn't important. We might have been introduced by anybody. I might have been in your office. You might have been my secretary."

"I know—"

"This would be my plan," he said. "You and I get married tomorrow—no, dash it, tomorrow's Christmas, isn't it? I hate Christmas. We get married—"

"You hate Christmas!"

"Oh, yes," he said impatiently, carelessly, "it seems to me the bunk! But the day after Christmas—"

"But don't you—don't you believe in *God?*" Norah exclaimed.

"I believe in a great many gods, all of whom have done their feeble best to help humanity, in one way or another. Prophets, doctors, scientists—they're all gods."

"They are not!" Norah protested sharply.

"Aren't they? Well, I'd leave that to you. At any rate, you might believe what you liked—that's one part of what I believe. And perhaps you'd convert me, Norah."

"No, I'd never convert you," she said sadly.

"Why not?"

"Because, to convert a person—" Norah stopped short. "I don't know exactly how to say it," she said, hesitatingly. "But faith—believing isn't a matter of statistics. And you—you're all for statistics. You'd believe in God if He could be proved on a table of weights or something out of a book."

"Well, and shouldn't He be?"

"Not that way."

"What way then? By a lot of hysterical mystics with visions and miracles?"

"No," she said steadily. "But not by—by facts, either."

"Oh, come now! If a theory won't stand analysis—!"

"Nothing worth while will stand analysis," Norah persisted. "You're laughing at me again; I know how smart you are! But if you could analyze Him and understand Him, He wouldn't be God. He'd be something *you* did, not—not what He is.

"YOU can't do that with anything worth while," she went on, as Barry, watching her curiously, was silent. "The way you feel about—well, when it's spring, and the florists' awnings are out again, and there are cherries. Or the way a person loves a baby. Or even the way you might love a dog. There's no reason in it, and no science, and no statistics. You have to—to wait for it, and feel it in your soul."

"And that's better than reason, is it?"

"That," she said seriously, "is the Holy Spirit."

"And how"—his voice was bantering, as usual, but his expression, for once, was not mischievous—"how do you—invite—encourage—discover the Holy Spirit?"

Norah looked puzzled, looked away, frowning slightly.

" 'Ask and you shall receive,' I suppose," she answered, in a low, doubtful voice. Her cheeks were red.

"All of which," Barry presently said briskly, "brings us back to first principles. This is my idea. You and I get married day after tomorrow, and I—I take care of your immediate financial difficulties. On the twenty-eighth I leave with Sassoon—I'm going on the first lap with him; I'll come back on the escort ship. He goes to Hobart, ships a lot of equipment there, and goes on as soon as the ice breaks. I come back, and find you established in the New Jersey house, with your mother and your sister and anyone else you like; your uncle, I don't care. I pack all my stuff here, notes and specimens and typewriter and all that, and come up—say about March first. You and I tell them, then, that we're married, and in two weeks everything is running smoothly and comfortably, your mother is better, I'm settled down to work, and everything is fine."

"And what am I to tell them in the meanwhile?"

"What you like. Tell them that I am a scientist—an explorer, who wants a secretary-housekeeper."

During the desultory conversation they had finished their tea, and had reached the foyer of the hotel on their way to the street. Norah, pulling on her shabby gloves, looked up at him in sudden, timid hope.

"You don't want—just that? I mean a secretary and housekeeper, Mr. Dunsmuir?"

"Was it so nominated in the bond?"

"No," she admitted hesitatingly.

"I HAPPEN to like it best the other way," he said. "I like the spirit of a girl who could make such a proposition. I like—suddenly, the idea of a wife. I don't want to—to worry about you. I want you—*there*, belonging there, not thinking about running off elsewhere, or throwing up the job. And I want—well," he finished simply, "a wife."

They were walking up the cold, dull street now; the sky was low and leaden; Christmas horns already were blowing.

"It's up to you," Barry resumed. "I don't say it's all roses for you; it's a job. I work hard, and I'm not especially sociable when I work. I hate the city, and there wouldn't be much theater and restaurant excitement in it for you. Of course when I was off on a

(Continued on page 36)

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The Boy Friend

Continued from page 12

interrogation, making answer to the many charges that had been filling the papers for days, the Mayor attended a luncheon given to celebrate Henry L. Doherty's return to active business.

"The list of speakers," he said when he arose, "seems to have been arranged along highly specialized lines. Mr. Teagle has spoken for oil, Mr. Day for real estate, Mr. Young for the utilities, and Postmaster General Brown, strangely enough, for journalism. I presume, therefore, that I am expected to speak for sugar."

On the witness stand, enduring the Seabury bombardment, and with place and reputation at stake, there was never a wrinkle of the brow to show concern. When the gray-haired judge, driving hard to show that the Sherwood account was really a Walker account, introduced testimony proving that Sherwood had paid monthly sums to Mrs. Burke, the Mayor's widowed sister, Jimmie leaned forward, just as one family man to another, and confidentially remarked, "Any married man knows it doesn't go so well with his wife when he gives support to his relatives."

Later on Judge Seabury introduced evidence showing that Sherwood had drawn $263,838 from a secret account with a brokerage firm on August 9, 1927, and instantly Jimmie suggested, "Why don't we complete the inference and make a real scenario of it? I left for Europe on August 10th. I suppose the plot is I took the money with me?" It was exactly what the judge did suppose, the point he was working up to, but when Jimmie beat him to the punch, he sighed ruefully and turned to something else.

Snatching Forty Facts

The man is fast as lightning on his mental feet, and it is to this quickness of mind, by the way, that his friends refer when answering the charge that Jimmie is never on the job. It is their insistence that he can get through as much real work while being shaved, or while taking his bath or eating his breakfast, as most men are able to accomplish by drudging hours at a desk. There can be no question that he does possess an amazing facility for absorbing and digesting the most complicated matters in an incredibly short space of time.

When Governor Smith was pushing through his plan for the reorganization of the state government, the full burden of the fight fell on Jimmie Walker by reason of his position as Democratic leader in the Senate. To the anguish of all concerned, however, he refused to attend conferences for a discussion of the measure, and was never cornered until the very morning of the fateful day. Even then he was caught only because they routed him out of bed, and while excited senators exhausted themselves with directions and explanations, Jimmie sat sipping coffee, lighting cigarettes and yawning abysmally.

"I don't believe he heard a word we said," one of them reported to Governor Smith, yet Jimmie not only led the fight through long, hot hours, but led it ably and brilliantly, never stopping for a fact or a figure.

"Who's that bird I've got to greet?" This is his usual question when he reaches the City Hall on a morning when some returning hero or eminent foreigner is being presented for an official welcome. His secretary gushes forth a flood of essential facts on the way to the door, and Jimmie, leaping forward with beaming face and outstretched hand, delivers an address that carries every indication of lifelong familiarity with the "man of the moment" and his work.

A member of the party that accompanied him to San Francisco confessed that it was absolutely impossible to get Walker to read up on the Tom Mooney case, or even to talk about it, until the very night before his plea. Then he listened for more than an hour to Frank Walsh's rapid-fire exposition, yet his argument before Governor Rolph touched every important point, and was a remarkable exhibition of clear thinking and close reasoning.

An Artist Takes the Platform

Everything about him is emotional and intuitive rather than mental or studied. He never dictates a speech; in fact, he frankly confesses that dictation of any kind is beyond him. He depends entirely on the inspiration of the crowd. Without an idea of any kind when he gets up, he probes for the interest of the audience with all the skill of a surgeon, digging in here, digging in there, until he sees that he has struck the right spot, and then words tumble over each other.

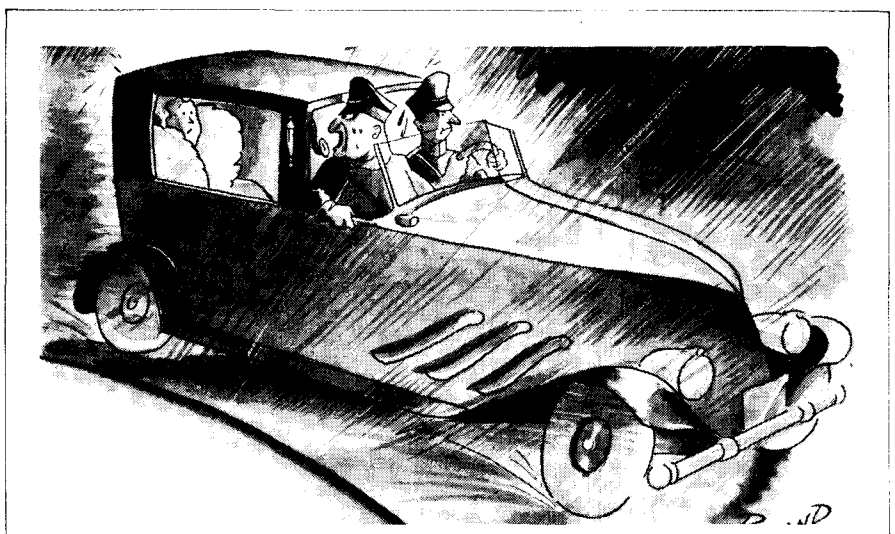
He is always late, his friends claim, because he accepts more invitations than he can possibly keep, never seeming to be able to say "No" when the request comes from a friend. When he had finished his testimony before the Hofstadter committee, Jimmie hurried down to Long Beach for a short vacation, but it was three o'clock in the morning before he could get out of the dining-room, what with party after party begging him to come to their table.

"This is certainly a swell vacation," he sighed as he unlaced his shoes. "I think I'll have to go back to Seabury for a rest."

A curiously fascinating study, this James J. Walker, for along with many simplicities he is a bundle of contradictions. Just as one is about to decide that he has no standard of ethics whatsoever, he comes forward with some nicety of conduct that bewilders. For instance, he spared no personal or official effort to get a bus franchise for his friends, yet he could not be induced to confer with a single witness who testified before the Hofstadter committee.

"Let's call in Herrick, Sisto and McKeon," urged some of his advisers, "and see how near you all come to remembering alike."

"Not on your life," Jimmie replied emphatically. "There's going to be no coaching. Let them tell their stories and I'll tell mine."



"Personally, I don't see no sense tearin' around the park in the rain, Madam!" *Roland Coe*

To this day he sees nothing wrong in the fact that he took gifts of money from Paul Block, Sisto and many others, and that he let Rodman Wanamaker pay the expenses of his trip to Europe, just as he had let others pay the cost of this and that joy-ride. On the other hand, he has consistently refused to sell his name and picture for cigarette ads, collar ads, automobile ads and toothpaste ads, although he has been offered contracts that would make him a rich man.

"That," he holds, "would be improper and undignified." And strangest of all, he *means* it.

Perhaps the clue to many of these inconsistencies and contradictions is found in the fact that Jimmie Walker, both by inheritance and training, is a perfect tribal type. To him such things as the state and society are abstractions, and every bit of his loyalty is given to his clan. Mark his attitude to Seabury, for instance. His bitterness is not against Seabury the prosecutor, but against Seabury the "renegade," for once the judge took an office from Tammany.

Why shouldn't he accept money from the Blocks and the Sistos and the Wanamakers and the McKeons? They were his friends, weren't they? And they helped him out when he was short just as he would have helped them out. He didn't give them any official favor in return, did he? Not a speck of proof that he betrayed the city's interest by way of repayment! Then what's all the shootin' for?

Of course he tried to get a bus contract for Jack Hastings. Why not? A good deal for the city, wasn't it? Then what's wrong in trying to favor a friend? What did they want him to do, anyway? Run around and try to hand something to an enemy just by way of showing how big and broad he was? Favor your friends to the limit and kick your foe loose from his pants. That's the law of the tribe, and it's Jimmie Walker's way. And if any sovereign voter doesn't like it, then it's his proud privilege to lump it.

Can He Last?

Is Jimmie Walker going gayly on, winning another election for another four-year term, his popularity proof against investigators and investigations? Or will he decide to quit office-holding and go in for some one of the many careers that are open to him by reason of his colorful personality? Or if he decides to stay in the game, will he find, like so many other stars, that "It" has everything but permanency?

The answer, in the opinion of political experts, lies in the development of the Jimmie Walker-Al Smith feud. For a long time now the two have been measuring swords in a duel none the less savage because of its secrecy, a duel due to no particular clash of ambitions, but to the rasp of absolutely antagonistic personalities. The one is an ant and the other is a butterfly, and neither has understanding nor tolerance of the other.

Back in the early days they may have been friendly, but it is not possible that they were ever friends in any real sense of the word. As Al grew and Jimmie flew—Al industrious, methodical and ambitious, and Jimmie pleasure-loving, haphazard and careless of the morrow—their dissimilarities became more pronounced, their distastes and resentments more open. Today they look at each other out of eyes that are cold slits.

Contrary to general opinion, Jimmie was not Al's choice as a mayoralty candidate in 1925, his selection coming out of a situation that escaped control. Ex-Governor Smith, it may be recalled, declared unalterable opposition to the renomination of Hylan. Having done so, however, he found Tammany anything but favorable, for while "Red Mike" gave spiritual allegiance to Hearst, in everything else he had proved himself a one-hundred-per-cent organization man, handing over the offices without a murmur.

Name after name was proposed, only to be rejected, and finally it developed that Walker was the one man that could stir Tammany enthusiasm. Smith yielded, but his consent was accompanied by a stern insistence that the gay and lightsome Jimmie must abandon the primrose path in favor of the time clock and dinner pail. And did Jimmie heed the warning? He did not, calmly sending back word that if Al didn't like his way of life he could take a jump for himself into the nearest lake.

Open Warfare

The first open break came with the election of a Tammany head to take the place left vacant by the resignation of George Olvany. Smith, no longer local but grown into national stature, preached the necessity of a new Tammany, sensible of its obligations and sensitive to public opinion. Walker, out of his own gay irresponsibility, his unchangeable loyalty to the "gang" tradition, gibed at Al as having gone high hat, and stood for the old Tammany. His man, Curry, won hands down, and Walker, not Smith, became the organization's idol.

There was another collision in 1929 at the end of Walker's first term. There is every reason to believe that Jimmie did not want a renomination, for he was tired of having to get up early in the morning to meet "birds" he had never heard of. When Smith, however, again undertook to play the voice of conscience, reading the Mayor a sharp, angry lecture, declaring that he had forfeited public confidence, Jimmie's blue eyes hardened into bits of steel, and nothing on earth could have stopped him from running. It may be recalled that while Governor Smith campaigned for the Democratic ticket, not once did he mention Walker's name.

Up to date, then, Jimmie has won two decisions over Al, but 1933 is another year, bringing another election. Will Alfred Emanuel Smith content himself with private lectures and stern admonitions? And if he does take to the open field for the avowed purpose of driving Walker out of public life, will Jimmie's "It" continue potent?

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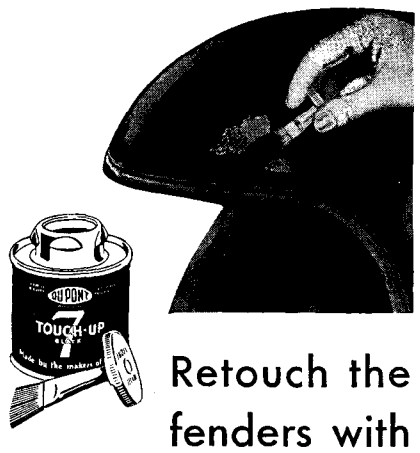

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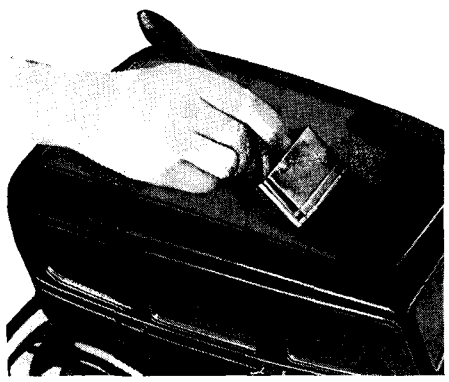

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 33

trip, you and your sister, your mother, could come down here, stay at a hotel, buy dresses—whatever women like to do. And when my book's finished I'm going to London for a year—six months, anyway—to work in the Geographical Society, and the museums and libraries; you might like that. But I don't say it's any snap for you, Norah.

"Meet me for lunch at—well, the Boynton, on the day after tomorrow, and we'll go be married at the City Hall."

"My mother would think that was no marriage at all."

"All right, then, anywhere you say. And meanwhile—" They were turning into a big, bright bookshop. "Meanwhile I have to give you a Christmas present, since you believe in Santa Claus," he said.

Norah watched him select a fat book; he took an envelope from his pocket just before the salesman wrapped it, and put it among the pages.

"That's a very small extra present, Norah," he said. "Let me do it! I know you want to buy your mother something, I know just how hard up you are."

Her face blazed. She put out a restraining hand.

"Please!" he said, chuckling. "Just as a friend. Not because I hope that you and your expenses are going to be up to me for life. But because I've got too much and you've got too little. Take it, for heaven's sake, and don't ever think of it again.

"AND now for a final word," he went on, when they were in the street again. "We get married on Thursday. You go your way and I mine. You tell your mother whatever you like, and you and she move up to New Jersey. I'll put some money in the bank for you, and go off with Sassoon. My uncle's estate isn't much—it's not settled yet, but it's something. When I get back, it will be all settled and we'll make the announcement and everything will be fine.

"Your brother, meanwhile, will probably have gone to Guatemala with his new wife. Your sister can do just as she likes. The first thing I'll do is fix your mother's affairs, so that you needn't worry about her again; *that* was nominated in the bond, at least, and so you'll get what you want, and I'll get what I want, and everyone will be satisfied."

"But wouldn't that—Mother, I mean—take a terrible lot of money?"

"No—an annuity, something of that sort. The truth is, Norah," Barry said, "I haven't got so much money. I'll tell you all about it any time you care to listen. I've a small income and I've the lump sum my uncle left me and the farm—there's a tenant farmer on it now, Taft, who pays me rent—and of course my book will make money; it may easily become the textbook, the reference book, on its subject. It's enough, but it isn't anything sensational."

"If it was ten dollars it would be more than the Oliver family has got at this moment," Norah said. Barry laughed.

"Before I get back you'll have time to get used to the place," he went on, after a moment. "There's a housekeeper there, an old crone named Huldy; she must be two hundred. I'll wire her before I go to have it all warmed up and get some groceries in."

It sounded adventurous, deliciously new and exciting. Norah's eyes were dancing as she faced him.

"I ought to consult my mother; but she's so weak and she doesn't know you—"

"Meet me for lunch day after tomorrow," he said, at the subway hood. "And—oh, yes, Merry Christmas, Norah!"

"Merry Christmas!" she said.

IN THE hot, bright, tinsel- and poinsettia-draped bakery, a few minutes later, Norah opened her book and took out the envelope Barry had inserted in it. Five clean, new, twenty-dollar bills were in her hand—

It took her breath away; she felt a little dizzy.

For a while she stood thinking, the money safe in her purse, her heart beating fast, her eyes shining.

Then she crossed the grimy, frozen street to the market and stopped at the cashier's desk. The Olivers' butcher bill, please—and the grocery bill. They were not large; two of the crisp bills settled them once and for all.

Norah bought a turkey, a large, limp turkey; cranberries, sweet potatoes, celery, a canned plum pudding. She went out to the street again on dancing feet, and into one of the big department stores at the corner. Silk stockings for Eve, and socks for Keith, and a great fluffy new blanket in two tones of rose for Mother. No more piling of coats on Mother's feet on cold nights. A new alarm clock for Keith, whose old one had lately developed a tendency to ooze little screws and bolts; and fur-lined gloves for Eve—

And then she must stop. But her money was by no means gone; there was a twenty left, and a ten, and small money. Oh, it was delicious to have money, and now that she was miles away from Barry Dunsmuir she could like him, she could feel appreciative affection toward him, who was doing so much for her. It was only when she was with him that it was hard to think of herself as actually married to him.

A begging woman stopped her in the street: Norah joyfully gave her a dollar. "Oh, God bless you, my dear child!" the hoarse old voice said amazedly. Norah laughed, going on her way. She stopped at the five-and-ten and bought two red rings for the front windows, and four red candles for the Christmas table. And, in the street again, she got her mother a bunch of violets for fifteen cents.

She carried these violets into the sickroom a little later. Keith was there, just a bulky shadow in the gloom; Norah set the flowers down and lighted a lamp.

"Look here, darling, these are your Christmas flowers!"

Mrs. Oliver looked pale and weak against her propping of pillows. There were tears in her eyes; she stretched her hand toward Norah.

"My darlings, my brave dear children," she faltered. "I've just been hearing about it!"

"About what?" Norah said cheerfully, sitting down and putting her hand over her mother's reassuringly.

"About all you darlings—you *darlings* have been enduring, have been keeping from me," the mother said. "Keith's losing his job, you losing yours, both of you worried out of your wits, with your money getting shorter and shorter! Children, children, there was no need for all that; I'm well again, I can help."

"YOU could dig post holes for the new elevated," Norah suggested.

"Ah, no, dear, it's not funny! It makes me so proud, and yet it breaks my heart to think how different it all would have been if poor Daddy—Norah, you should have told Mother, darling; it wasn't right to carry the whole load in your poor little heart!"

"Why'd you tell her?" Norah reproached her brother.

"Because I wanted to hock her emerald in the good old way," Keith said. "And because I think I'll have to take up this Guatemala thing. They've promised me a raise in six months; I get my trip, of course. I might be able to help from there. I can't do anything here."

"Well, I'll tell you some good news, darlings," Norah said, suddenly. Her face was very pale, but her eyes sparkled. "Eve!" she called, hearing her sister enter the kitchen. "Come in here and hear some news!"

"It's awful out," Eve said, shudder-

"Can I have the afternoon off to go to my grandmother's funeral?" *Fritz Wilkinson*

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ing with returning warmth as she came into the bedroom. "Hello, Mother dear. I'm dead. The rush today has been something ghastly. I'm going to stay in bed all day Christmas!"

"Mother knows about our jobs," Keith said sententiously.

"Well—" Eve said, shrugging. She turned fretfully to Norah. "Did Mrs. Flynn clean here yesterday, or didn't she?" she demanded. "The place smells horrible when you come in from the street—cheese and furnace gas and clothes—"

"We haven't had her for two weeks," Norah explained.

"Well, I think that's hellish," Eve exclaimed under her breath.

"Evelyn," their mother said gently, distressed.

"LISTEN to my news," said Norah. "There's a man named Dunsmuir—Barry Dunsmuir, who offered me a job today."

"How'd you meet him, dear?"

"An ad—an ad in the paper. I answered it."

"Stenography?"

"That, and everything. It's quite complicated, I'll tell you about it. He's a scientist, a research man—"

"Don't trust him as far as you can see him," said Eve, darkly. Norah turned on her indignantly.

"What do you know about scientists, Eve Oliver!"

"Nothing," said Eve smoothly, "but he sounds to me like a crook!"

"He's very nice; he's quite old—in the thirties," Norah said mildly.

"Well, go on," Keith urged. "Is there money in it?"

"Yes, there is. But it isn't that—"

"Ah, no!" Keith interpolated in the pause. "It never is that! Money? Not with the Olivers. Oh, I know, we've got our faults, we're hot-headed, and we've devilish tempers! But we can't lie, and—"

"And we're never let off anything!" Norah finished it. It was a familiar chant; she and Keith always concluded it with what Eve sometimes witheringly characterized as their "idiotic laughing at nothing."

"Well, go on, when you've settled the moral status of the Olivers," their mother said patiently when they stopped, and this started them off again.

"No, but, Norah," Keith asked, suddenly businesslike, "have you got a job really?"

"I have, and a first month's salary in advance. I paid twenty-one dollars to the grocer and twelve to the butcher, and I bought you all modest Christmas offerings."

"You didn't!"

"I say I did. And a turkey too. He's on his way here."

"Alone?" Keith asked. "A young turkey in this great city?"

And so light were their hearts at the first sign of a break in the wall of their troubles and responsibilities that he and Norah could burst into laughter again.

"The moment you see him," Norah said, "you'll see that he's a turkey in whom you can have implicit confidence. Not handsome, no. Your first impression may be that he is almost *too* pure—too cold and quiet and reserved. Life has picked him, stripped him, you see that—"

"Oh, Norah, shut up!" Eve said, impatiently, "and tell us about your job!"

"There's only one odd thing about it," Norah said, sobering. "Mr. Dunsmuir has a place in some little New Jersey town—village, rather. There's a school camp there, and some summer schools, and I guess that's about all. Foxaway Farm—isn't that a cute name? We'd have to live there."

"I tell you it sounds to me like a murderer!" Eve said.

"Once and for all, Nono, I couldn't let you go away with a man we don't know to a place like that," Mrs. Oliver said.

"He'd want you, too, Mother. I—I insisted on that."

"Dearest child! But where is it?"

"Well, you go to Chester Junction, and then to—to Lake Cattahunk, I think he said, and there's an old servant in the place who'll have it warm and comfortable—nobody's lived in it for years."

"Honestly, Norah, you'll never get out alive!" This was Eve again.

"It's perfectly simple, Mother, and it would mean no rent for us, and that Keith could go off to Guatemala."

"What's he want to pay you, Norah?"

"About—I guess about a hundred a month."

"I'd do a lot of guessing about a thing like that," Eve said scathingly. "He'd probably offer you anything because he doesn't intend to pay it."

"A married man, dear?"

"No; he's not been married."

"And a scientist?"

"There was a scientist in a movie," Eve contributed. "Lon Chaney, I think it was, and his entire cellar was a series of cells—regular jail cells—for his human experiments. Of course I know that was bunk," she said proudly as they laughed, "but I must *say* that I think Norah's simply crazy if she rushes off to New Jersey on any such wild proposition as that!"

"He's writing a book," Norah persisted patiently. "He has all the data and the specimens and the notes, and he wants to get it done. He's an explorer and he associates—he's been on trips with—with Sassoon."

"Is that right?" Keith said, suddenly interested, in the pause.

"Yes, and he's going off with Professor Sassoon right away," Norah went on, warming under a little encouragement. "There's an expedition to the South Pole—"

"Sure. I read you and Mother a lot about that a while ago," Keith said.

"I don't remember. Anyway, Mr. Dunsmuir wants to go very soon—in a few days, in fact—on the escort ship as far as Hobart, and he'd want Mother and me—and he said Eve too, or anyone we wanted—to go up and get the New Jersey place running and get some sort of servant in, and be all ready when he comes back to let him get to work. When Dr. Sassoon goes on to—South Georgia, or somewhere, then he'll come back."

"WHY isn't he going all the way?" Eve asked suspiciously.

"He hasn't very good eyes; he wears strong glasses."

"A disguise!" Eve exclaimed.

Norah laughed.

"Well, it's a job," she observed simply.

"Yes, I know. But what a job!"

"I wish," Norah said, looking from Keith to Mrs. Oliver, "I wish you two would decide it for me. Mr. Dunsmuir is a gentleman; he's a Princeton graduate, and he did extra work at Oxford. He's all alone—no family. He would come out here and talk to Mother if she would like him to, Friday—they sail Saturday. It would mean that we lived 'way out in the country, but we'd have no rent and no living expenses and I could save all my money. Keith wants to get out anyway, and Eve—"

"Exactly. What about me?" said Eve. "I could give swimming lessons in Lake Cattahunk all through January and February. When your body was discovered after the ice was cut, Crippen and I could—"

(Continued on page 40)

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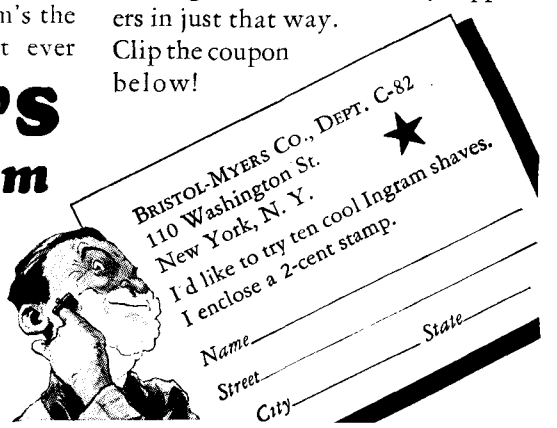

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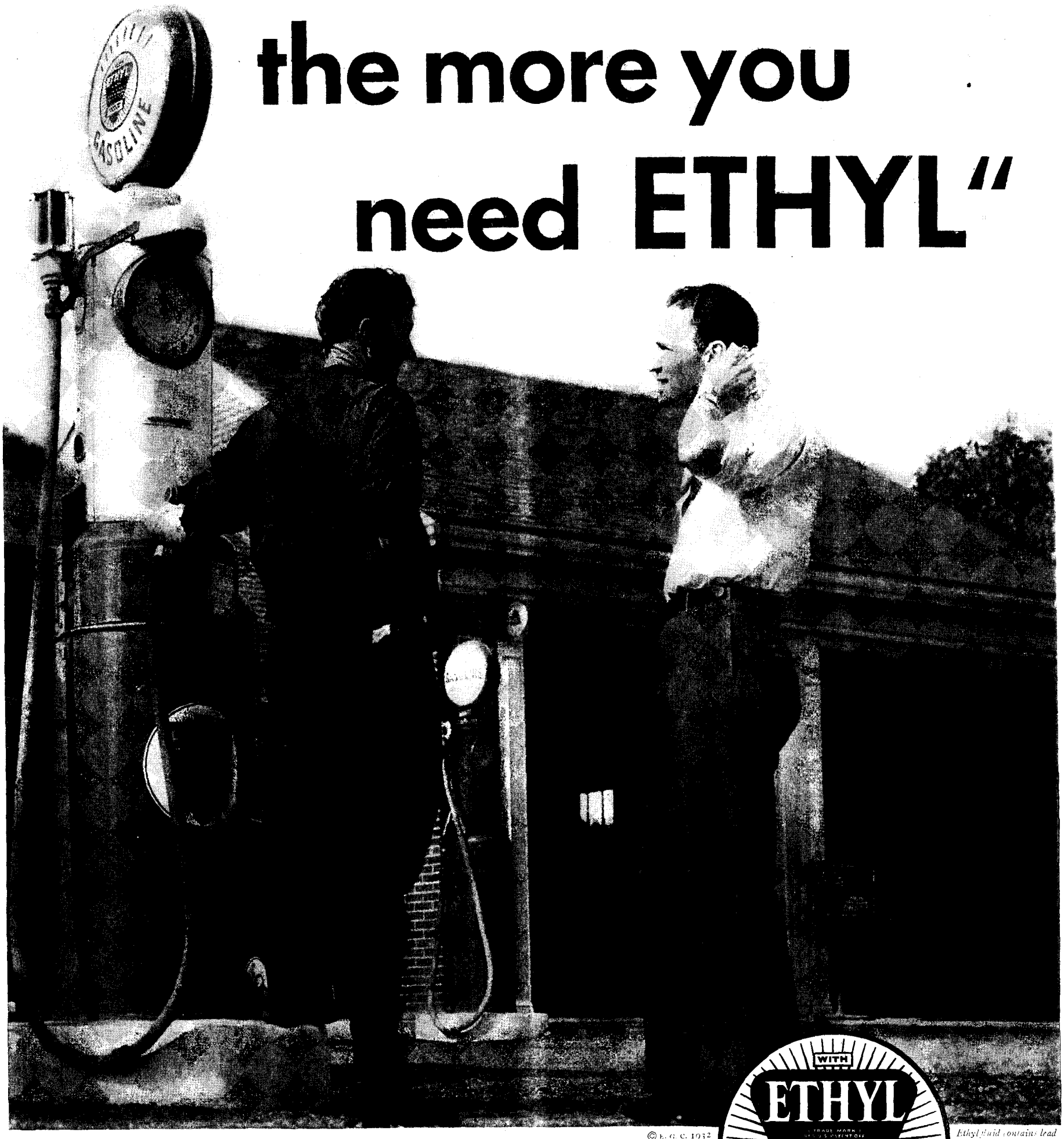

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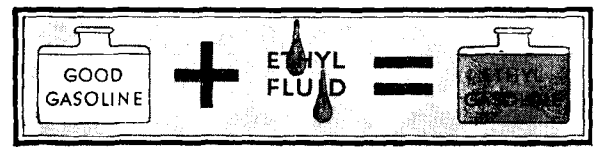

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 37

"Oh, Eve, shut up!" Norah exclaimed, in a rare burst of temper and nerves. "It's serious. The situation here is—desperate, isn't it, Keith? We've looked for jobs everywhere, we've tried everything. You're making sixteen a week, and that's absolutely all—"

"Excuse me," Eve, somewhat subdued, interposed politely, "I'm making nothing. They laid off seventeen of us this morning to take effect after New Year's."

"Well!" Norah said, and sat back. Suddenly she looked very tired.

"A HUNDRED a month and a place to live, and Mother there too," Keith said. "I think you'd be crazy to turn it down!"

"He has references, dear? There's some way in which we can know that he isn't an impostor?"

"He has an office: Coates and Goldman; they're engineers. I was there once. And there was a judge, old Judge Bailey, who called him 'Barry,' and told me he had been best man when Mr. Dunsmuir's father and mother were married."

"Judge James Bailey?" This was Keith.

"I don't know."

"I could telephone him easy enough tonight, Mother."

"Is he in love with you, Nono?" Eve demanded suspiciously.

"Who? The old judge? No, I hardly think so. He only saw me—"

"I mean this Dinwoodie murderer."

"Mr. Dunsmuir?"

"I don't think that's a very nice question to ask your sister, dear," Mrs. Oliver said with dignity.

"After all," Norah, who had her own reasons for remaining amiable, offered mildly, "it's any port in a storm now, isn't it?"

"Yes, why the deuce are we so picky and choosy?" Keith demanded roundly. "It's a home and it's a living, and the minute Mother or Norah doesn't like it, she can get out. Girls have given up jobs before this. My worry would be—" Keith added, rationally, "as to whether Nono can handle it. It sounds like a sort of working-housekeeper job, on top of the stenography."

"Darling boy, if one of the old family servants is there, I can do a lot of that!" Mrs. Oliver interrupted him, eagerly.

Norah listened as one in a dream. They were so sure they were capable of deciding all about it, and they did not know anything at all! Why, she was actually to marry this man from whom they were afraid to accept even the most casual employment. Or was it a dream that he wanted her to marry him right away, day after tomorrow? They would feel rather flat if she told them the whole story, and added that, upon serious reflection, she had decided to let Barry Dunsmuir go out of her life as completely and suddenly as he had entered it.

She was conscious of a weary, puzzled, philosophical sensation of letting the current carry her along; tomorrow would be Christmas, the family could talk all it liked until the day after Christmas anyway. And there would be a turkey, and she, Norah, would still have money in her purse.

On Thursday she could decide. She was of age; she could marry anyone she wanted to marry.

On the day after Christmas, a dark, forbidding day, with a feeling of snow in the air, Norah met Barry for luncheon at the old Boynton Hotel restaurant, far down Fifth Avenue, and they discussed a meal that he assured her was very like Paris.

"In the food?" Norah asked nervously, making talk.

"That, yes. The bread and the onion soup and that big cold bowl of prunes. And the atmosphere too. You'd like Paris. I hate it."

"What makes you think I'd like what you hate?"

"Because all the ladies go wild over Paris."

"Do you—rather despise women?" the girl asked simply.

The elfin face opposite her wrinkled with his silent laughter.

"I estimate them about where they belong, Norah."

"Where you think they belong!" she corrected it, nettled.

"Where I think they belong."

"As inferiors."

"Well," he smiled, shrugging, "you see, I never happen to have read the great books women have written," he explained. "I mean books that compare with Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Goethe. I don't happen to know the work of the modern woman novelist who compares with Tolstoy or Hardy or Henry James. Just don't happen to! The chicken is for the lady, and I'm having the eggs," Barry interrupted himself to say in rapid French. "No," he went on, enjoying himself, "the great plays, the great pictures that women have done have escaped me somehow. The classic symphonies—Beethoven and Mozart and Brahms—they satisfy me, and I never go on to those even finer compositions that women have given the world. There must be such, Norah—feminine classics, I mean. It would hardly be that one sex had given the world all its music and art, all its literature and science, all its explorers and medicine men. That couldn't be, could it?"

Norah was ready for him.

"Perhaps," she said, "those things are not so important as you think."

"You interest me!" He was in the teasing, triumphant mood she hated. "What is more important then?"

NORAH looked at him steadily, with sapphire-gray eyes.

"I should hate to think that—anyone I liked," she said, "would never find out!"

The man was silent, watching her, and she saw the expression of his face change. It changed to the look she liked: wistful, puzzled, lonely. He said simply: "You're a funny little wench, Norah. But—but what you think—has weight for me."

Disarmed for the moment, she watched him in silence as he paid his bill, and they went out together into the heavy winter shadow of the Avenue. Barry hailed a cruising taxicab, and said, "City Hall, please!" and Norah, like a woman in a dream, got in.

"We are going to get a marriage license; we are going to be married!" she thought vaguely. It was all unreal. The City Hall seemed like some place she had seen before; a sense of having done all this before confused her as she followed Barry to the marriage license bureau.

Their business was quickly settled; it was when they were outside and coming down the steps again that Norah said suddenly:

"I'm sorry—just a minute. I—I don't want to be married."

The whole big grim winter city seemed to hum and throb and grind its great wheels in the silence. Barry, a step ahead of her, turned back with a sharp frown.

"What's the matter?"

Cold tears filled her eyes.

"I just don't want to."

"I thought we had it all settled."

"We did. But—but now I can't."

She stood wretched, undecided, on the City Hall steps.

"What's happened?"

"It's just," she argued feebly, evasively, "that I think we ought to—that I don't see why we don't wait until you get back."

"That's an entirely different arrangement," Barry said, displeased. "In any case, it's only a matter of six or seven weeks. I happen to want to get married this way today. I like the idea. It appeals to me as sensible. You want something from me, I want something from you; we've settled the whole thing."

"But I don't think," she faltered miserably, "that we *ought* to be sensible about getting married."

"*Ought*?" He took her up sharply. "Who is to say whether we 'ought' to do a thing or not? Is someone else deciding that for us?"

"I'M DECIDING it for us!" she said suddenly, in a stubborn tone. "I won't do it; I can't. It isn't that I don't appreciate your—your wanting me, and answering that advertisement and the money and everything—"

"Cut that!" he said, gruffly, not unkindly, and Norah's perplexed heart warmed suddenly to him again, and she wondered why, having gone so far, she was creating this scene now, on a cold, stern flight of municipal steps, with a stern winter sky overhead and a wind like a wall of steel driving steadily against her legs.

"You don't like me?" Barry asked suddenly.

"Well—" Her hesitant syllable was answer enough. She hastened to qualify it. "But there are times when I—I love you!" she said eagerly, slowly following him down the steps.

He had her arm, he was racing her along the great business streets, and she heard him laugh.

"You don't like me, but you love me, is that it?"

"Well, not exactly."

They battled along for a while in silence, heads down to the wind.

"Here's your church," he said presently. "And now's your time to decide. Either we go through with this adventure, or we don't! Day after tomorrow I leave the country. I get back early in March; I open the farmhouse anyway. It's for you to decide whether you meant what you said when you started this whole thing.

"I'm ready to go through with it. I like the idea. I think it's a darned sensible way to marry. And I think you're the sort of woman who could make a success of anything. Take it as a business if you like, with so much bad and so much good—work it out!"

"That's just what I don't want to do," she all but wailed. "It *isn't* a business!"

Barry drew her into the shelter of the great church doorway, bent his strong glasses toward his raised wrist.

"It's twenty past three. How long do you want?"

"Give me—give me five minutes!" said Norah.

(To be continued next week)

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Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 28

than boxing. To be anatomically exact, he wasn't one-legged: the calf of his right leg was twisted, giving him a crippled appearance. But he had a right hand like a tow-pole and whoever ran into it suffered the consequences. Jimmy augmented the one-legged fighter with a one-armed pugilist; but boxing commissions stepped in and the one-armed man was saved from the slaughter surely awaiting him.

Mr. Johnston, Revivalist

Again, Jimmy Johnston's faith in the grotesque, the droll, the unusual, was confirmed. He picked up a young scrapper named Daniels—a Welsh lad who had no particular record save that in an off-moment he had dusted the chin of a gawky German fighter named Max Schmeling.

Jimmy, encouraged by one partially profitable experience with a boxer of endowed genealogy—his Chinese champion—conferred royal rank on Mr. Daniels. He made him a Gypsy Prince and told how he had been born in a gypsy camp at Mount Rhondda in Wales. To promote this myth he caused Mr. Daniels to assume a swarthy complexion not altogether natural to him; curtain rings were purchased and strung to Mr. Daniels' ears. Even in the ring Mr. Daniels was obliged to wear these clumsy ornaments. And the gag got by until Mr. Daniels' honest, hard-working father back in Wales read accounts of his son's activities, whereupon he wrote letters threatening to expose his boy if he didn't put a stop instantly to the imposture. Daniels rebelled openly, refused to parade the streets in the clanking earrings and faded from the pugilistic picture—at least, in America.

These eccentricities did not make Mr. James Joy Johnston rich. They did make him renowned.

When business lagged he became the resuscitator of accepted corpses, a rebuilder of boxers who had seen their day. Successively he took up Fred Fulton, the plastered plasterer, who had left the ring for obscurity in his native Minnesota. Johnston got Fulton bookings where even Barnum would have failed. He took Mike McTigue from a mausoleum and remade him famous. Likewise Pete Latzo, the declining welterweight champion, found rejuvenation under James J. Johnston's guidance.

Even the crumbling Johnny Dundee was escorted into two titles—the junior lightweight and the featherweight—when he could barely lift his breath, let alone his gloves.

The efficiency with which Jimmy steered worn-out pugs to renewed success made his name a byword for secret power in the halls of the boxing commission. He even found himself in the proud position of being the only manager to have seven champions—two welterweights, bantamweight, featherweight, junior lightweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight. He achieved the triumph of matching two men—Mike McTigue and Jack Sharkey—when he owned one and had a tenth of the other. Prize fighters come, as is well known, in very vulgar fractions.

His next offense was named Phil Scott, the then reigning or reclining champion of England.

"I knew Scott was no good," says James. "But he had a title, so I took hold of his psychology and made him believe he was a man-killer. Why, Phil tripped himself when skipping the rope. But he could box cleverly." Not, however, cleverly enough.

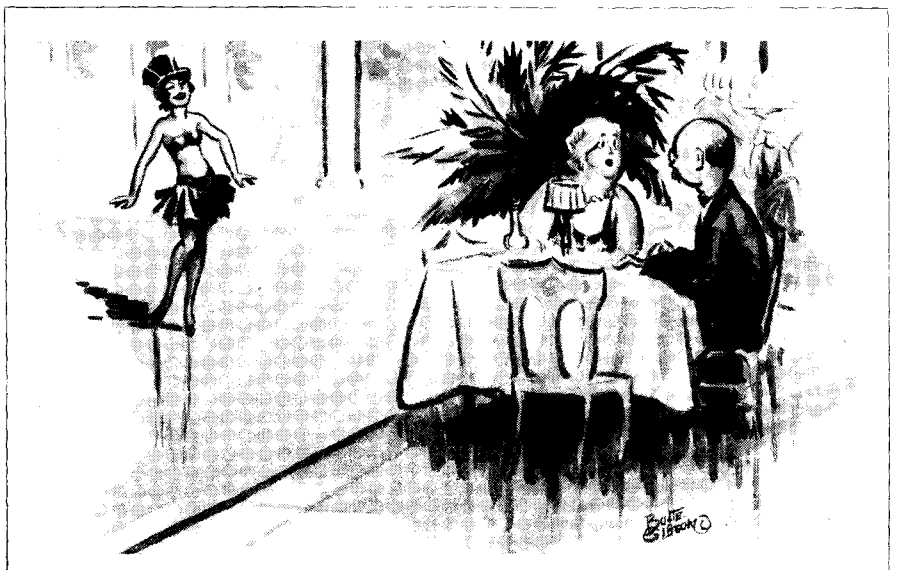
Scott wanted to continue his campaign; but Jimmy, dipping into swimming meets as a side diversion (he sent a school of human whales on a water hike off Rockaway and needed three lifeboats to save the show) and enlarging his promotional activities, sent Scott back to England and oblivion in a beauty parlor down Thornton 'Eath way.

Since then Jimmy has prospered. Rickard is gone, and the new sports magnates of Madison Square are forthright business men, which explains why Jimmy is able to snatch big matches from right under their noses.

And in his prosperity and consciousness of power James Joy Johnston has seen fit to introduce a new and frank note into the operation of the manly art. He put on a bout between one Redmond—an unknown quantity from Ireland who is now even more unknown—and the vest-pocket Venetian, Primo Carnera. Inverting all promotional tactics, Mr. Johnston announced on the eve of the fight:

"Redmond is just a bum and Carnera's a push-over for anybody who can push hard enough. It's going to be a punk fight, yet anything may happen."

Forty thousand customers went to see it happen—on a rainy night at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. That is most significant for the future of candor in sport.



"John, what does she mean—'How-de-how, hi-de-hi?'"

Bolte Gibson

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A MONTH ago I couldn't imagine what ailed me. I tossed in bed . . . couldn't sleep. I was jumpy and irritable all day. But no more!

Several of my friends told me how it helped them to cut out coffee with caffeine. They said they still drank all the coffee they wanted. But it was always Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

I took a tip and tried it. And I'll *never* change back!

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Caffeine can cause all sorts of trouble with some people. It affects their nerves . . . upsets digestion. More often it ruins a good night's rest.

Don't take a needless chance with caffeine. Drink all the coffee you want. But be sure it's Kaffee Hag Coffee. 97% of the caffeine and indigestible wax are removed from this delicious blend. Drink all the flavor and cheer of real coffee—with no harmful effects.

Your grocer has Kaffee Hag Coffee—packed in super-vacuum to preserve freshness. Buy a pound and try it. Find how fine it tastes. See if it doesn't make a difference in the way you feel. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

The Girl Without "It"

Continued from page 15

"Yes," Bill said, "I am."

"It sounds interesting," Carol said.

"But it isn't going to be interesting," Bill said. "It's just going to be uncomfortable."

"Indeed," Carol said.

Bill made a gesture toward the window he had opened. "I'm not going to yell out of that window and get somebody up here to let us out. It's too ridiculous."

"You mean," Carol said, "that you're going to make me yell for help."

Bill stood up. "No, I don't mean that. I'm not going to let you yell for help. You're going to stay here all night—until the guards open up in the morning."

Carol put out her cigarette and dropped the stub out of the window.

"Anything to put a girl in the wrong," she said.

"Anything to prove to you that you can't get away with it," Bill said.

CAROL stretched out on the sofa. It was a hard sofa. But she could imagine sleeping on it.

"If," she said, "you don't mind explaining to everybody why you kept me here when you could so easily yell for help, it's your affair."

"Explain to who?" Bill asked.

"Whom," Carol said. "It's whom in English—after a preposition."

"Explain to whom?" Bill asked.

"My father and mother and the police and everybody who'll be interested."

"But I don't intend to explain that I kept you here," Bill said. "I'm going to say that I pounded on the door and nobody came and that I yelled out of the window and nobody came, so we made the best of it."

"There's a fire-alarm box in that closet," Carol said—"the closet we hid in."

"I'm going to say I didn't think it was the proper thing to do," Bill said.

"To keep me here?" Carol asked.

"No," Bill said, "to turn in a fire alarm."

"And what do you expect me to say?"

"You won't be saying anything," Bill said. "Because if you do I'll tell the rest of it."

"You'll tell them how I pushed you in the closet."

"Exactly."

"And you think anybody will believe that?"

"Why not?" Bill asked. "You did it, didn't you?"

"Yes," Carol said, "I did. But nobody will believe I could have done it unless you wanted to go. I can't even believe it myself."

Bill jumped up. "Listen, woman," he said. "There's only one bed in this whole wing."

"I know," Carol said. "It's that four-poster down in the Haverhill Room—the one that shows the Sheraton influence."

"You can have it," Bill said.

"I like this sofa," Carol said.

"I'm going to sleep on the sofa myself," Bill said.

Carol rose. "Just as you say," she said. She slipped into her pump, which had been serving as an ash tray. "I may as well go now," she continued. "I can usually go to sleep when I want to and the time passes so quickly when you're asleep—don't you think?" She put down two packages of cigarettes and a supply of matches for Bill. "Good night, Bill," she said.

She walked down to the Haverhill Room, put the sign which said "Please do not touch" on the floor and climbed into the bed.

The bed was no more comfortable than early American beds usually are. It was still broad daylight outdoors. But she forced herself to go to sleep.

When she awoke it was, she guessed, the middle of the night. There was a broad splash of moonlight on the floor. She took two packets of matches and lighting her way with these through the rooms that had no light she reached the Portsmouth Room. Bill was sitting on the chaise longue. His cigarette was a bright spark.

"Well," he said.

"I woke up," she said. "I was afraid you hadn't gone to sleep and I knew if you hadn't gone to sleep you'd have smoked up the cigarettes I left you. I thought I'd bring you some more."

"I've still got one or two left," Bill said.

Carol gave him two fresh packets.

"Thanks awfully," Bill said.

Carol sat down on the floor and lit a cigarette. "Why don't you take the bed, Bill?" she asked. "It isn't half bad. I know I could sleep on that sofa."

"No," Bill said, "I'll stick it out."

"Don't be foolish," Carol said.

"I'm not going to explain to your family or the police or the newspapers that you slept in that bed half the night and I slept in it the other half," Bill said. "Do you think I want every columnist in town kidding me?"

Carol finished her cigarette and dropped the stub out of the window.

"I've been thinking," she said. "I've been thinking that if we stick together nobody need ever know about this."

"Go on," Bill said.

"I know all the guards. I think we can fix it up with them in the morning. We can satisfy them that we haven't done any harm and we can point out that if they say anything it will look as if they had been awfully careless. After all, they're human."

"And then what?" Bill asked.

"My family may not have noticed that I wasn't home last night. If they did, I'll tell them I got locked in the Museum."

"Alone?"

"Why not?"

"They wouldn't believe it," Bill said.

Carol lit another cigarette. "It would be sort of awful to get into the newspapers—wouldn't it?" she said.

Bill said nothing.

"But we probably won't," Carol said.

"I wish you'd go back to bed," Bill said.

CAROL went back to the Haverhill Room and climbed into the bed. It took her longer to go to sleep than it had the first time. But she did it. When she awoke the sunlight was streaming in. She put on her dress and her pumps and found a wash basin in a closet off the corridor and washed her face and made herself up freshly, and went back to the Portsmouth Room.

Bill was sitting up on the sofa again. He looked like a man who has been up all night. He looked beaten.

"I wish I had some coffee for you," Carol said. "But that seems to be one thing the American Wing doesn't provide. I'll speak to Father about it."

Bill looked at her. She was glad he looked at her. She knew she was nice to look at.

"I have decided that the less speaking either of us does, the better," Bill said.

"I suppose you're right," Carol said.

Bill sat with his face in his hands. Occasionally he glanced at her.

"Where did you wash your face?" he asked.

"I'll show you if you like," she said.

"Just tell me," he said.

When he came back he looked quite a lot fresher. He still looked as if he'd been up all night. But he was more himself. They sat and talked of indifferent things until the guards came in.

It took quite a lot of explaining. At first they were all for letting Carol go and holding Bill. They seemed to feel that it was all Bill's fault and who was he, anyway?

"Either," Carol insisted, "you let us both go or you arrest us both."

"Now, Miss McDermott," Murphy said, with more of his brogue in evidence than usual, "how in the name of heaven can we arrest the daughter of Alexander McDermott?"

"You really shouldn't," Carol said. "At least it would be simpler for everybody if you didn't."

"But this young man," Murphy said, still holding Bill's arm. "I don't like the looks of him."

"But, Murphy," Carol said, "I like him. I admit he looks a little seedy. But he's awfully decent. In most ways he's the nicest man I know. And he couldn't help himself. You know he couldn't."

Murphy grinned. It was clear that Murphy was won over.

Carol and Bill walked out into the sunshine together. They walked slowly down Fifth Avenue.

"Well," Bill said, "there isn't going to be any scandal. The newspapers will never hear about it now."

"No," Carol said, "the newspapers will never know it. Nobody will ever know it."

THEY paused at Seventy-ninth Street. That was where Carol turned east. She held out her hand to Bill. They shook hands. She knew she had lost. But she said "Good-by" firmly. She felt suddenly as if she were about to cry. But she would never let Bill see her cry. "I'm really awfully sorry—I apologize." She managed a smile.

Bill kept her hand in his. Bill looked down at her. When he looked at her that way she knew she was going to cry. If he kept looking at her that way another minute she'd burst into sobs right on Fifth Avenue.

"You win," she said. "You proved—that—that—" Her lip trembled.

"I proved what?" Bill asked.

"Y-you p-p-proved w-w-what you said you would," Carol said.

"No," Bill said. "I didn't prove anything. Except that I'm an awful fool."

She looked up at him brightly then. It was hard to look up brightly because she could feel the tears starting under her eyelids.

"At least," she said, "you proved that I wasn't seductive."

"No," Bill said, "I didn't. That's the thing I didn't prove. And now I'm going to do what I wanted to do yesterday afternoon and what I've been wanting to do ever since."

"Are you really going to slap me, Bill?" she asked. "B-b-because I wouldn't blame you. I r-r-really wouldn't."

"No," Bill said, "I'm going to kiss you—right here on Fifth Avenue."

And then the tears really did come. She wept on his shoulder and they kissed each other several times and then, seeing they were attracting attention, they went arm in arm down the street in search of breakfast.

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Swing Your Partners

Continued from page 19

easily and naturally to the sway of the dancing bodies. Windmill left arms and pump-handle elbows are sure to call forth grins from the side lines and curses from your fellow revelers. And they will ruin your balance into the bargain, for your body cannot move smoothly while one arm is waving convulsively about.

It's Your Carriage

And now for the ladies. They do a lot of complaining about men's dancing, but the fact is that men are, on the whole, much better dancers than women. They have better body balance, stronger torso muscles, and a wider, firmer base. Some expert has said, "If you think men dance badly, try dancing with women for a while. They'll wear you out in no time." Most women expect a man to carry himself and her too.

So don't put your left arm confidingly around your partner's neck, and then throw all your weight on it. Carry the weight of your own arms and shoulders. Don't pull back on your right arm, either, for that drags at your partner's neck.

More often than anything else, it's lifeless arms that make a girl heavy to dance with. So liven up your shoulders —they're what control your arms. Shrug them loose from your rib-cage and then imagine that they're very broad, so broad that they float off into space on each side. The importance of this self-supporting arm balance cannot be overemphasized.

"Following" is an even greater art than leading. It calls for good balance, for if you are not well-balanced, you are not steady enough—or ready enough —to meet sudden changes.

Practice long steps. Where teachers tell men to take short steps, they tell women to take long ones. Thus an average can be struck.

Backward or forward, step out freely. Backward steps are particularly important for women. Be sure to let your toes lead, then straighten out your foot. Step out from your hips. That's where your legs begin and that's where they should start their motion. This keeps you walking steadily back on a straight line instead of zigzagging. If you walk from your knees, your gait will be jerky. Knees should be firm but not stiff and "locked." If you "lock" your knees—that is, stiffen the knee-joint so that the kneecap is tight-set—your skeleton locks in sympathy. Try it. Your legs go stiff, your hips pop back and your stomach pops forward.

To dance steadily—and this goes for both men and women—your legs and feet should be so close together under you that your knees and ankle bones just brush each other in passing. Your weight is then balanced on a single center, and your body is ready to move instantly in any direction.

"The most vital thing in dancing," says Raymond, of Raymond and Rosetta, famous New York night-club dancers, "is the way you carry yourself. It's your carriage that makes you a good or bad dancer."

Here is the whole balance theory—the thing that gives you poise and grace and carriage—in a nutshell. And, if you catch on to it, it will cure a lot of other things beside your dancing troubles.

Your body has three heavy bony sections: the head, the shoulder girdle, and the hips. The lightest of these is at the top, and the heaviest at the bottom, just as it should be in any good structure. Get these three weights into line, one above the other, and your balance has simply got to be right! But since these three major weights are all connected by your backbone, you cannot pull one of them out of line without upsetting the others. If, for instance, you throw your shoulders back from your partner, your hips must automatically thrust themselves forward in order to maintain your balance. Again, if you lean too far forward over your partner—not to mention if you lay your head on his shoulder—you get a reverse curve that is just as ungraceful and just as fatal to your dance control. You're tippy, and consequently you step on your partner if the music stops suddenly or somebody bumps you from behind.

Of course, many people, especially very young people, do dance well with their bodies completely out of balance, but they are usually people who are so alive, so full of rhythm that they could dance on wooden legs! But the fact remains that all fine professional dancers and all couples whom your eye follows with admiration across the dance floor are sure to be dancing in balance; that is, with the three major weights of head, shoulders and hips well in line.

Small people are almost always good dancers. That's because they are so compact. Their three weights are close together, and it is easier to hold them in line. We say, too, that fat people are naturally good dancers but we mean, really, only those fat people who are so conscious of their weight that they make the effort to carry it well. Lumpy, ill-balanced heavyweights usually give up dancing early in the game—and a good job, too! There is, however, a definite basis for saying that most fat people are "light on their feet." It's because their knees are more supple than the average—they work too hard to get stiff—bending neither too far forward nor too far backward, but moving easily and readily with the rest of the leg. A great asset for any dancer.

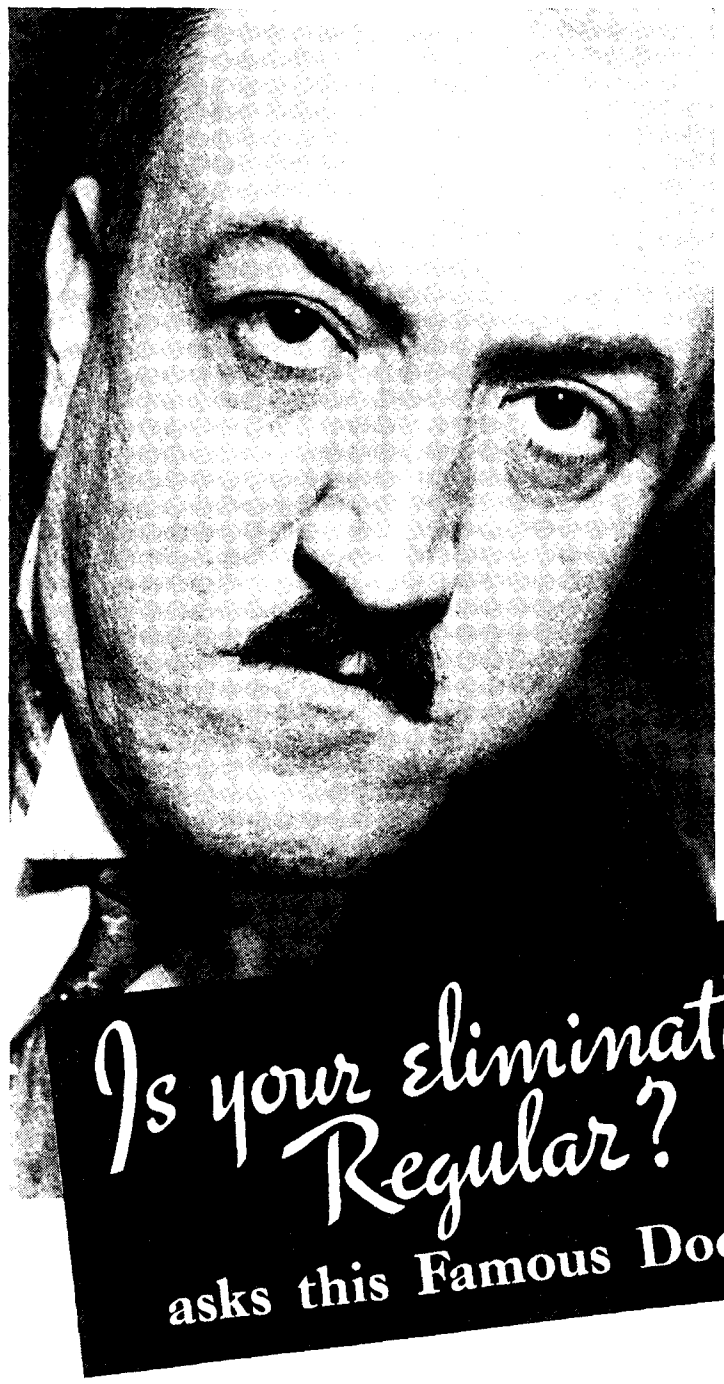
No Effort at All

Poise and balance have always been essential to good dancing. But nowadays you must have them in order to dance at all, for present-day dancing depends almost entirely upon improvised balance and sway, rather than upon a fixed step routine.

Years ago balance wasn't so important. You learned the exact dancing-school steps of the waltz, or the two-step, or the barn dance, or the what-not, and you did them. Just *them*. No more.

It was Irene and Vernon Castle who, back in 1914, threw to the winds all this artificial position and stilted count of steps. Standing naturally and closely enough for perfect response, they just let the music get into their bones and danced—gayly, lightly and easily. When upright, they were two lovely parallel columns; when swaying, they were parallel reeds blown by the same wind. It was beautiful in a new, glorious way.

All dancing should be as effortless as that. It has expressed freedom and the joy of living ever since the world began. So line up your head, shoulders and hips and get them back on the big bones nature gave you to support them. That lightens the load on your feet. Keep your legs well centered under you so that you'll be steady and poised. Then, if you start off with short simple steps, if the man leads firmly and the woman follows willingly and the music is playing gayly, you needn't worry about your dancing. You'll dance. You can't help it.



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One of the foremost consultants in Europe on diseases of the stomach and intestines. Dr. Gaehlinger says, "Constipation is serious." Read what he advises.

Is your elimination Regular?

asks this Famous Doctor

ARE you sluggish? Is your appetite poor? Do you tire easily?

It's probably—*constipation!*

"For cases of persistent constipation the best remedy I know is fresh yeast." . . . Those are the words of the celebrated Dr. Henri Gaehlinger, of Paris. Dr. Gaehlinger is the specialist on stomach and intestines of the Hôpital Bellan, and co-author of "La Constipation." *He adds:*—

"When waste matter accumulates in the intestines, poisons are absorbed . . . Indigestion, headaches, skin troubles, bad breath, coated tongue . . . and general loss of vitality result.

"Fresh yeast softens intestinal wastes and stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . *I have used it for chronic constipation for years.*"

Would you like to feel well—vigorous? Take the advice of really noted doctors and add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet. Start now to "tone" and purify your intestines . . . to restore normal, regular eliminations in a natural way!

You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Just eat 3 cakes a day, regularly, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Every cake, you know, is rich in three indispensable, health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

Why not find out what eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast will do for *you?*

(RIGHT) "I had to leave college because of my health," *writes* Miss Mary Elizabeth Sims, *of Miami Beach, Fla.* "My life was a round of special foods and medicines . . . The doctor at home diagnosed my case as auto-intoxication, and advised Fleischmann's Yeast. In three weeks I was able to discard medicines. And for the first time in my life I really enjoyed my food."

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Keep Kleenex right on the seat! Use it for cleaning windshield—for handkerchiefs—picnic napkins—everything!

DON'T START any journey—long or short—without Kleenex! These handy tissues will increase the pleasure of your trip so many different ways.

Keep a package of Kleenex right on the seat. Use a tissue to wipe off the windshield. Another to wipe away dust and perspiration from your face. You'll find it invaluable for wiping grease and dirt from your hands.

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Take Kleenex along for picnic napkins! It's convenient, inexpensive—and easily disposed of.

Kleenex comes in handy for towels, when traveling—for handkerchiefs—and other personal uses. Use it around toilet articles when packing.

Indeed, as one enthusiastic Kleenex user writes—"we use it for everything but the sandwich fillings!"

Stock up with Kleenex before you start—you'll enjoy the trip much more. Buy Kleenex at any drug or department store.

'KERFS

...are like Kleenex—but 4 thicknesses instead of 2—and finished with smart borders, for handkerchiefs or tea napkins.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Thrown!

Continued from page 23

baseman whose play was a thing of such grace and power.

The game drew to a close; was over. Dan Wheedon, Senior, went toward an exit. A multitude of emotions surged through him; riding the crest of them was happiness; and yet, down deep in the dark and swirling current, was something else.

And then he saw him. Saw the Bernie Berman of twenty years ago. A Bernie Berman now grown fat, but still the same burly, assured, feral Bernie Berman of old, coming down a bleacher aisle on ahead, licking thick lips around a thick cigar—a smiling Bernie Berman, talking with a companion of his same stripe.

Dan Wheedon went cold. Then hot. He tried to crush through the throng; gained some ground, but not enough . . . and by the time he had gotten outside, Bernie Berman was not to be seen.

THE older Dan Wheedon met the younger Dan Wheedon at the hotel.

"Why, hello, Dad!" cried the younger Dan. "My, but I'm glad to see you! But . . . what are you doing in town this time of year? I thought you only came to the city wintertimes, and . . ."

"Let's go up to your room," said Dan Wheedon, Senior, "where we can have a talk."

He knew that he should go at it slowly, that he should lead up to it, that he should take his time; and yet he couldn't. Twenty years of pressure were shoving him on.

"I saw you play this afternoon," he said when they had come into young Dan's room.

"You did?" said young Dan, and his face glowed. "Gee, that's fine! Why . . . that's the first game you've seen me play. The first game you've watched since you—why, the first game you've ever watched since you hurt your arm!"

"Yes," agreed Dan Wheedon slowly. "The first game . . . since I hurt my arm." And then Dan Wheedon had put an arm around his boy's shoulders. "Lord, boy, but it was a joy to watch you play! I was watching myself down on that field; more than myself." Then the radiant look drained from his face; he fixed his eyes upon his son's. "But . . . how are you getting along with the management?"

He knew that he shouldn't have put it that way; shouldn't have been so direct. But he had to; had to!

A wall came up around his boy. He could feel it come; could see it.

"Not so hot," young Dan said in a flat tone, his eyes hard. "They've not paid—and they've tried to ride me. . . . But we won't talk about that." Warning, his manner said, "We'll keep off that subject."

But the older Dan Wheedon wouldn't keep off it. His lips were dry. He wet them. There were a hundred questions that he should have asked first, but he rushed on:

"Do you know a man named Bernie Berman?"

Silence fell in the room. Intolerably it held. And then young Dan Wheedon was answering in a harsh voice.

"And what if I do?" He took a step toward his father. "Listen, Dad, my affairs . . . are my own affairs. And . . . that's settled!"

It was now Dan Wheedon, Senior, who took the step forward, and his eyes flamed into the eyes of his son.

"Settled? *Settled?*"

He stood still. He gave a short, mirthless laugh. He just stood there . . . and stood and stood, his eyes burning into the eyes of the other. When he spoke, it was just above a whisper:

"Your affairs . . . settled?"

A bleak smile came onto his face—the face of Dan Wheedon, Senior, idol of the baseball fans of twenty years before. At last words came, words that were almost casual, pitched at low tone:

"Listen . . . would you like to know just why your father left baseball?"

"Because you were hurt! Gee whiz, Dad, I'm sorry, but—"

Slowly Dan Wheedon, Senior, began to rotate an arm . . . his long-ago throwing arm. To rotate it, to move it faster and faster; then to flex it, to whip it through the air as one would whip a pliant piece of rope. Then dropped it to his side.

"Hurt it?" he said. "It was never hurt."

He put his hand on his son's shoulder; on the shoulder of a boy on whose face puzzlement was stamped in deep, hard lines.

"Listen," said Dan Wheedon, Senior, still with the same tone, "and I'll tell you a story. The story of a ball player and another man."

And so Dan Wheedon told his story; told it in full, and to the end.

"The name of the ball player," he concluded, "was Dan Wheedon. The name of the other man . . . Bernie Berman."

Once more in that room that evening there was silence. And then young Dan Wheedon, standing like one who had reached a farther, safer shore, said in a whisper:

"It was to have been. . . ." Then he started to shove past the older Dan Wheedon, crying, "Let me . . . go get him!"

But the older Dan Wheedon interposed:

"He's my meat. You . . . you play tomorrow as you never played before, even though it kills you!"

IN THAT next day's game, young Dan Wheedon made four errors. Never before had the stands seen him play that kind of ball. Young Dan Wheedon . . . trying so hard that he missed the easiest of chances, coming back to redeem himself with impossible plays, booting the easy ones again, making up for that by going to bat and crashing hits off the fences—and then booting the ball once more. Dan Wheedon, like a motor being run too fast, racking to pieces.

Up in the bleachers back of first base a fat man, rolling a thick cigar between thick lips, did not join with the others in their bewildered comments. Instead, he chuckled to himself. The kid was a genius! And now watch him in this ninth inning, with his team going into it with a one-run lead; watch him throw it all away.

Bernie Berman sat forward to watch. And with two out, Dan Wheedon made his fourth error, and enemy runners camped on second and third; the tying and winning runs, and a pinch hitter, left-handed, coming to the plate.

"Aha!" said Bernie Berman. "Watch."

He watched. He saw the pitcher put everything on a curve, saw the batter slash at it, get a little too much under it, send the ball rising up and up—foul—toward the bleachers between home and first base.

First-baseman Dan Wheedon, at the crack of bat on ball, began to run; to come racing in and in and in, fleeting over the ground like something possessing wings instead of feet. Bernie Berman grinned. Of course he couldn't get it—wouldn't get it. He'd make a grandstand effort, fail by a few feet, go back to his bag all out of breath, and miss the next hit or throw that came to him, and the game would be lost.

Dan Wheedon kept on. On and on and on, the ball now coming down and down, nearer and nearer toward the front row of the bleachers. Three strides away . . . two strides . . . he couldn't get it . . . and in one last supreme effort he leaped ahead, threw out his glove . . . out and down . . . caught the ball at the very last instant above the ground . . . took one more stride . . . and crashed full into the bleachers. Rebounded, rolled, and lay still—the ball held in his glove.

They got him to his feet . . . and finally he was able to walk. And the bleachers gave him ovation after ovation. All, save one man—hulking, fat man, chewing his cigar, his face twisted and purple with rage; his face still twisted as he reached the street.

"Cross me, will he?" he was muttering. "Wait! I got an ace up my sleeve."

"So've I," said a voice, and something hard poked Bernie Berman in the small of the back. "Not a word—and keep going."

Bernie Berman swung his head, and looked sideways into the face . . . of the past. Into the face of the older Dan Wheedon.

"Keep going," said Dan Wheedon, "or you'll get it right here."

Bernie Berman's knees buckled, but he kept going.

The two, shoulder to shoulder, marched with the rest of the baseball throng down the street.

"Turn here," said Dan Wheedon, nudging with his hidden right hand where it lay in his coat pocket. A great, empty lot lay beyond the ball park, with cliffs rising on its far side, at the base of which were a number of steam shovels, now tenantless and through work for the day. Toward these the two men marched, and the fat one of the two now began to blubber:

"Oh . . . don't . . . kill me. I'll do anything . . . anything. I'll . . ."

They were now behind one of the shovels; screened from view all around.

Once more the fat man began to blubber, shrilly, "Don't shoot me! I'll . . ."

"Shoot you?" said Dan Wheedon. "That wouldn't do you any good. There's only one thing that does any good to your cowardly kind, and that's . . . this!"

He yanked his empty right hand out of his pocket and crashingly swung his fist. . . .

THAT evening, a fat man who looked as though he had been in an accident painfully climbed aboard a train, and as he climbed, groaning the while, he moaned—repeatedly moaned—"Not a cop in sight. . . . Nobody to stop him!"

At the same time, in the room of a hotel, two men sat in chairs closely drawn up beside each other. The older of the two was holding three pictures cut from newspapers, two of them yellow with age and scarcely distinguishable from long handling, the third new and fresh-cut that evening.

One of the yellowed pictures was that of a large, heavy, red-faced old man in baseball uniform, with the caption "Pat Rafferty, Manager." The other yellowed one was that of a lithe, slender youth . . . and "Dan Wheedon, First base," the lettering ran. The new picture was one that might have been this selfsame youth, repictured twenty years later, unchanged.

"The three of us," said Dan Wheedon, holding out the pictures and looking at them. "The three of us going together from here."

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 9

"Is that why you asked me to come down? You wanted to tell me this? As a matter of fact, I nearly didn't come. I had rather a heavy night with a patient—"

"You have no patients," she said. "I doubt if there is anybody in London quite so foolish as to employ you."

He smiled at this.

"You employ me; that's enough. The best patient in the world, eh?" He chuckled as at a good joke. "That chauffeur of yours is not too good—that man Studd. He had the damned impertinence to ask me why I didn't bring my own chauffeur; and he's a little bit too friendly with Willie."

"Who told you?" she asked quickly.

"I've heard all about it. There are quite a number of people in this neighborhood who keep me posted as to what is happening."

He smiled complacently. He had indeed two very good friends at Mark's Thornton. There was, for example, the pretty wife of one of Lady Lebanon's gamekeepers, but she did not know this.

"What has Isla to say about it?"

"I haven't told her."

HE TOOK the cigarette from his lips and regarded it thoughtfully.

"Yes, it's not a bad idea. Strangely enough, it never occurred to me." He pulled at his little Vandyke beard. "Isla . . . yes, an extraordinarily good idea."

If she was surprised at his approval she did not show it.

"She's a blood relation of Lebanon, too." He nodded. "Wasn't there another Lebanon who married in similar circumstances—his cousin, I mean?"

He looked up at the dark family portraits that were hung on the stone wall.

"One of those ladies, wasn't it? I've a good memory, eh? I remember the history of the Lebanons almost as well as you."

He took out his watch with some ostentation.

"I'll be getting back—" he began.

"I want you to stay," she said.

"I have rather an important appointment this afternoon—"

"I want you to stay," she repeated. "I have had a room prepared for you. Studd, of course, must go. He has been telling Willie the village gossip."

The doctor sat upright.

"About me?" he asked quickly.

"About you? What should they know about you? Why should they talk about you?"

He was a little confused, and laughed.

"Well, you know, malice loves a radiant mark."

If she had her views about the quality of his radiance she did not express them.

He accepted her wish as a command, grumbled a little, but as he had not the excuse that he was unprepared for a stay he had no excuse at all.

"By the way"—she called him back from the stairs—"did you ever meet Studd in India? He was stationed in Poona."

Dr. Amersham's face changed.

"In Poona?" he said sharply. "When?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know, but from what I've heard he has told people he knew you there; which is another reason why he should leave Mark's Priory."

Dr. Amersham knew another, but he kept this to himself.

Mr. Kelver, the butler at Mark's Priory, used to stand by the sanctuary door for an hour on a fine evening, looking across the lovely weald of Sussex, wondering, and never exactly reaching any decision on the matter, whether it was consonant with his dignity and his grandeur to be segregated from his employer at nine o'clock every evening. For at that hour her ladyship with her own hands turned the key in the lock of the big oaken door which thereafter shut off the northeast wing of Mark's Priory from the rest of the house.

A queer household, he thought. He half confided his view to Studd, though he never gave that polite and experienced man his fullest confidence. For Mr. Kelver belonged to an age which knew nothing of chauffeurs, and he had never placed these alert and skillful mechanics in the order of domestic precedence. They had been a puzzle to him since they first "came in." A butler of Mr. Kelver's experience knew to a nicety the subtle distinctions in importance between a first footman and a lady's maid; unerringly he could balance the weight of a cook against a valet; but chauffeurs were not so easy.

Studd had been accepted, became "Mister Studd," and was as near to being in the butler's confidence as any servant could hope to be. And lately Mr. Kelver had felt the need of a confidant.

He was thinking about Studd when that man appeared round one of the towers of the Priory. Mr. Kelver greeted him with a gracious nod, and Studd, on his way to the garage, stopped. He was a little flushed.

"I've just had a few words with Amersham!" he jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "What a gentleman! And what a doctor! If her ladyship knew what I know he wouldn't last five minutes in this place. Indian Army, eh? I could tell you something about the Indian Army!"

"Really?" said Mr. Kelver politely.

He never encouraged gossip, but was generally anxious to hear it.

"It's a funny thing," Studd went on. "I met a fellow down in the village, a queer-looking customer, who said he had been to India. I had a drink with him in the private bar of the White Hart. I didn't say much, I just listened to him. But he's been there all right."

KELVER, thin, aristocratic, lifted his silvered head and looked down his aquiline nose at the little chauffeur.

"Has Dr. Amersham been—er—complaining?" he asked.

Studd came back to his grievance savagely.

"Something gone wrong with his bus," he said. "He wanted me to put it right in five minutes, and it's a two-day job. You'd think he was the boss here, wouldn't you—honestly, wouldn't you, Mr. Kelver?"

Kelver smiled mysteriously and made his conventional reply to such embarrassing questions.

"It takes all sorts of people to make a world, Mr. Studd," he said.

Studd shook his head.

There was a quick step on the graveled path and Dr. Amersham came into view.

"Well, Studd, have you finished the work on my car?"

He had a sharp, rather ugly voice. His manner normally was provocative.

"No, I haven't finished the work on your car," said Studd aggressively; "and what's more, I'm not going to finish the work on your car tonight. I'm going down to the ball."

The doctor's face went white with rage.

"Who gave you permission?"

(Continued on page 46)

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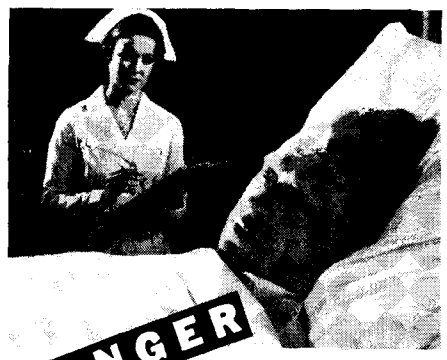

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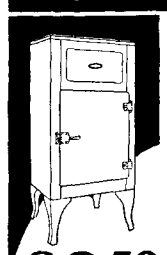

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349 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 45)

"The only person in this house who can give me permission," said Studd loudly. "His lordship."

The little beard of the doctor was quivering with anger.

"You can find another job."

"Find another job, can I?" snarled Studd. "What sort of a job, doctor—signing other people's names on checks?"

The doctor's face went from white to crimson and then the color faded till it was gray.

"If I get another job it will be an honest job. It won't be robbing a brother officer—take that from me! And whatever job I take I shan't be pinched for it, or go up for trial for it, or be kicked out of the army for it!"

His tone was significant, accusatory. Amersham wilted under the glare of his eyes, opened his mouth to speak but could only find a few tremulous words.

"You know too much for your good, my friend," he said and walked away.

Mr. Kelver had listened uncomprehendingly, a little aghast at the impropriety of Studd's words, uneasy as to whether he should intervene or whether, even without intervention, he was tacitly compromised. If he had been sure of Studd's position in the hierarchy of service . . .

He had the impression—and here he was right—that Dr. Amersham had been unaware of his presence.

"That's got him!" said Studd triumphantly. "Did you see him change color? He's going to fire me, is he?"

"I don't think you should have spoken to the doctor in that tone, Studd." Kelver was mildly reproachful.

The chauffeur was in the exalted state of one who had spoken his mind and was superior to disapproval.

"Now he knows his place, and there are one or two other things I could say," he said.

There was a fancy-dress ball at the village hall that night, in aid of the bowling club. In the dusk of the evening came a carriage from the hall, carrying a pierrot, a pierrette, a gypsy woman and an Indian to the festivities.

Mr. Kelver did not approve of servants wearing theatrical costumes—even though they were homemade. It removed them from his jurisdiction. He had a word or two to say about the hour they should return. He was concerned about the impropriety of the pierrette's legs. It was the first time he was aware that the under-housemaid had legs. But mostly he had a word of fatherly advice for the gorgeous Indian, who was Studd.

"If I were you, Mr. Studd, I think I should see the doctor in the morning and apologize. After all, if you're in the right you can afford to apologize, and if you're in the wrong you can't afford not to."

AFTER the fly had gone he strolled into the hall, making his final tour before he retired to the servants' wing, putting a cushion in place, removing an empty glass—obviously the doctor's—that had been left on her ladyship's desk.

Later he saw the doctor. He was standing in one of the window recesses in the main corridor, with the two footmen: Brooks, stout and spectacled, and the gaunt Gilder. They were talking together in low tones, head to head. Somebody else saw them. Lord Lebanon, in the doorway of his room, watched the conference, a little amused. He said good night to Kelver as he passed, then called him back.

"Isn't that the doctor?" He was a little shortsighted.

"Yes, my lord, it's the doctor and Gilder, and, I think, Brooks."

"What the devil are they talking about? Kelver, don't you think this is a queer house?"

Kelver was too polite a man, too perfect a servant, to agree. He thought the house was very queer, and the two footmen the most outrageous phenomena that Mark's Priory offered. But they were not under his jurisdiction: that fact had been made very plain to him by her ladyship on the day he had arrived. Moreover, they were not excluded from the living-rooms after nine o'clock, but had the free run of the house.

"I have always felt, my lord," he said, "that it takes all sorts of people to make a world."

Willie Lebanon smiled.

"I think you've said that before, Mr. Kelver," he said gently, and, surprisingly and a little embarrassingly, he patted the aged man on the shoulder.

THERE was a man named Zibriski, who, being of a poetical turn of mind, called himself Montmorency. He was called other names which were not as polite by people who found themselves in possession of currency notes which had been printed by the offset process on one of Mr. Zibriski's private presses. As curios they were admirable, as instruments of exchange they were entirely a failure. He made a very respectable living; went to Monte Carlo in the winter and to Baden-Baden in the summer; kept an expensive flat in London—two, if his peroxided wife only knew—and drove about in a highly chromiumed American car.

He was no common retailer of spurious notes, but a master man in a very big way. He had a press in Hanover and another in the back part of a small hotel in one of the little streets near the quay at Ostend. His five-pound notes were beautifully printed and most impressively numbered. Cashiers of banks had accepted them; they had passed without detection under the eagle-beaked croupiers of Deauville.

A man, one Briggs, of many convictions, who passed through life with the delusion that dishonesty paid, came down to the little village of Mark's Thornton and put up at the White Hart. He was the sub-agent, and presently Mr. Montmorency would call in his glittering car, would spend the night, and deliver to Briggs four imposing packages, receiving half the market value on account. Briggs, in turn, would distribute these packages in likely quarters, make a hundred-per-cent profit and perhaps a little more if he had the courage to negotiate these notes himself.

He came to Mark's Thornton to await the arrival of the wholesaler, and there arrived at the same time in a neighboring village two inoffensive-looking strangers, who were less interested in Briggs than in Zibriski.

"I followed him to Mark's Thornton," said Detective-Sergeant Totty. "In my opinion nothing will happen there—"

"Your opinion," said Chief-Inspector Tanner of the Criminal Investigation Department, "is so unimportant that I scarcely hear it; and, anyway, it's second-hand; it's a view that I have already expressed."

"Why not take Briggs now?" asked Totty.

He was a man under the usual height, rather pompous of manner, a courageous man but somewhat short of vision. Tanner, seventy-three inches in his stockinged feet, looked down on his subordinate and sighed.

"And charge him with what?" he asked. "You couldn't even get him under the Prevention of Crimes Act. Besides, I don't want Briggs. I want Zibriski. Every time I see a photograph of that man throwing roses at beautiful females in Nice I get a pain. There isn't a police force in Europe that doesn't know he's the biggest slush

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merchant in the world, and yet he has never had a conviction. We'll do a little mobile police work tonight, Totty."

"Rather a nice village, Mark's Thornton," said Totty. "In fact, I nearly took a room at the White Hart. It's silly, trying to keep observation six miles away. Grand old castle there, too."

Tanner nodded.

"That is the seat of Viscount Lebanon —Mark's Priory."

"Very old-fashioned," suggested Sergeant Totty.

"Naturally it would be," said Tanner dryly. "They started building it somewhere around 1060."

In the dusk of the evening they drove over to the village, passed the White Hart and went slowly up the hill road which skirts the Priory. From the crest of the hill you had an uninterrupted view of the grim house with the four towers which stood one at each corner of the building. In Tudor days the curtain wall had been pulled down and a monstrous piece of Tudorism had been built into it.

TANNER stopped the car and examined the building curiously.

"Looks like a prison," said Totty. "Rather like Holloway Castle."

Mr. Tanner did not deign to reply.

There was no sign of Zibriski in any of the villages they visited. At eleven o'clock they returned to their lodging. Nor did Zibriski come the next day, nor the next. At the end of the week Tanner went back to London. He had excellent information about the movements of the underworld, so accurate indeed that he was satisfied that Zibriski had been warned of his presence and had changed his plan. Here, however, he was wrong.

On the night of the fancy-dress ball Zibriski arrived, met his agent in his room, and there was a swift exchange of good money and bad. Briggs packed the spurious notes in his bag, and, this done, having that contentment of mind which is the peculiar possession of criminals, he went out for a stroll.

There was some sort of ball on. He stood outside the village hall, heard the strange sounds which were emitted by a hired jazz band, and, climbing the hill, came to a stile, where he sat, filled his pipe, and speculated pleasantly upon his good fortune. For Zibriski notes were good trading, and he was certain of his hundred-per-cent profit.

He saw somebody coming up the road, a strange apparition, wearing a robe and a turban. There was a half moon that night. Briggs got down from the stile and peered curiously. An Indian? Then he remembered the fancy-dress ball.

The man passed him with a cheery good night. From his voice Briggs gathered that he had been drinking a little. He crossed the stile into the field, on his way to the big house. Briggs resumed his seat on the stile and relit his pipe, which had gone out.

Then suddenly from behind him came the beginning of a scream of mortal agony. It lasted only for a fraction of a second. The man on the stile felt the hair on his head rise. He turned round, trying to pierce the darkness, but could see nothing. The ex-convict took out his handkerchief and wiped his damp forehead.

Then he heard the sound of somebody running towards him, and presently he saw a man.

"Who's that?" asked a voice sharply.

In the faint moonlight he saw a peaked face with a little brown beard, and gaped at the sight.

"Who are you?" He was surprised to find how husky his voice was.

"All right, I'm Dr. Amersham," snapped the man with the beard.

"Who was that screamed?" asked Briggs.

"Nobody screamed—an owl, I expect."

Amersham turned and faded into the darkness.

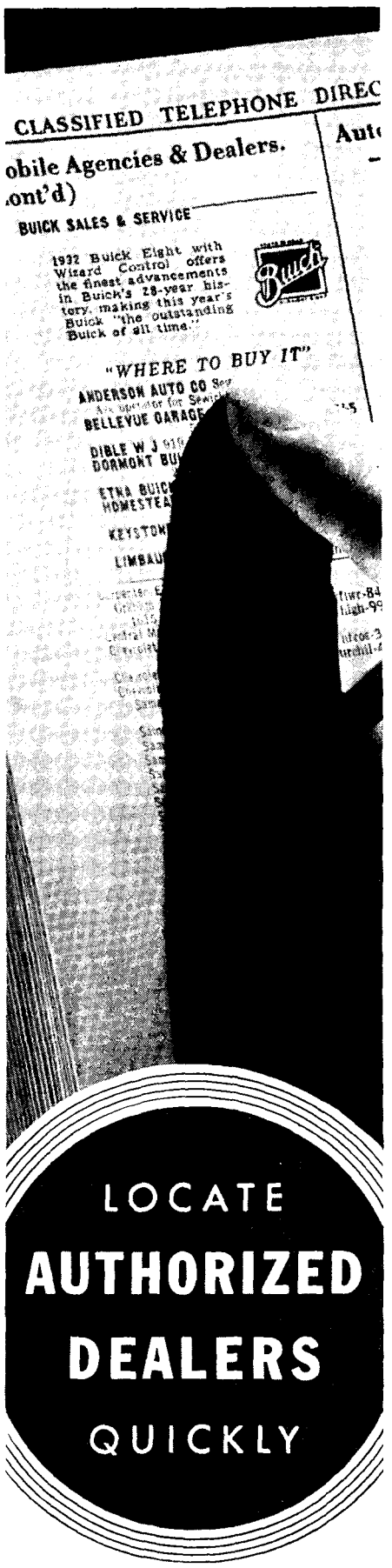
Briggs sat for a long time. He was a little terrified, but he had the intense curiosity which is the Cockney's virtue, and presently he swung over to the other side of the stile and moved gingerly along the beaten path. He remembered he carried a small flashlight in his hip pocket, and took it out, throwing a beam of light ahead of him, and continued.

He was on the point of turning back when he saw something glitter in the light of his lamp. It came from a heap that lay by the side of the path. He moved forward a pace and his heart began to beat violently. Briggs hesitated again, set his teeth, and continued his investigation.

It was a man—the man who had passed him in Indian costume. He lay still, motionless. About his neck was a red scarf, tightly tied . . . and he was dead . . . strangled.

(To be continued next week)

"Look, Henry—the stork visited us last night" *Lawrence La Riar*



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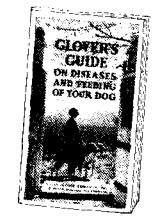

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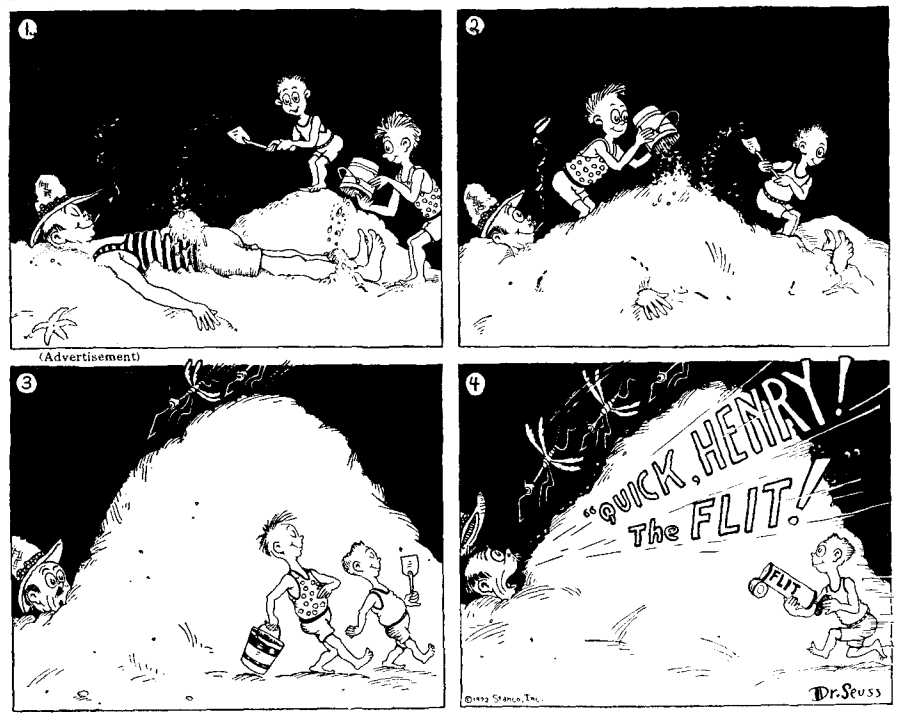

(Advertisement)

The Shattered Cause of Temperance

Continued from page 21

come across continuously. They acquire the qualifications to purchase liquor, necessary under Canadian law, by taking a bedroom. They drink whisky or gin, mostly straight, and they aim at getting drunk."

Anyone who has seen an American ship arrive in a "free" port will recall the disgusting spectacle of intoxication of both old and young American citizens so often paraded to the contempt of foreigners.

Dry and Bothered

No one who likes and admires the American people and has faith in the grandeur of their destiny but has felt humiliated to see a gathering of eminent and influential men shuffling about uneasily from foot to foot at some officially dry party, forbidden as if they were schoolboys from the whisky and soda which would have made the entertainment easy and comfortable. Anyone who has seen a great banquet where the guests smoke cigarettes with every spoonful even of their soup, and flit out of the room at intervals to lap gin and whisky in some privy apartment, will sympathize with the ill usage to which all that is genial and all that is hospitable in Uncle Sam is being subjected.

The traveler must not judge only from New York. There, everyone is in league against prohibition. Liquor flows in copious abundance, but through unwholesome channels. I must confess that on one occasion I was taken to a speakeasy. I went, of course, in my capacity of a Social Investigator. The den was but a few blocks from my hotel. Some interchanges were made at the portals by my guides and companions, and we were admitted.

I was recognized and the two orchestras which had been alternating their performances played God Save the King. The room was fairly large, dark, stuffy and very overcrowded. The bulk of the company graciously stood up to the British national anthem, just as we do in England when The Star-Spangled Banner is played. I caught one or two comments, "We don't have to stand up; we are Americans." "Oh, well, we are all very friendly here."

Dining in Uproar

All the charm, grace, good will, courtesy of American life, but in what surroundings! What a place to eat a dinner! When *I* dine after a hard day's work, I like serenity, calm, good food, cold beverages. I like to see attractive female forms, elegantly attired, moving, parading to their places in the restaurant. I like the rhythm and murmur of distant music. I might even like a dance. But there I saw all that one would avoid at dinner-time—crowds, bad cooking, bad service, bawling jazz bands, funereal lighting, hustle and disturbance!

Yet this was one of the most fashionable dining places in New York. Why? Because there was liquor. Every kind of wine, all sorts of spirits (reputed safe) blazoned on the counter, could be purchased at prices not far ahead of those which rule in London now. And here was this large gathering of Americans putting up with all the discomfort, ugliness and craziness of their surroundings for the sake of being able to do what to every man and woman in Europe has never been denied.

The behavior of the company was most respectable and their demeanor dreary; but in their hearts they had the feeling of an awful joy. They were doing something which they ought not to do. They were doing something in defiance of a law which they hated and despised. All their insurgent impulses were enlisted in the enterprise. There were no hardships they would not face to get their rights and to get their way.

Meanwhile the magnificent hotel I had come from presented in its splendid dining-rooms an admirable cuisine, a wonderful orchestra, perfect attendance, everything that luxury could conceive—and it was absolutely deserted. No one would dine there. The hotel was too obvious a target, its interests were too large to break the law; so the dining-rooms were empty and the waiters stood kicking their heels in solitude.

As they dare not sell any drink, the hotels have to make their living out of the food. You are charged half a dollar for the juice of one orange such as you can buy for a halfpenny in the London streets. This is a world of topsy-turvydom.

But the same absurdities present themselves in the South and in the West. Always we used to be told how necessary it was to prevent the Negroes from obtaining liquor. They *make* all they want now. What is called "stump-juice" is distilled in unlimited quantities over vast areas.

Topsy-Turvy Land

Twenty times the present police force would be required to prevent it, and probably half the present police force, out of good nature or improper interest, turns a blind eye. The acme was reached in the Middle West. Here, in bone-dry states, the law makes even the possession of liquor a crime. Yet the traveler experienced no difference in the hospitality which was proudly offered to him.

The responsible heads and magistrates of great cities uniformly denounced prohibition, and most of them observed a strict personal teetotalism in order to strengthen their position in attacking this evil. How different is their attitude from that of the shabby politician who spouts his dry peroration with a flask on his hip and refreshes himself after cooing to the electors by habitual and often excessive alcoholic indulgence!

In one hotel, which must be nameless, I was gravely informed that mineral water could not be served in public. "We are bound to regard the conjunction of mineral water, ice and a tumbler as a 'set-up' for drinking. It would only require the addition of whisky or gin to constitute a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment." Such risks could not be run. Temptation must be grappled with in its earliest and most insidious stages. Yet upstairs every kind of liquor could be consumed in the presence of the same waiters, and not only consumed if brought, but obtained on the spot by persons who desired it for themselves or for their guests.

For all the rest of the world except the United States the monetary question is the most clamant of our problems. It is also tremendously important to Americans. But the life-and-death issue in America is the cleansing of the land from the shams, shames, hypocrisies and diseases of prohibition.

Is there then no remedy? From this shattered cause of temperance, from these plundered American revenues, from these hideous cephalopods of crime springing at so many points into dominant life, from this misguided and

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rritated new generation, from these in-ulted laws of a great people—is there hen no escape? The Constitution bars he way. Prohibition, carried while the irst two million fighting men of the Jnited States were overseas, carried in var hysteria and by the uncomprehend-ng woman's vote, can never be reversed o long as thirteen states of the Union ind partisans base enough to inflict his injury upon their country.

Ardent social reformers, earnest atriots, experienced able statesmen, enators and governors, recoiling dis-eartened from a mechanical deadlock, ake refuge in cynicism.

In the highest quarters it is said, Why worry? Those who like prohi-ition have got it, those who don't can et what they want." Or again, "The lry ticket is good for one more elec-tion." This is the philosophy of despair.

Meanwhile the great republic of the United States is in many ways, in most material ways, the leading nation of the world. In her successful surmounting of her own enormous difficulties, in her manifestations of her own inexhaust-ible strength, lies a large portion of the hopes and buoyancy of mankind. With the realization of their inherent strength, which imprints itself upon me the more I see of them, and of their future glory, which no man can doubt, I avow my confidence that, in one way or another and at no distant date, the American democracy will shake itself free from these mischievous follies, petty tyrannies and entanglements, and restore law and liberty to the thrones from which they have so ig-nominiously ejected each other.

Helping Hands

Continued from page 26

ut just ain't going to quit penniless.

"Listen," says she, "my husband is a ool for stud poker. He will bet ten housand on a card. If you don't want o go in on this for me, please say so. But this is my scheme. I don't want ou to put up a cent. I can get five housand dollars—five grand—together nd I will turn it over to you and we vill play a little stud poker in my hus-and's apartment at the hotel tonight.

"My husband will be a little drunk as sual. I will stand back of him and ignal to you what his hole card is and ou will know just how to bet. Use ny five thousand dollars and the chances re you will be able to take upwards of ifty thousand away from him in a few ights. Then we will split fifty-fifty. Maybe you will take a hundred grand.

"And now," she says, "I have a con-ession to make to you. I know how to elp you take this money from my usband because, I am ashamed to say, have helped him win by standing be-ind other fellows he has been playing vith and tipping him off to the other ellow's hole card. He don't need the noney, but he is that way. I am shamed of myself, but since I met you t seems I haven't any more secrets."

Now of course Miss Lilly Pim don't lways get her man. Sometimes he ets a mite suspicious. But, generally peaking, she don't waste much time. When you get picked by Miss Lilly you re generally glad it wasn't some other ellow—that is, until you find out that Miss Lilly is a terrible fraud and you re the boss of all the suckers.

Why, I know a gentleman who fell so ard for Lilly that he absolutely re-used to use her five grand, telling her hat he was rich and would get revenge or her with his own money and that he would not think of taking a penny of he winnings. In fact, he wrote her etters promising that it would not be ess than a hundred grand. He not only ost fifty grand before waking up but aid twenty-five grand for his letters. But of course Miss Lilly don't have luck ike that often.

Four Noble Gentlemen

What happens is this: The victim sits lown to play two-handed stud with Grady for Miss Lilly's sake. Behind Grady is Miss Lilly all ready to tip off ner knight to the identity of Grady's nole card. Grady lets on he's drunk.

Now these cards that Grady's using are artfully marked. As Grady riffles them or runs his thumb down their corners his keen eyes or sensitive fingers inform him what every card is. Just take a deck of cards in your left hand, place your right hand over the deck as if you were about to deal. But before dealing, sort of move your left thumb to the right, moving the cards a little so that the upper left corners of the cards are exposed to your eyes—oh, say about half a dozen. In this way you would be able to see what the next card is, and the next, and next. The mark-ing is in this upper left-hand corner.

As a matter of well-known fact, Grady always wins in the long run. Just can't lose if you know what cards you are going to get and what cards your opponent is going to get. That's the truth. You can't lose. It may take time, but you can't lose.

And remember this: The customer is not losing a cent of his own. He is playing with Miss Lilly's money. Re-member too, he's pretty well smitten with Miss Lilly by this time and when he has lost all her five grand he is nigh onto heartbroken. Grady always quits when he has won five thousand—quits for a little while anyway, leaving the room on some sort of excuse so that Lilly can speak to her new-found friend.

"Oh," says she, "I never saw such rotten luck. Things broke right into his hands. He can't keep up that kind of luck. Oh, I don't mind the five thou-sand. Please, please, don't say any more about it. I'm miserable, but please say no more about it. But can't you get some money—somewhere? Can't you? I haven't another penny. Oh, do try to get some money. I know this bad luck of ours can't last. Please, please. For me."

Once in a long, long while this appeal to the customer's heart and better na-ture, to say nothing of his bank account, fails. Miss Lilly picks them with her intelligence wide open.

"Little woman, have no fear. I have plenty of money. I will get back your five thousand dollars and plenty more."

I happen to know of four elegant gentlemen who responded nobly. One came back with ten thousand dollars. Another with twenty-five thousand. The others contributed at least five thou-sand each. They lost. And I don't know how many of them went to Lilly for solace and to tell her that it was all right, that there was more where that came from. And would she flee with them?

But Lilly and young Grady were well on their way yonder by that time.

Yessir, it was a sort of joy to see young Grady work. It reminded me. Sort of pained me too. I never got a look at the big money. Hardly any of us old-timers did. But shucks, my fingers are stiff and my eyes ain't what they used to be. Getting awful old too.

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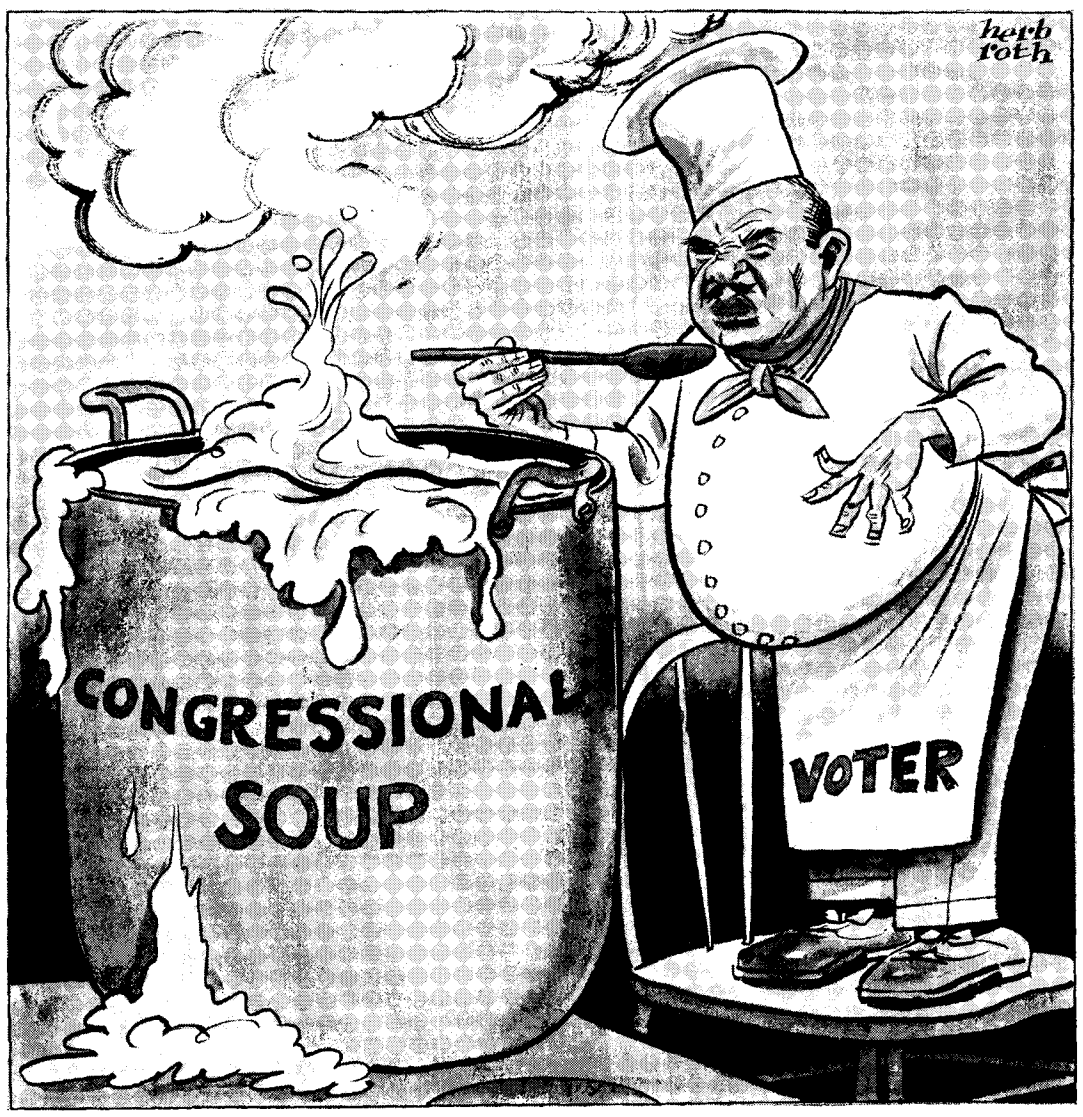

THE Seventy-second Congress is not popular. You would, in fact, have to go far back in history to find a body of lawmakers that has been so bitterly criticized. Not since General Grant was President, certainly, has any Congress been so cordially and so generally disliked.

Yet less than two years ago we elected most of these men and women to represent us. The great majority were already in Congress. We knew them, their virtues and their weaknesses, and how they might be expected to vote. Knowing what we did, still we sent them to Washington.

Nobody, not even the members themselves, is well pleased with what they said and did. The most flattering comment on the laws actually passed is that they might have been worse.

So great is the discontent with our talkative lawmakers that for the first time within a hundred and forty-odd years there is open talk of the benefits of a dictatorship. The conversation about dictators is, of course, frivolous and silly.

There is not the slightest practical chance of a dictatorship in the United States now or at any time in the predictable future. The forty-eight states are too well established for anything like that. The talk about dictators is merely a kind of political profanity which expresses irritation at Congress.

The real trouble with Congress is not that it failed to respect the public will but rather that it has been hysterical in its efforts to do what it thought we as voters wanted. The one obsession of a congressman has been his passion not to lose his job. So some of the members outdid the chameleon on a Scotch plaid in their frantic efforts to identify themselves with what they thought were the colors of their various constituents.

Affairs were made worse by the lack of party power or responsibility. Congress was neither Republican nor Democratic. There were no leaders and there was no organization able to command certain support for any program. Even Republicans and Democrats were divided among themselves. Cliques, not parties, ruled.

This condition of divided responsibility and of no responsibility came at the very time when rapidly changing conditions demanded swift and well-considered action. A disorganized Congress was a ship without a captain, traveling through stormy waters. The wonder is not that Congress behaved badly but rather that it accomplished anything at all. Finally the good sense of individuals prevailed when organized responsibility disappeared.

Now we are considering the merits of the various candidates who want to be members of the Seventy-third Congress.

If that body is to be an improvement on its predecessor, we shall have to do some shrewd picking between now and November.

Unless there is a political landslide the chances of obtaining a congressional majority obedient to the President and to party leaders are not great. Borahs, LaGuardias and Norrises do not respond to party whips. The Democratic insurgents are just as independent.

The primary system of nomination has tended to break down party control. Henry Field of Iowa won the Republican senatorial nomination over Senator Brookhart, not because the Republican organization preferred him, but because he had become a popular radio announcer. An organization can command only when it has power to reward or to punish. What authority has a political organizatio over a Henry Field or Huey Long?

This weakness o party control increase the necessity of sendin competent, courageou men and women to Con gress.

There are strong an intelligent men in botl parties and there ar scalawags in botl parties. Worse ever than the scalawags ar the weaklings. Withou positive convictions and with not too mucl intelligence they are th easy prey of lobbies an vocal minorities.

A Congress made u of such men and wome won't be much help t any President, Republi can or Democratic, an certainly of not muc value to the country.

Collier's takes n sides in partisan poli tics. We indorse n candidates. Betwee Republicans and Demo crats we express n preference.

Whoever is electe President, however, i entitled to the suppor of an intelligent Con gress. Consequently, however you vote in the Presidential election, look sharply at your senatorial and congressional candidates.

Other things being equal, don't split your national ticket. We shall have more efficient government if the President, whoever he may be, has a comfortable working majority in both houses.

Where it is essential to split your ticket in order not to vote for a clearly unfit candidate, be sure that the man or woman you support has courage, intelligence and character.

We cannot foresee the issues on which the new Congress must act. We cannot reasonably in advance exact pledges from candidates. What we can do is to elect representatives who can be trusted to vote in the public interest after a full consideration of the facts presented.

There is time enough now to consider carefully the congressional candidates. Don't vote blindly this year of all times. Don't split your ticket capriciously. Get the measure of the candidates and support those who can be trusted honorably to represent you.

We choose now. After election we shall be spectators. If we don't like the next congressional show, we can blame ourselves.

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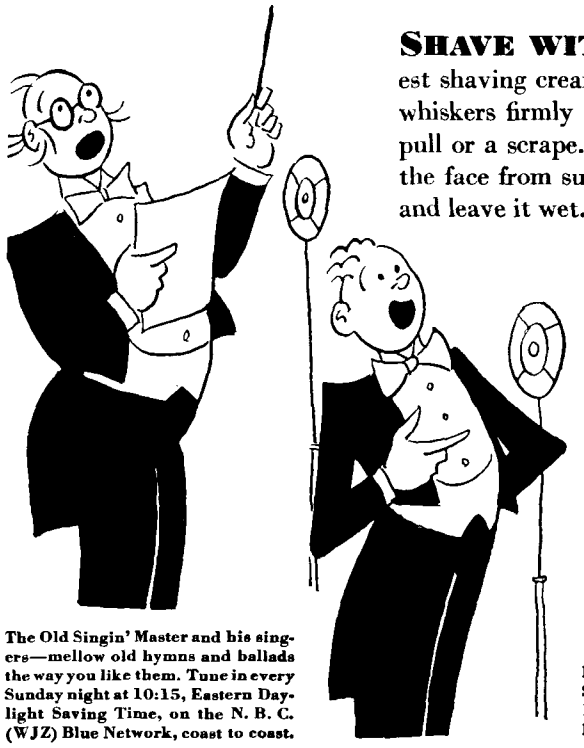
HENRY HAS THE LITTLE WOMAN GUESSING

...OW, HENRY, DON'T START GROWLING ...IKE A LION WITHOUT A CAGE. ...OU'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THE JONESES COME ...VER AND THAT'S THAT!
O.K. LITTLE GIRL, I'LL DO 'ER.

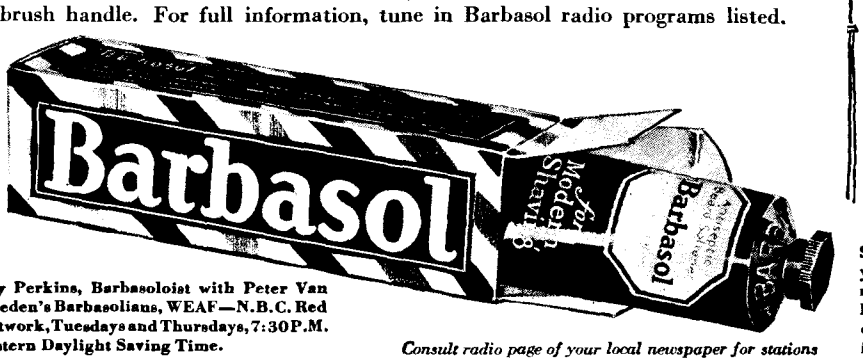
...EH! FOOLED THE OLD GIRL. SHE ...OESN'T KNOW I STARTED USING ...ARBASOL. DOESN'T HURT TO ...HAVE TWICE A DAY. JUST THE ...TUFF FOR ...ENDER SKIN ...IKE MINE.



The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the N. B. C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.

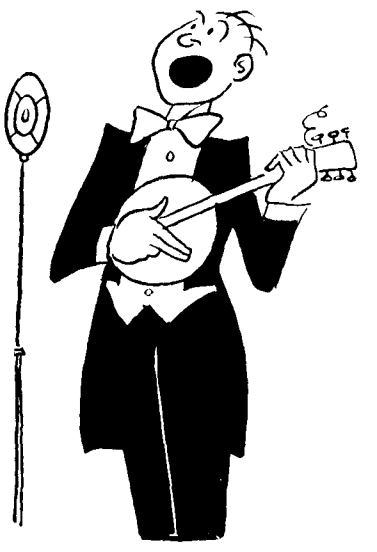
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! And do it with Barbasol, the coolest, smoothest shaving cream on the market. Because it's a cream, not a soap, Barbasol holds the whiskers firmly upright, gives the razor proper resistance so it glides along without a pull or a scrape. Leaves the natural oil in so the skin stays soft and pliable. Protects the face from sun- and windburn. Try it today. And use it *right:* Wash your face and leave it wet. Smooth on Barbasol (no need to rub it in). Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all there is to it for the cleanest, coolest, quickest shave you've ever had. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE—In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

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Cross-Blending

YOU'VE HEARD how fruit of one variety has been crossed with fruit of another to produce a new and more pleasing flavor.

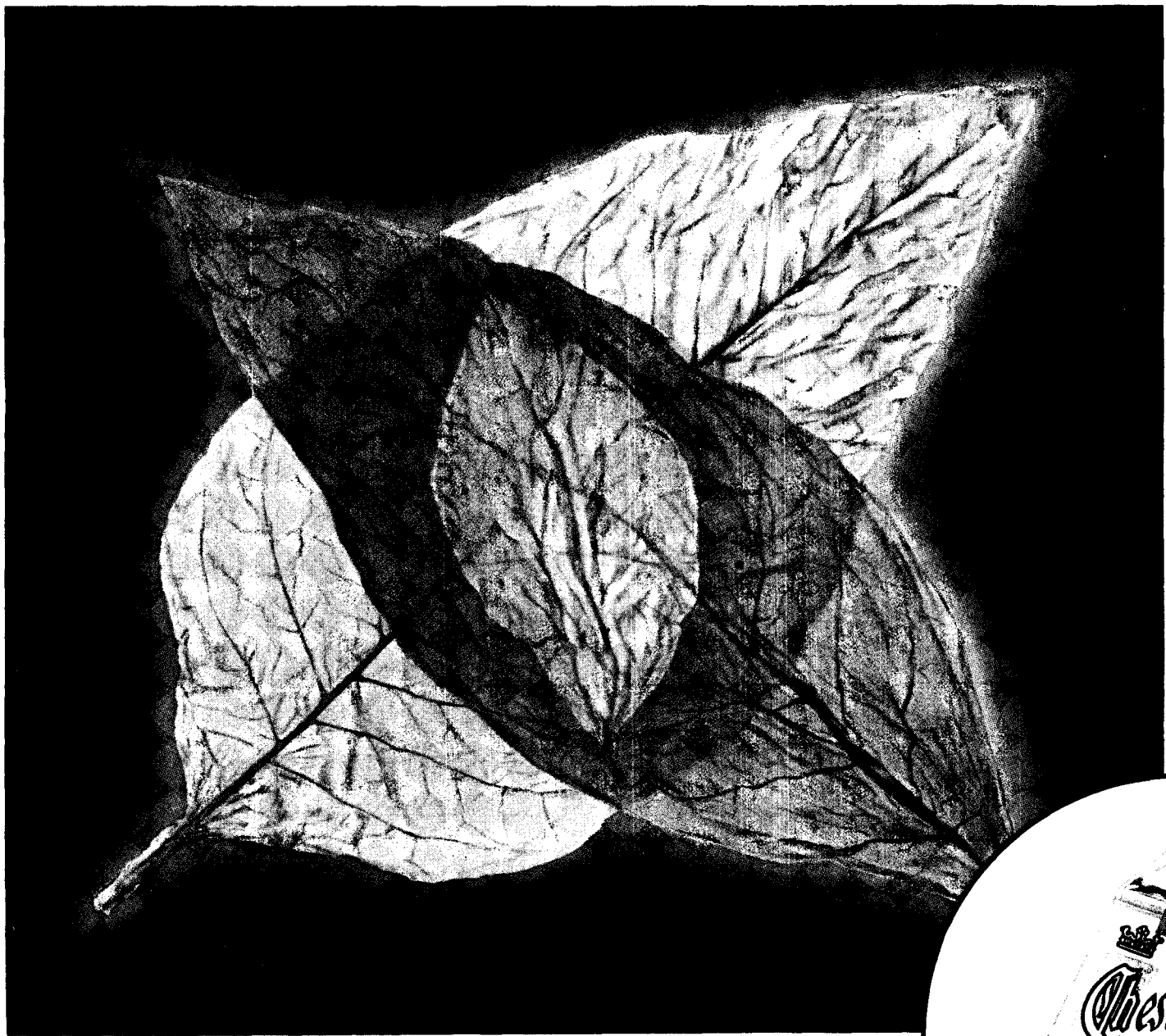
Chesterfield's Cross-Blend gets the same result—better taste—by a different method.

It welds together the different kinds of several varieties of tobacco.

Many types of Bright tobacco, a great many types of Burley tobacco, and numerous grades of Turkish tobacco are all merged into one—Chesterfield tobacco.

This welding or Cross-Blending goes beyond ordinary blending or mixing tobaccos together. It actually makes every kind of tobacco in Chesterfield partake of the qualities of every other type.

It's the Cross-Blending of fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that gives Chesterfield a distinctive and better taste.



Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia network. See local newspaper for time.

The Cigarette that's MILDER

The Cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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